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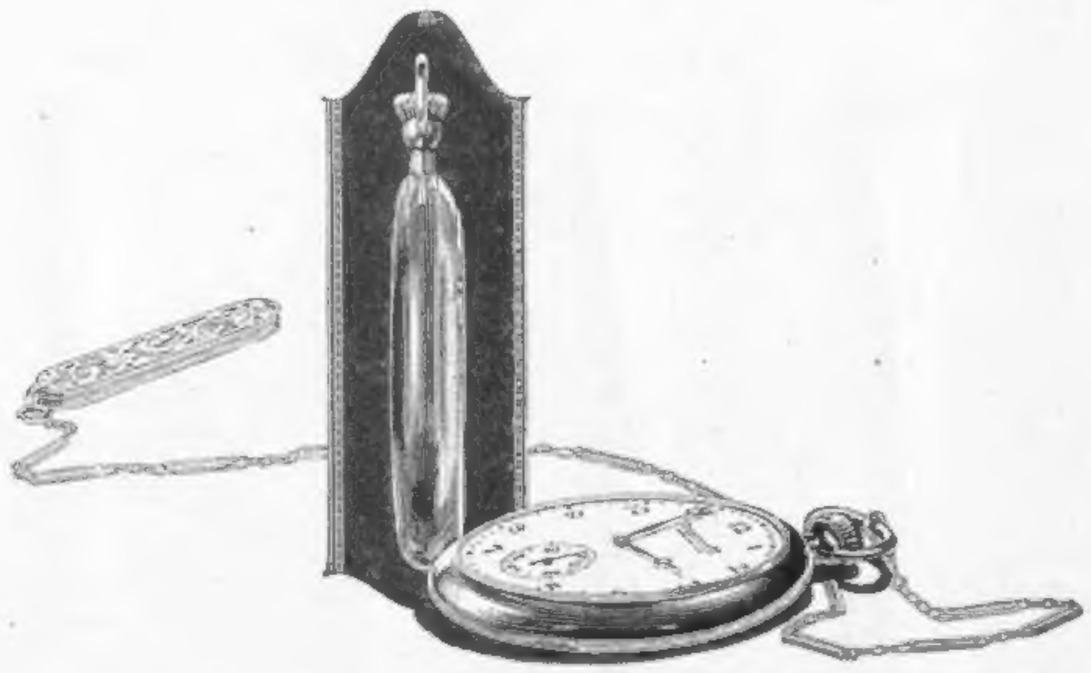

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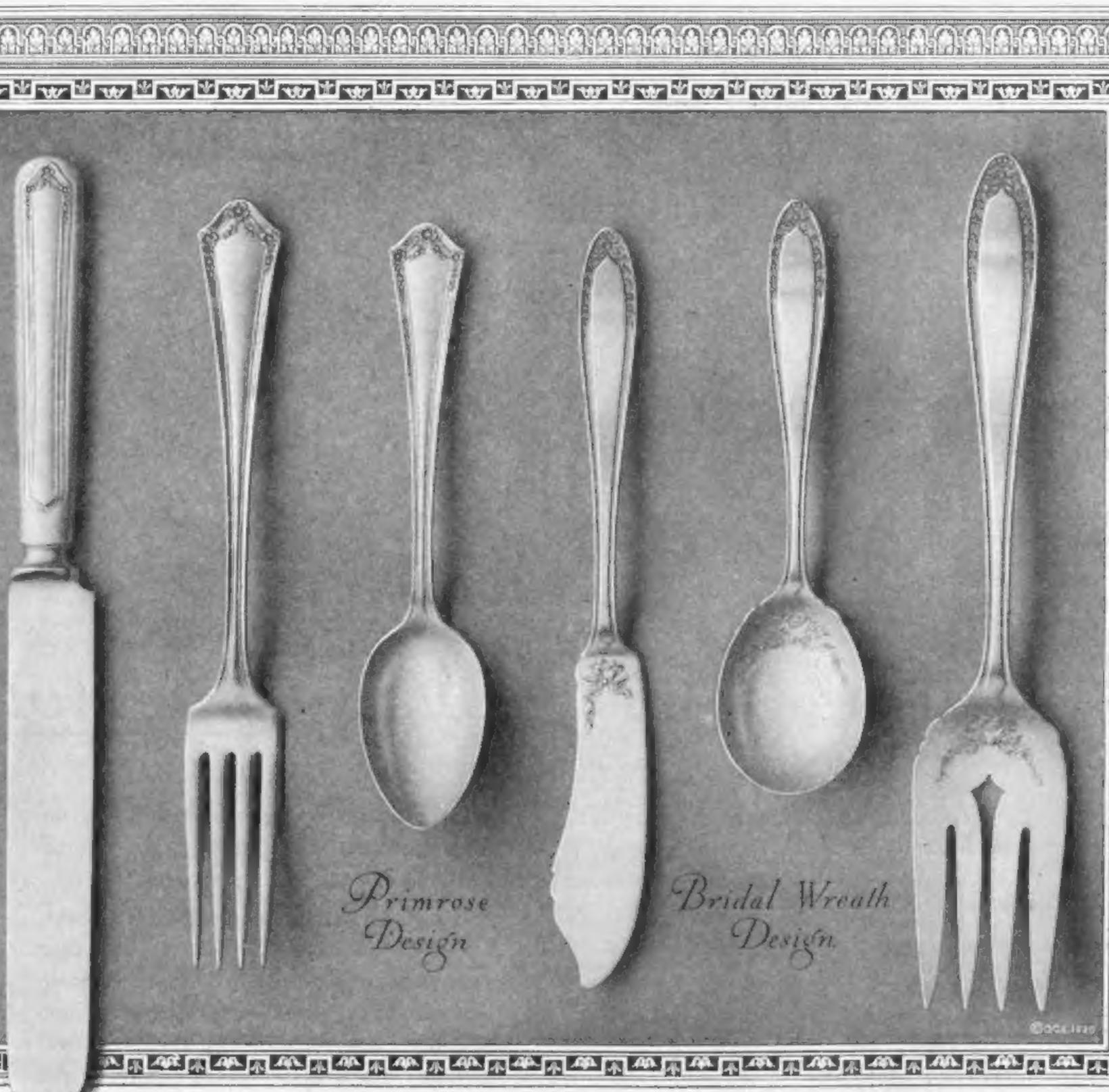

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DREGS OF WAR—By George Pattullo

IN THE world of business it has long been recognized that the ruin of one firm will adversely affect others, and the collapse of several may bring on disaster.

European statesmanship has been slow to realize this truth, and has sought to build up here by tearing down there, to secure power and prosperity for one country by stripping another. And the result has been a sorry mess. Never in its history did the Continent stand in such dire need of coöperation as during the past two years, yet never were the nations so sharply divided by conflict of interests, by hates new and old. In war they were ranged in two camps; in peace they fell apart into a dozen.

However, there have been rifts in the clouds of late. It is beginning to dawn on the apostles of *revanche* and imperialism that their methods defeat their purpose, and when a nation sets out to strangle another she is bound to suffer almost as much as the victim. Everywhere one goes in Europe he hears thoughtful men saying that the application of the peace treaties cannot possibly work out as intended; and when the British Government—always so responsive to the needs of business—displays a tendency to moderate the economic terms, an optimist is encouraged to hope. Italy is emphatically in favor of this course, having been first to advocate friendlier relations with her old enemies for the common good. France has still to be persuaded; but hopeful signs are not wanting. Recently a section of the Paris press began to ask whither French policy toward Austria was leading, and whether it was not better to permit that country to hook up with a neighbor like Bavaria than to let her sink into a charge upon the world's charity.

To be sure, this proposal is not disinterested, since the constitution of a buffer state composed of Bavaria and Austria appeals to the French as a thorn in the side of Germany; but at least it indicates intelligence in selfishness, and that is a tremendous advance over the state of mind revealed in the first year of the postwar scramble.

And European countries have made some progress toward recovery. Not so much as they ought, had they been able to sweep aside national hates and fears and the clamorous demands of greed, but considerably more than observers predicted twelve months ago. For my part, their revival was a source of astonishment, in view of the apathy and rancor and disinclination to work which were so general in 1919. One has only to recall the fact that France took at least seven years to show any symptoms of recovery after each of her previous great wars, to appreciate what has been accomplished. Indeed, were it not for international politics and the artificial barriers erected, the peoples of Europe would probably have made substantial headway toward rehabilitation ere this, because, broadly speaking, the masses want nothing more than a chance to work and to enjoy the fruits of labor.

Some of these artificial barriers would be ghastly jokes if they did not impose such hardships. A typical example is the case of Gmünd, a town of the old Austrian Empire. It was left to Austria under the peace settlement, but the railroad station and railroad shops were given to Czecho-Slovakia. In other words, because the new republic wanted a depot and shops in that region, the town was sundered, and to-day the Austrian community is without a station for the railroad line that serves it; and whenever they move beyond the confines of Gmünd the inhabitants must pass through all the troublesome formalities of a border post to get anywhere, which places them and their business at the mercy of hostile officials.

DRAWN BY HERBERT JOHNSON

The transportation systems of Eastern and Southern Europe have fared almost as badly under the working out of the peace treaties. It is charitable to suppose that those who had the final voice in making the economic adjustments had no suspicion of their effect, and that political considerations outweighed all others, for the system of control which they inaugurated has almost paralyzed the arteries of industrial life in all the vast region formerly included in the Austrian Empire but now split up into republics. For instance, a railroad will be under the control of three or four different countries for portions of it, and since each country cordially detests all the others, there results a general game of block fatal to revival of industry. And as these railroads constitute the only outlet to the sea for interior countries, the nation controlling the outer stretch and the port has a strangle hold.

Barriers have also been created which prevent certain countries getting more than a fraction of the coal they require; which divert the output of mines from a country unable to get along without it, in order to give that output to a country unable to use half; which deny the surplus products of one country to another in direst need. There was a surplus of grain in Jugo-Slavia, but Italy could not obtain any from that source because of strained political relations, and the United States had to supply her, which meant higher prices for Italy to pay, and new credits. Jugo-Slavia would not sell any to Austria for any consideration, so bitter is the animosity; and the capital of Hungary was in pitiable plight while her neighbor and ancient enemy, Rumania, had sufficient above her own requirements to export. Pecs was allotted to Hungary by the treaty. It is a great coal center. The Serbs refused to give it up, still hold possession, and no coal has gone out from Pecs to the Hungarians.

The peace treaty reduced Austria to a state of beggary. She has been virtually a public charge since the armistice, and threatens to remain so unless different arrangements are arrived at. It left her a highly organized industrial area, of which Vienna is the center—formerly a sort of finishing plant for the products of Bohemia and other manufacturing regions. It left her a highly organized industrial area and nothing with which to operate it. She cannot get coal. The elaborate network of railroads designed to serve this hive of industry has passed into other hands.

Her factories are idle, her people growing poorer every day, hundreds of thousands of them on the verge of starvation. While I was in Vienna an American official discovered the former chief justice of the highest court of Austria under the old régime living in penury. He and his wife had been obliged to sell even their bed to get food. His case is symptomatic of the professional and salaried classes. Workmen and agriculturists have fared better.

Austria's Desperate Plight

WHENEVER Austria's miserable state is mentioned it is almost certain to provoke from somebody: "Well, we should worry! Didn't they start the war?" Yet it must be patent to even the fieriest champions of revenge that the world cannot afford to have a whole nation thrown indefinitely on its charity, and that stripping six million people to helplessness is bound to retard European recovery. Austria will have to be helped to her feet; that is conceded by everybody who has investigated the situation.

It becomes plainer every day, too, that quite a few substantial alterations will have to be made in the peace terms. To change the political frontiers set up would unloose too much confusion and turmoil. But there are many adjustments possible which would aid the stricken countries to reorganize industrially, and these adjustments fall within the powers conferred by the treaties. Various commissions are now working on the problems. Internationalization of certain railroads and waterways and allocation of coal in the ratio of prewar needs have been proposed.

As regards indemnities, Austria might just as well be wiped off the slate right now. You cannot break a man, on top of that destroy his earning capacity, and then expect to collect debts from him. Moreover, it must strike fair-minded persons rather forcibly that the Allies have already paid themselves pretty liberally out of the Hapsburg dominions.

It is odd that whenever the peace treaties are debated the noisiest and most insistent claims for amelioration are always put forward in Germany's behalf, whereas she is the only enemy country able to survive the settlement. Of course the Germans, and their champions throughout the world, clamor that the terms ruin Germany and will make slaves of the German people for generations; but they start on the premise that it is a crime to shear such a nation of its strength instead of philosophically accepting the rôle of the conquered. The Germans find it terribly hard to realize that the loser always pays.

She isn't ruined by a long shot. Harsh as the peace was, it cannot prevent Germany becoming a power again, unless new and unforeseen demands, which it is possible to impose by reason of the elastic form in which the treaty was drawn, should be more preposterous than any yet announced. If the French had their way they would never allow Germany to get on her feet again. But nothing can keep the German people down except the German people themselves.

French policy and methods are dictated by fear, and nobody with an understanding of her position and a knowledge of what she has suffered can fail to view them with a measure of sympathy. A Germany revived and thirsting for revenge is an obsession with her; France cannot sleep well of nights because of the nightmare hovering beyond the Rhine.

Consequently, every time she discerns a symptom of convalescence she tightens the screws. The French feel that Great Britain, the United States and Italy have stood between them and the utter demoralization of their deadly foe.

In this predicament Germany is simply marking time until she sees daylight. She dare not do otherwise. The faintest sign of recovery would bring down on her extra penalties and annoyances. She is in the position of a man whose antagonist has got him down and rams his nose into the dirt every time he stirs.

If the Germans knew exactly where they stood they could get going; but they don't yet know what indemnities will be exacted. At the present time Germany labors under the disadvantage of having signed a blank check at Versailles, as to the amount of which it would be unsafe even to hazard a guess. When the indemnities are fixed beyond fear of change she will buckle down to the job, and unless the Allied demands prove wildly impossible her come-back will amaze the world. It will be a long, terrific pull; but she is wonderfully organized for it and has the will to work. The bitter lessons of 1914–1920 may yet make the loser the ultimate gainer.

Germany Able to Carry Her Load

MEANWHILE Time is fighting for her. The state of her finances looks discouraging, and the manner in which her printing presses keep turning out new paper money would indicate that she is headed for the bowwows. Indeed, there is such a woeful absence of the order and sound system which formerly distinguished German banking methods that the suspicion has been raised the Germans may be deliberately permitting the country to go bankrupt in order to wipe out all obligations and handicaps and obtain a fresh start. Not a few visiting bankers and business representatives have advanced that explanation.

My own theory is that their leaders are letting things drift along from bad to worse until a point is reached where chaos threatens, and then perhaps the Allies will feel obliged to soften the terms for their own protection, and that once this is accomplished we shall witness a sudden and vigorous revival of Germany. Her load is staggering, but she can carry it.

When the consideration of indemnities comes up France will find herself between the frying pan and the fire. She expects heavy payments from Germany; she has counted on them and must have them. But how is Germany to pay indemnities if deprived of her earning power? On the other hand, should she be permitted to develop her earning power she would probably grow so strong as to be a menace to France's security again within a comparatively short period. It's a ticklish proposition.

Again, for her own sake France cannot let Austria perish. Yet she dare not permit the most feasible solution of the difficulty—union of the remnant of Austria with Germany. The bulk of the Austrians ardently desire it, but such a coalition would make France's arch enemy too formidable, and so she is scheming with elements in Bavaria to separate from the German Republic and join with Austria in the formation of a new state. Despite enthusiastic press-agenting, however, the project has met with the cold shoulder up-to-date.

Europe's efforts toward rehabilitation are hampered by a colossal struggle for economic domination of the Continent between the two chief powers, by the soaring ambitions of imperialists and by the greed of an element among European bankers, business men and politicians which saw in the break-up of empires and kingdoms and the demoralization that followed a chance to grab the richest prizes of history. Plots and counterplots, schemes to outstrip rivals, and clashes of interests render amicable settlements of Europe's woes an impossibility.

This conflict of aims broke out the moment they sat down to the peace table to effect a settlement. As long as the necessity of presenting a united front to Germany existed it was kept under cover, but now they are going roughshod after what they want.

With the foresight and vision which are the distinguishing characteristics of British statesmanship, John Bull, in addition to the choicest plums the peace pot contained, picked up some neglected titbits to which slight importance was attached at the time. Pretty soon the French woke to the discovery that John, with his customary astuteness, had got ahead of them. Clemenceau is on record as having said, with reference to a certain strategic point, "I didn't know it was so important or I would not have let them have it."

France got away to a bad start. Her great ally controlled Greece, and through the Greeks seemed destined to gain domination of Turkey; so France was spurred to extend her own sphere of influence in the East. She started a poor second, but judging by Syrian happenings she intends to go at it hard.

Her mandate over Syria was obtained at San Remo over early British opposition in exchange for promised support of British claims in Mesopotamia. The son of the King of the Hedjaz had been promised the crown of Syria for his aid during the war, but France flatly refused to permit this arrangement, charging that the emir was hostile to French interests.

General Gouraud was sent to occupy the territory, and a breach between the two powers threatened. To avoid it, the British abandoned their protégé in this crisis, and to-day France is carrying out her mandate by military occupation with an army of more than forty thousand men. The emir's appeal to the League of Nations was ignored. Such is the construction the European powers put upon a mandate.

Her hands tied by sentiment at home for resumption of trade with Russia, and by the threat of the Council of Action to line up the ranks of labor against any aid to the Poles in their struggle with the Bolsheviks, Great Britain was obliged to adopt a course which the French considered left them in the lurch. She undertook alone the job of driving back Lenine's hordes, and the outcome was a feather in her cap.

However, she flivvered badly in the Wrangel venture. Britain was opposed to further aid to Wrangel, having in mind the disastrous failures of Kolchak and Denikin, and being intent on opening trade negotiations with the Bolshevik envoys then in London. In defiance of her ally France went ahead on her own account and formally espoused Wrangel's cause. It was generally reported in London and Paris that the military ring put this over without Millerand being aware of their intention until it was an accomplished fact. However that may be, it proved a bomb to the English, as an accord between Lloyd George and Millerand on this question had been announced.

Considerable feeling has been aroused in France by this divergence of policies. The Paris press charges that Great Britain has abandoned them, and continually flays the Lloyd George government. As a matter of fact, both countries have practically the same objects in view, but Britain has given up the idea that they can be attained through force of arms. The various maneuvers of last fall and their resultant discord were all part of a race in which each power is seeking to gain the inside track when Russia shall be opened again to the world. France has the additional inducement of making good the billions of Russian bonds her citizens hold. As a sporting proposition, neither contestant in this race would be a likely bet. The odds are that Germany will dominate there.

Two Means to One End

ANOTHER project of the French imperialists is the Little Entente, the creation of Take Jonesco, premier of Rumania. This league of the lesser nations of Eastern Europe consists of Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, with prospects of adding Poland, Greece and Bulgaria to the roll. It corresponds to Clemenceau's plan for a *cordon sanitaire* to bar Russia from the Occident and interpose a strong buffer between Russia and Germany. Probably Jonesco appropriated and adapted Bismarck's dream. Should the Little Entente become solidified, France would be in excellent position to sway the balance of power throughout Europe.

Fearing for her rights under the Togo-Kamerun mandate, France dispatched a strong force to assert them. These former German possessions had been held by the British since the outbreak of the war.

Two styles of securing what they want are in vogue among the European nations. One is through diplomatic burrowings and the devious shiftings of diplomacy; the other is technically known as strong-arm stuff. The stronger and more highly civilized nations prefer the first style. The latter has this advantage, that people readily recognize it and can form a judgment on what is happening; whereas the moves on the diplomatic chessboard are not so apparent, and the subtler methods employed furnish no clew to the objectives.

A striking example of the direct method was furnished by Rumania. Distrusting pledges and despairing of ever securing all they wanted through the channels of negotiation, the Rumanians took advantage of the general dissension during the peace conference to fall upon Hungary. The Hapsburg dominions were utterly defenseless. Their armies had melted like snow in a spring thaw the instant the armistice was declared. In fact, no real demobilization took place; their forces simply disappeared overnight.

(Continued on Page 68)

PROSPECTORS — By Herschel S. Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

He Packed All His Belongings on His Burro and Traveled Back South Over His Trail

A CROWD of miners, muckers, millmen and chronic loafers had gathered on the board sidewalk in front of Hank Leconey's grocery store in Virginia City to watch old Bunny Nash and Wink Rossiter pack their burros preparatory to setting out for the Mount Grant country, their favorite prospecting grounds. The majority of the onlookers had witnessed this fascinating performance before, some of them once, some of them twice, some of them three or four or more times. For old Bunny Nash and old Wink Rossiter had been outfitting there in front of Hank Leconey's grocery store in Virginia City every spring since Hank Leconey's grocery store had been there, and that was a long, long time.

It was a care-free, good-natured crowd. It smoked pipes and cigars and cigarettes; chewed tobacco, chewing gum and toothpicks; talked, laughed, whistled and sang; indulged in much useless, pointless profanity; joked, jeered, jollied and joshed, and—waited for the show to begin. It was an expectant crowd, keen with curiosity, keyed high with anticipation, and it waited patiently and almost without murmur, confident that it would receive its reward for waiting if it but lingered long enough.

"Kinder slow at mixin' it this time, ain't they?" asked a miner of a mucker in a somewhat complaining tone of voice.

"Dog take it, yes, Bill! And I wish they'd get a hump on 'em. I got to get this here yeast cake home to the old woman, and I got a tooth that's achin' like Billy Sunday!" And the mucker shuffled uneasily over the loose, worn and uneven boards of the sidewalk.

"Well, I wouldn't go yet a while, Jug, if I was you. They'll be comin' together pretty soon now," counseled the miner.

Out in the street the two aged prospectors who were the subjects of the crowd's contemplation and expectation were excitedly occupied and actively busy with various packages of all shapes and sizes, and with canvas straps and ropes and strings, tying up into packs the many purchases they had made in the grocery store of Hank Leconey, and securing the packs on the backs of their two patient, motionless, mouse-colored burros, those queer little beasts of burden of the prospectors that travel through the great, sandy, sagebrush country of Nevada.

In physical appearance the two old men presented striking contrasts. Bunny Nash was a tall, rawboned and excessively angular person with a perpetual stoop to his shoulders. His arms were abnormally long, or so it seemed to one getting first sight of them, and his hands were the size of underfed hog hams, with the knuckle and wrist joints trying to burst through the coarse, red skin that covered them. Two gray eyes, gray as the fracture of high-carbon steel, peered piercingly out from beneath shaggy white eyebrows, and two thin lips, so thin they were but curving strings of flesh, twitched and quivered continuously, half hidden behind a scraggly white beard and white walrusy mustache. A tousled, matted shock of snow-white hair on a pointed head; bat ears; a neck so long that no collar manufactured or advertised could camouflage its length, with an Adam's apple so prominent and protuberant and mobile that it made one think of a swallowed nubbin slipping slowly down the gullet of a gorging goose—a sketchy sketch of Bunny Nash.

Wink Rossiter was five feet four inches tall and weighed one hundred and seventy-two pounds, thirty-eight pounds more than Bunny Nash, whose height was six feet two inches. Where Bunny Nash was bony and lean and scrawny, Wink Rossiter was plump and round and full—in calves, in thighs, in hips, in paunch, in torso, in arms and neck and cheeks and lips. He was without hirsute adornment whatever—a bald head, slick as a new-laid ostrich egg; eyebrows that were not; eyelids sans winkers; a beardless face, mustacheless lips, goateeless chin. His eyes were black and his cheeks were red and his lips were ruby, and the back of his fat and bulgy neck resembled beaten beefsteak before frying. He smiled nine smiles to Bunny Nash's one, and there were periods when he did not smile nine times in a week—an indifferent word picture of Wink Rossiter.

For the past six months they had been swamping about the Climax Mill, down Six-Mile Cañon way, these two old fellows, making a stake, accumulating funds to provide them sufficient supplies for another hegira to the Mount Grant country, where they had a dozen prospects, each one a potential Cræsus mine, each one a possible Tonopah Divide strike, each one a probable Comstock lode. A big-hearted, kindly souled superintendent at the Climax Mill, Burnes Skilling, who had known them many a year, who himself understood the mysterious lure of the desert hills that drew men, old and young, out into their silent places, who knew himself the lust for the hidden gold of the mighty mountains, and who therefore sympathized with them and felt for them, humored the old pair, gave them light and easy jobs, carried them on his pay roll through these periods of stake making, when other mill superintendents of the district, with more technical training than Burnes Skilling had, perhaps, but with less kindly souls, would have nothing to do with the aged couple, turning them away as two old, worn-out has-beens.

But not as pensioners did the superintendent of the Climax carry them on his pay roll. For they worked—they worked faithfully; they earned the wage he allowed them, cleaning up about the great plant, scraping and shoveling and wheeling and sweeping and polishing. The Climax Mill never looked better, cleaner, more spick-and-span than it did while Bunny Nash and Wink Rossiter were employed there. For while the years had been piling up and piling up upon the two ancients their burden had not borne them down, and in spite of their age they were yet spry and energetic and tough and hard, and they performed the tasks assigned them well and without grumbling or shirking.

For twenty years and more Burnes Skilling had been hiring them whenever they had come to him asking for a chance to work a while and make a stake; and before him Keller Noce, who had built the Climax Mill, had given them employment; and before that they had labored in a score of the many mines and mills of the Comstock. Bunny Nash and Wink Rossiter were old old-timers of the district. They had come to the Comstock in 1865, and for fifty years they had been leaving the Comstock and coming back to the Comstock, going out into the great Eastern Desert, hunting gold and silver, coming back to Virginia City to work for day wages about the mines and mills, to make their stake that would enable them to go away again.

They were getting old, and Burnes Skilling himself was no longer young. He thought of both these facts as he was bidding the old pair good-by two days before they were to pack and start for the distant hills. How many more times would they be coming back and going away? Not many more, he told himself, not many—they were getting old.

"Well, boys, I hope this will be the lucky trip," he said as he handed them their pay checks and shook hands.

"I kinder think it will be, Burnes," returned Bunny Nash.

"I'd be willin' to bet money we'll make a killin' this time, Burnes," declared Wink Rossiter with emphasis. "You'll see us ridin' into old Virginia in a couple of limmy-sins before the white flies come again, Burnes."

"I hope so, boys, I hope so! Good-by!" And Burnes Skilling watched them climbing up the long steep street from the mill to the tumble-down town flanking the base of Mount Davidson, with great affection looking out of his kindly eyes, and with a half-amused, half-pitying smile playing about his sensitive lips.

And now the second day after, on that morning in early spring, they were packing their two mouse-colored burros in front of Hank Leconey's grocery store, with a good-natured, expectant crowd of miners, muckers, millmen and loafers watching them and waiting for something to happen. It was time for them to be off. The snows were melting in the hills, the mud was drying up in the flats, the sagebrush was taking on a livelier color, the bluebirds and the jays were coming in from the south—it was time for them to go.

They had brought in their burros from a ranch near Mound House the day before. In the fall when they had come in from the hills they had put the two animals out to board with a rancher, who had cared for them as burros are usually cared for, and had fed them as well as burros should be fed—not too much, lest they become paunchy. Besides sagebrush and greasewood and torn paper bags thrown out from the plaster mill at Mound House, they had had an occasional wisp of alfalfa hay. They were, so the rancher declared as he turned them over to their owners, as fat as oleo.

The old men had spoken hardly a word as they worked with their packages and packs that morning in the street. Then one of the packs gave them trouble as they were adjusting it on a burro's back—the ropes loosened and it started to slip, and Bunny Nash lost his temper.

"H'ist it up! H'ist it up!" he roared. "H'ist, h'ist, you fat-headed Sucker! Why don't you h'ist it up?"

The crowd that was milling about on the sidewalk in front of the store came crowding closer to the edge of the boards. One of the men, a miner, stepped back to shout and beckon to a mucker who, grown weary with waiting, had moved off up the street.

"Hey, Jug! Jug!" he called. "Come on back! They're startin'!"

The mucker came hurrying back.

Wink Rossiter hoisted, as ordered, and the pack was secured and lashed in place. Then he turned upon his partner, the smile that had been playing about his fat lips gone, the twinkle that had been dancing in his black eyes replaced by a stabbing glare.

"Say, who're you talkin' to, you slab-sided Hoosier?" he demanded angrily.

"To you!" snapped Bunny Nash. "Who'd you think, you seed wart?"

One half of the crowd had moved out into the street and was forming a circle about the two ancients.

"Seed wart?" repeated Wink Rossiter, his cheeks puffing to greater rotundity as he swelled with anger. "Seed wart? No meatless skeleton of a Hoosier hunk like you can call me that and live!"

"Get to work, you tub of soft soap!" snarled Bunny Nash. "Get to work and do somethin' or we'll never get started to-day! Looky here, Wink—we bought six slabs of that there sowbelly, and Hank's only put out five!"

"What's that? Now Hank Leconey can't pull that kind of stuff on us, Bunny! Not much he can't! I'll make him dig up that other sowbelly or—why, here it is! Why didn't you look round for it before you begin your holler, you old Hoosier buzzard?"

The crowd drew in closer. It folded its arms; it chewed its tobacco and its chewing gum and its toothpicks more industriously; it smoked its pipes and its cigarettes more complacently; it grinned delightedly and expansively. It was still the good-natured, expectant, waiting crowd.

Bunny Nash straightened up until the stoop in his angular shoulders was no longer in evidence; the colorless curved strings of flesh that were his lips grew thinner, if that were possible; the steel-gray eyes now were as two spark-sputtering emery wheels; the hairs of the walrusy mustache and of the sparse chin beard stiffened and stuck out like the bristles of a badgered boar.

"I'd rather be a Hoosier buzzard fed on the carrion of hell than to be some clabber-witted, rotten-brained, sheep-headed human maggot of a human bein' from Illinoy!" he roared. "I'd rather be"—he was beginning again after catching his breath—"I'd rather be—ouch! Oh, my golly, gee whiz!" His villification of his partner was suddenly broken off as one of the quiet, mouse-colored burros, without the warning of a pricked-up ear or the backward roll of an agate eye, kicked swiftly out with a swift leg, striking him on the shin. Uttering queer, half-subdued cries of rage and little moans of pain he hobbled over to the sidewalk and dropped down upon its gutter edge, where he sat groaning and gritting his teeth and rubbing the injured leg. In an instant Wink Rossiter was kneeling beside him.

"Are you hurt, Bunny, are you hurt?" he asked anxiously. "Did he crack the bone? Lemme see. Bunny, lemme see!" He pushed up a blue-overall trouser leg, pulled down a coarse woolen sock, and began examining and massaging the kicked limb.

"Guess he didn't crack anything, Wink, the wall-eyed son of a coyote!" groaned Bunny, swaying to and fro with the acute pain that was torturing his old nerves. "It'll be all right in a minute. But, Wink, I want you to crack a half dozen of that jackass' ribs for me! Lam him, Wink! Lam the devil out of him for me! Oh, gee whiz!"

"Watch me, Bunny! Watch me!"

The vengeful Wink picked up a board torn from one of the boxes they had opened and fell upon the meek and mild mouse-colored burro with the violence of a dozen furies. The board cracked upon the plump barrel of the little beast with the sound of cracking rifles. A few blows and the thin weapon of assault slivered and flew to pieces. Another was grabbed up and the lambasting continued. The second cudgel demolished, the squat Eumenides resorted to other means of punishment. He kicked with his heavy shoes, he thumped with his fat fists, he jerked by the rope halter, he beat over the head with his slouch hat the little offending animal that had been so unwise as to kick Bunny Nash.

"You will, will you, hey? You will, will you, hey?" The question was panted out again and again by the now almost exhausted Wink.

The crowd had cautiously backed away to avoid the tramping feet, the switching tail and the swinging rumps of the plunging burro.

"Hooray!" yelled a lusty-lunged miner. "Ain't you glad I called you back, Jug?" he inquired of a mucker standing near him, nudging him in the ribs with his elbow.

"Dog take it, Bill, if it ain't stopped my toothache! Ain't this rich?" And the mucker chuckled luxuriously.

"You will, will you, hey?" Wink Rossiter demanded for the last time of the unfortunate burro. Then he leaned heavily and wearily up against the animal and let his arms drop down on over its back, breathing stertorously. The burro at once resumed its habitual air of meekness and placidity.

"Now, Bunny, you set right there where you are and rest that leg," ordered the heaving Wink. "Rest it so you can use it for walkin' when we're ready to start out. I'll finish up gettin' the stuff together here. Set there! D'ye hear?"

"All right, Wink, I'll set here a few minutes and then I'll be all right," responded Bunny. "But you'd better take a little blow first, Wink—wallopin' that jack seems to've kinder tuckered you out, judgin' from the looks of things."

Wink glared.

"Never you mind my tucker! You rest that leg!"

The packing went on, with Wink working alone now. Two or three from the crowd offered their services, but they were waved aside.

"No, boys, I got to know exactly where everything goes in so I can lay my hands on it when we want it, without disturbin' everything else," he explained as a reason for his refusal of the proffered assistance.

Glancing Over Toward the Other Tent, He Saw the Tall, Slim Form of His Partner Stooping Over a Tiny Fire

After an interval of fifteen minutes Bunny Nash got up, limped out into the street and began helping again, with Wink protesting volubly and profanely. The crowd drew in its circle to smaller diameter, and though it was still good-natured, it seemed to have lost much of its expectancy.

The packing went on and was at last completed, with the canvas-covered burdens secured and lashed in place on the backs of the mouse-colored burros. Then the old prospectors picked up and put on their coats, untied the halter ropes and were ready to start.

"So long, boys," said Wink Rossiter, grinning pleasantly at the crowd.

"So long, boys," grunted Bunny Nash.

"Three cheers for the old 'uns!" yelled a loud-voiced miner, and a mighty yell poured out from the throats of a half hundred miners, muckers, millmen and loafers, and rolled up the street and down the street, and went echoing and reëchoing through the big, vacant, tumble-down buildings that stood rowed along the terraces of the rocky hillside on which the town was built.

The queer quartet, two old men and two pack-burdened mouse-colored burros, moved slowly down C Street, turned into Union and went along that and on down the hill, passing close to the abandoned shafts of the mines in which the two old men had worked fifty years before, past the wrecks of mills where they had labored in later years, within sight of the Climax Mill, where for the past twenty years they had been finding employment at odd intervals, toward which they now turned their eyes to see if they could catch a last glimpse of Burnes Skilling. They saw him. He stood up on a high trestle waving his cap at them. They took off their old slouch hats and swung them about their heads.

On down the long hill and out into Six-Mile Cañon, up along which they had both traveled fifty years before on their first coming to the Comstock, through which they had been traveling now for fifty years on their way to and from their prospecting grounds in the distant Mount Grant country. On down the high-walled cañon and out into the rough and rocky sagebrush plains with the Great Eastern Desert unrolling its panoramic vastness before them, and with the Mount Grant country somewhere over there in the dim distance, hidden behind the piled-up strata of slate-covered clouds and banks of blue mist. That night they made their first camp five miles out on the flat.

The crowd left behind was a somewhat disappointed crowd. Its expectations had not been fully realized, and it began to express its disappointment rather freely as it broke up.

"Shucks! It didn't amount to much this time, did it?" complained one. "I never seen it so tame."

"Nor me, neither," returned another. "But you got to take in consideration, Jerry, that Wink and Bunny's gettin' old."

"Oh, they're gettin' old, all right; but they've still got pep in 'em yet, you bet. If the bloody jack hadn't kicked Bunny we'd seen the reg'lar old-fashioned fireworks—they was makin' a fine start. The jack's what spilled the beans this time."

"Gosh, boys, I can remember when they'd be right here all day, just raisin' Cain—callin' each other names, Suckers and Hoosiers and everything! Fight? My old hat, how they'd fight!"

"Did they actually get to knockin' with their dukes?" inquired one, a recent comer into the old camp.

"Knockin' with their dukes? Why, Lord, no, man! Them two old bucks just nacherally love one another! Hurt one another? Why, they simply couldn't manage to keep on livin' without one another! But hate? Oh, boy, how they do hate one another! It's tongue fightin' they do, and they're eternally at it, mornin' to night, and up through the night to keep at it, I guess. When they're out prospectin' they always live in separate tents or cabins—couldn't get along at all livin' together. It's a funny proposition, dogged if it ain't!"

"Yep, I been comin' down here to Hank Leconey's store for about fifteen years now to see 'em start off on their trips, and this is the tamest start-off I ever seen yet," broke in another, who for several minutes had been growing more and more restless, waiting for an opportunity to give expression to his thoughts. "Best show I ever seen in my life anywhere—circus, prize fight, opery or movie—was when Bunny and Wink'd start to mix it here about bein' from Indiana and Illinoy. Bunny was always throwin' it up to Wink about the big men that Indiana's perduced—arthurs, poets, presidents and vice presidents, and so forth—and tauntin' him to tell what Illinoy had perduced. Old Wink ain't quite so cute on meetin' argument as Bunny is, and not near so good on recollectin' names, and Bunny nearly always hung it on him. Wink always played up old Abe Lincoln as his high card for his comeback, but Bunny'd sneer and say that Abe didn't belong to Illinoy any more'n he did to Indiana, and not so much, seein' how he got his boyhood trainin' all in Indiana, which made him the man he turned out to be. I always wished Wink had a better memory so he could slam back at Bunny better'n he did. I'm from Illinoy myself, and this here talk I hear from Hoosiers, all about the great and wonderful state of Indiana, makes me awful tired."

"Well, sir, just what big men has Illinoy perduced?" demanded a tall, lank, sallow-faced man who was smoking a corncob pipe. "Name a few of 'em, for instant."

"Huh? What for?" asked the man who had announced that he was from Illinois.

"Why, I'm just nacherally anxious to know the names of a few of 'em, that's all. Name me a few famous Suckers!"

"And where'd you happen to come from, that you're so interested in big men from Illinoy?"

"Me? I come from Indiana. Name a few big Suckers!"

"Oh, you're one of them braggin' Hoosiers, too, eh?"

"I'm a Hoosier, sir! Name me a few celebrated Illinoyans! Or would you like for me to name a few famous Hoosiers for you?"

"Why, no, I ain't sufferin' to hear you name any. But shoot, if it'll relieve your pain any!"

"Jim Whitcomb Riley, poet; Lew Wallace, arthur; George Ade, humorist; Ben Harrison, President; Charley Fairbanks, Vice President; Bill English, candidate for Vice President; Schuyler Colfax, Vice President; Tom Marshall, Vice President; John Clark Ridpath, historian; Maurice Thompson, arthur—d'ye want me to go on?"

"You can go on to hell and over it, for all I care!"

"Name a few famous Suckers—name one big Sucker! Name one!"

The voice of the tall, lank, sallow-faced man had become taunting, his manner was now almost insulting.

The badgered one turned and walked away.

"You give me a pain in the necktie!" he growled.

"Name a celebrated Sucker! Name one!" repeated the tall man, now fairly shouting his demand.

"Abe Lincoln!"

The words were snarled back over the man's shoulder as he went hurrying up the board sidewalk.

The tall, lank man knocked the ashes from his corncob pipe into his hand and sowed them over the boards at his feet, as a sower sows his grain, gazing after his retreating victim with satisfaction lighting up his sallow face.

"Illinoy!" he sneered.

II

JOSEPH NASH and Thomas Rossiter met first in the Delta Saloon on C Street in Virginia City in the early spring of 1865. They were both then recent comers in the already famous camp, and they had not yet been dubbed with the nicknames, Bunny and Wink, by which they were to be called and known for fifty years and more of their lives. To their few acquaintances about the mines where they then were working they were Joe and Tom.

Tom Rossiter, leaning against the bar of the Delta Saloon with a glass of beer in his hand that evening in the spring of 1865, found a young man of about his own age standing beside him. He approved of the stranger's appearance and engaged him in conversation.

"Crowded in here to-night, isn't it?" he remarked.

"It is always crowded in here," returned the young man at his side.

"Tom Rossiter's my name—I'm from old Illinoy," he proffered as his introduction.

"Joe Nash is mine, and I'm from old Indiana," returned the other.

"Neighbors like, ain't we?" grinned Tom Rossiter.

"Guess we are," agreed Joe Nash pleasantly.

"Well, old Illinoy is quite a state," said Tom Rossiter.

"So's old Indiana," declared Joe Nash.

"Old Abe's from Illinoy," offered Tom Rossiter, not so much as a boast as merely a lead-on to further talk.

"That's so," murmured Joe Nash, in nowise disturbed or irritated by his new-found acquaintance's assertion. State pride had not yet developed in either of the youngsters, the fierce state pride that was to appear a few years later. And at that time Joe Nash was not aware that Old Abe had spent a portion of his boyhood in Indiana.

"Makes me feel kinder proud to be from the Sucker State these times, right out of the same state with Old Abe," said Tom Rossiter as he finished his beer and set down his empty glass. "Makes me feel like I ought to be back there helpin' to fight the war. But I reckon it's about over with now. Anyway, they tell me here that the silver bullets we're helpin' dig out of these holes out here are just

as important to Uncle Sam as the lead bullets the other chaps are shootin'."

"Well, when I read in the Enterprise how everybody in Indiana big enough to wear pants is joinin' the Army, and how the Indiana soldiers are fightin' and havin' no fear of God, man or devil, I'm kinder proud of bein' a Hoosier, you bet! Have another drink?"

They had another drink together, and another, and then they went out and sat down in a sheltered doorway and watched the roaring rivers of humanity rushing up and down C Street, one plunging, seething stream driving north, one south. And they talked there until a late hour that night, and without knowing it laid the foundations of a friendship that was successfully to withstand for the remainder of their long and intimately associated lives the assaults and batterings of all the petty jealousies and envy and anger and misunderstandings and disagreements that were to come whirling about them.

At that time Tom Rossiter was employed at the Ophir Mine, Joe Nash at the Chollar, both as ore trammers. But Tom quickly induced Joe to transfer to the Ophir, after that first meeting, that they might work together.

"Neighbors like me and you ought to kinder hook up together so's we can keep our eyes on one another," suggested Tom. To which Joe heartily agreed, saying: "That's the thing to do in a tough camp like this—go pardners."

Thenceforward they were inseparable, on shift and off. Together they helped tram the riches of the Ophir Mine from stope and drift to the hoisting shaft; and then, a few months later, they went to mining together, and helped to blast and pick and shovel out more of the millions of wealth produced by that treasure hole. They became good miners in time—there was none better in the Ophir than Tom Rossiter and Joe Nash—and they learned to distinguish rich ores from lean; knew where and how to pick up lost ledges; acquired an enviable knowledge of timbering and sinking and raising and drifting and stoping; learned to read the hundred and one danger signs the experienced miner looks for underground; became experts at placing holes and shots that would break down great quantities of rock; and were acknowledged by all to be the cleverest of the clever in the Ophir Mine.

Virginia City was then rapidly climbing up to the soaring peak of its prosperity. The Comstock lode was pouring out its millions in golden and silver streams, the rush and wash of which were heard all over the world. From morning till night and from sunset till dawn the streets of the seething city set on the steep-terraced slopes of Mount Davidson were a surging, boiling, rolling mass of men and teams and wagons and stage-coaches and other vehicles of every known description. Twenty-four hours was far too short a day in which to get through with the work and the fun that confronted Virginia City. Money was plentiful, money was cheap, money was something to spend, not to keep, and life was naught but one big, noisy, rollicking, frolicsome, unending game. Bad men and good men, strong men and weak men, men educated and men ignorant, wise man and fool, loafer and toiler, wastrel and hoarder, sinner and saint—from the four corners of the earth they came hurrying to Virginia City, there to work and play and fight and gamble and preach and pray and waste and save and cheat and defraud and become wealthy and drop down into poverty's depths and build and destroy and grow into great men and degenerate into beasts—from the four corners of the earth they hurried to the Comstock in those days of the sixties, there to live the hardest, fastest, biggest, roughest, wildest, most fascinating life ever offered to red-blooded men.

And Joe Nash and Tom Rossiter saw it all, missing no feature of the big free show, dipping deep into the furious fun, living the violent, free-and-easy life of the camp, enjoying themselves as rampant, developing youth has ever enjoyed itself. They were but boys then. Ten hours of strenuous labor in underground caverns with the pick and shovel, the hammer and the drill wearied them hardly a little; and at coming off shift they were ready and keen for their share of the fun of the camp. And, carried along with the crowd that surged up roaring A and B and C streets, they went, watching the gambling, watching the fighting, the shootings, the killings, the hangings; watching the drinking and carousing; watching the tangled traffic in the steep and narrow streets; watching the feverish buying and selling in tent and cabin and building of stone that went on day and night and night and day. They watched the coming and going of the stages with their tired and dusty loads of travelers; they looked upon the ore-freighted wagons rolling along the gold-paved highway carrying their loads of wealth from the mines in the hills to the mills on the flats; they beheld the sudden transformation of paupers into millionaires; they listened to the thousand wild and thrilling stories of new discoveries, new strikes, new ledges of wealth uncovered that would surpass the Comstock in richness; and as they saw all the evidences of the treasures the hills held hidden in their rocky depths, and listened to the tales of new-found caves of wealth, there was born in them the desire to become something more themselves than mere wage earners in the rich mines of other men—they began to dream of mines of their own.

The third or fourth summer after their arrival on the Comstock came a month's shutdown of the mine where they were then employed—new hoisting and other machinery was to be installed. They decided they would take a little excursion into the adjacent country to the north of the town. They would go up there and make a camp, and then peck about the hills with hammer and pick for two or three weeks just to see what it looked like, returning to their jobs at the mine as soon as the new machinery was in place.

They went; but when the end of the month came, and the mine had resumed operations, the two young miners were not back. Their wanderings had taken them farther than they had expected to go; they had seen things up there to interest them they had not thought to see—they were picking up pieces of float over the rock-sown, unexplored hills, digging a little here and a little there, tracing thin, elusive, mysterious veins of mineral through the rock ledges, speculating, wondering, dreaming, asking themselves what lay over yonder beyond that next range of hills, and then going over beyond the next range of hills—and the next—to find out what lay over there. The lure of the hills had gripped them, and they would never be able to shake off its hold.

Back to the mines, to the old hard work underground, they came when the meager supplies they had taken with them were exhausted, but now with a new, a definite aim in view. Before they had worked merely to get money to have a good time—money to spend in howling, roaring C Street; money to waste in jammed and noisy B Street; money to sow broadcast in rough-and-tumble Gold Hill, which lay along the paved highway a mile away; money to gamble with; money to drink with, to carouse and dress and fly high and be good fellows with—that was what they had needed money for before. But now—now they were about to become seekers themselves for some of the hidden treasure of the hills; they were going out to find their own mine, and they would need money for outfitting—they must make and save a stake.

So they grew stingy and close and began to hoard and save. They changed their habits—C Street and B Street and Gold Hill saw them infrequently now; they quit the gambling dens and the dance halls; their drinking bills were cut to no more than half their former size; they no longer indulged in expensive, gaudy clothing—they were making and saving their stake. And men who knew them remarked that they were changing in their dispositions, growing more sober and more serious, more inclined now to crabbedness and quarrelsomeness, losing in large degree the one-time cheerfulness and sociability that had always characterized them and made them two of the most popular youngsters of the camp. And though they still held to each other, still leaned on and depended upon each other, petty quarrels, little bickerings, trifling disputes and harsh words now frequently sprang up between them.

But they were still inseparable, and the camp would facetiously ask for one of them to learn of the whereabouts of the other.

It was about the time of their departure on their first prospecting trip that the nicknames Bunny and Wink were fixed upon them. Where these names came from, who first used them, no one could have told. Half the men in Virginia City in those days were never given their right names when addressed or when spoken of. It was a custom and everybody followed it. Bunny Nash and Wink Rossiter they were to be henceforward, with Joe and Tom falling into disuse and forgetfulness, until in time no one in all Virginia City could tell what were the Christian names of the prospectors, Nash and Rossiter, unless it were some old-timer like themselves who had come in there in an early day and

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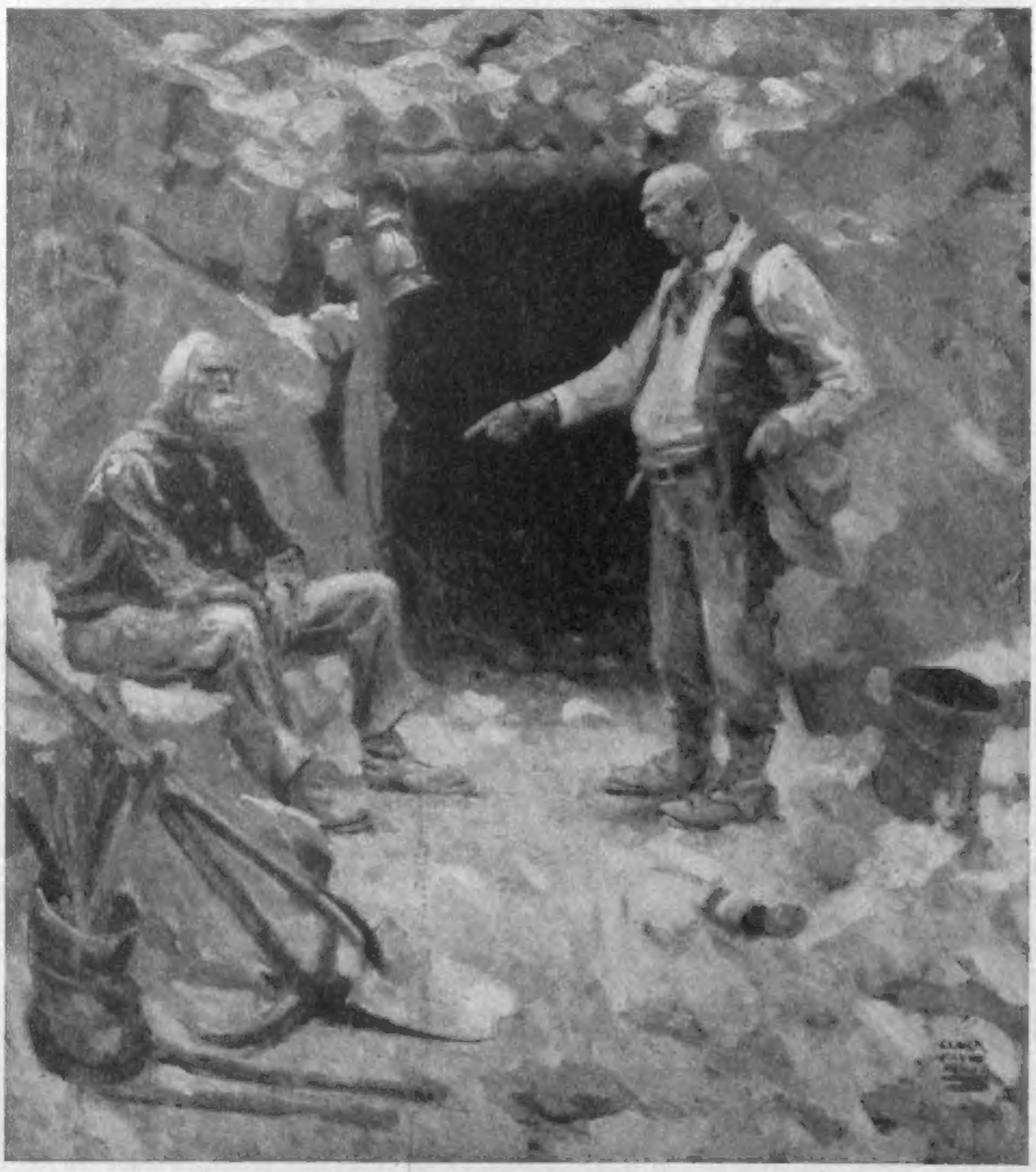

"No, Sir; I'm Going Back to Old Illiney Just as Soon as We Clean Up Big"

Josh and the Lofty Mountain

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN 1904 I took a cottage at Watch Hill to insure a comfortable summer for my elder son, Alan, who had been through a bad attack of diphtheria in May. I knew nothing of Watch Hill save that it was a cool, quiet place, and I didn't see my family for three weeks after my wife herded the children into the train. I was watching a complicated nervous collapse and couldn't leave it until the last week of June. Meanwhile Alan's letters informed me that all was well with his mother, that the baby yelled as usual and that there was a boy named Josh who had wonderful ears. In fact this Josh figured in each letter, and Alan's first remark when he met me at Westerly station was about Josh.

"He can wiggle one ear when he isn't—isn't wigglin' th' other," he declared, examining my pockets.

"And I suppose he has a tail and horns?"

"No, but he's got a 'pendycitis cut and two vaccinations, and his papa makes tombstones, and they've got a red aut'mobile."

I was allowed a few moments of peace at the cottage, and then it was time, Alan said, for a swim. Josh would be manifest on the beach and would wiggle his ears for me.

My wife laughed, and reported: "Alan's idol won't have anything to do with me. But you'd better go look at him, Joe. He's most remarkable."

Alan conducted me to the beach by one thumb. He was seven, and still thin from illness, but he worked hard to hurry my saunter toward Josh of the ears. It is my misfortune to be seventy-three inches long and conspicuous. Some New York men halted me on the beach and I stood gossiping, while Alan tugged wearily at the edge of my coat and I admired the fine sweep of the crescent shore. Innumerable lads splashed in and out of the shallows, and women enjoyed the bright water in the terrible bath suits then allowed them by the guardians of good taste. A tall, plump woman in a garment with red silk sleeves wallowed on the margin near us, and one of the New Yorkers pointed her out as the tombstone queen, "And you should see her king!"

Alan squeaked "That's Josh's mother," and dragged me away. We passed up the beach, and my son looked busily for Josh. We were beyond the crowd of bathers when he saw his hero afar off and began to drag me frantically, lisping in his delirium, "He'th makin' a statue too. Oh, come. 'head!"

I came at my best stride, and Alan deserted me as we drew close to the boy busy over some sort of figure molded in the tawny sand. He worked absorbedly, squatting beside his construction, looked up at Alan only to bark out "Don't you touch it, kid!" then went on patting his model.

Alan said respectfully, "I won't touch him, Josh. Here's dad. Dad, come an' look."

I looked at the life-size mold of Mr. Roosevelt dressed as a Rough Rider, and was surprised by its excellence. This wasn't caricature, but a sort of realism, and Josh slowly continued the making of the President's left leg, with a fine attention to the buttons of the gaiter and the shape of the calf. The boy had thick brown hands with long fingers that ended in flat tips. I noticed these first, then the rest of him. His face was bent over the presidential leg, and his ears astonished me, seen from behind. There is nothing uncommon in a pointed ear. The astonishing thing about these ears was their motion. They wriggled. The effect inspired awe. They stirred against a head covered with rough black curls, and the head was set on a muscular neck that sloped off into fine shoulders. Josh was a shapely, tough animal who must be thirteen or fourteen, I thought. He completed his job and sat back on the sand with a grunt, then turned and stared up at me, his green eyes steady against the sun, rubbing his heavy jaw with a fist.

I blushed and lit a cigarette, then asked, "How old are you, Josh?"

"Eleven," said Josh, and in grave consideration added, "Your nose is too big."

I can't defend my Puritan nose, and there was nothing rude in Josh's way of mentioning the defect. I nodded. The ugly child continued, "But you can't do nothin' for it. Mine ain't big enough. A nose is the importantest thing in a guy's face," he explained, rubbed his own short nose and scowled, drawing his crooked left eyebrow down over the green eye. The left ear wriggled naturally and the result made me shiver, until Josh grinned and became the image of a jolly young satyr escaped from a Greek panel as he told Alan, "Pop walloped me 'smornin', Bud—with a hairbrush."

I sat down on the sand and conversed with Josh. He came from a small city of lower Illinois. His father was the Howe Memorial Monument Corporation and he was an only child. I fancied his parents wealthy. The scant bath suit was made of some rich silk. He had been walloped for chaffing his mother's French maid about her affection for the Howe chauffeur, also French. "Who taught you to model so well?"

"Taught?" Josh scowled loathsomely. "Get out! You ain't learned things like that—I make things."

I bowed humbly to the scorn of the artist and offered him a licorice drop. He sat with his bronze legs crossed, and his restless hands heaped up a mound of sand into what began to take form as a cat before he stopped work to say, "There's that feller that looks like that Apollo Belvydere guy."

A beautiful young man in white serge was wandering up with a pipe in his mouth. I write "beautiful" resolutely. In 1904 he was beautiful, and Josh had correctly likened him to the Apollo Belvedere. He had the straight nose, the weakly molded chin and the lazy posture of the white god. He was fair and slim and familiar to me. I had seen him about New York, at dances or at the opera, and he gave me an altogether gracious nod which permitted me to exist without suggesting that it mattered. He moved against the beryl of the sea with the sunlight on his head, and was carrying his splendor away from us when the effigy of Roosevelt amused him, and he strolled back to inspect it. He stood looking down at Josh's work, spread at his small feet, with a smile.

Then he said, "Upon my word, Doctor Henry, that's pretty fair. Which of them did it?"

Alan pointed out Josh. The young man gave the boy a blue-eyed stare, then grimaced, perhaps unconscious that he did so, and stooped over the President's head.

"Let it 'lone," said Josh in a growl.

"You've not got his nose quite right," the Apollo observed. "Let me show you. It ——"

"You let it 'lone!" Josh said, and got up, but the beautiful man stooped farther and touched the mold's nose with the bowl of his pipe. Josh gave a snarling cough and leaped at the critic.

They came to the ground in a jet of sand blown up by the man's fall.

Alan squeaked.

It took me a second to scramble up. Then I was useless. Josh and his victim were rolling over in the wet sand. The boy screamed hideously, his burly legs locked about the white coat. He was, for the instant, insane, through the affront to his sacred work. What struggled and pounded the beautiful face wasn't a boy. It was outraged artistry. I have strong arms. I had to tear Josh from his victim, and another tall man took him from me while he was kicking my knees. This man wore a bath suit, and waded into the water where he dropped Josh, then held him down. Bathers came scurrying up. Dressed people flooded about me, and an old Englishman brought out a flask of brandy, while I wiped blood from the straight nose of Apollo, who was stunned and limp. But he tried to chuckle gallantly, and dizzily mopped his chin with a white sleeve.

"I didn't know there were wildcats in Rhode Island," he muttered, and succeeded in getting up. A woman began to cry, frightened by his face.

"You've got to get to a surgeon," I said.

"He Got Into a Corner and Put Both Hands Up Over His Face!"

He was staying, fortunately, at the cottage of a Philadelphia doctor. His host hurried him off before Josh was led out of the ocean, and the huge man asked me how the battle had started.

"He wanted to show the boy something about Roosevelt's nose."

Josh's father cuffed the artist's head, and then laughed as the boy scuttled back to his sand man.

"The feller ought to have known better," he said, drawing one eyebrow down. "Did Josh hurt him bad?"

"Broke his nose and ripped his eyelid open."

"The kid's strong as a horse," Howe mused. "I guess I got to lick him for this."

I said violently "Nothing of the sort!" and then wondered if the tombstone king would try to thrash me. He scowled and flexed his arms. I went on: "The boy's just over a fit of nerves. If you whip him he'll have another. Let him alone. I'm a specialist. I know what I'm talking about. I have to doctor children who're spanked when they're not understood. Let him alone."

Howe turned to his large wife and said: "Hear that, Sadie? I've been tellin' you it ain't any good thrashin' Bud when he's got a fit on."

Mrs. Howe glared at me candidly and remarked, "Some folks know a lot about bringin' up other folks' children. Where's Josh gone to? That feller's one of the swellest sculpshers in New York City, Gus. If you ain't goin' to look out for Josh, then I am!" And she strode toward Josh, who was squatting by the sand man. Howe and I moved after her, and I simmered; but when she came to her son she only knelt down and began to pet him. The sand man was trampled to shreds and the artist wept, with his ugly face in his hands.

After a moment the woman lifted her head and barked at Howe: "What you standin' there fur, you big gump? You go find that sculpsher and beat the tar out of him!"

I did not see this vulgar family again. I returned to New York on Monday and was kept busy the rest of the summer. In the autumn my wife's uncle died and left her his house near Jamesville, Long Island, which thereafter served us for a hot-weather home. Our neighbor was Eustace Marlett Smith, who kept part of his collected potteries and pictures in his Georgian villa, carefully designed after some English country house, of course. My children played with Ursula Marlett Smith and her older brother, Roger, a handsome, dull lad of whom we were fond. He had a civil hatred of the potteries and the pictures, but he stopped to look at a new Greek bowl his father brought down one afternoon in the summer of 1908. The collector was translating the cracked letters under the black-and-orange figure on one side.

Roger swung his tennis bat and pondered, then interrupted: "I say, sir, there's a kid at school who looks just like that!"

"Like what, Roger?"

"Like that—person," said Roger, and pointed to the dancing satyr of the bowl. "Only," he amended, "he hasn't a horse's tail, of course."

Marlett Smith considered the figure and laughed. "I don't think that's quite possible, Roger."

"But it is!" said Roger. "Josh looks exactly like that. He's very husky and awf'ly ugly, and his ears have ends like that—pointed—and he can make 'em wabble. Awf'ly nice kid. Plays full back, and he's good. Only fourteen, too."

I asked, "Does he make models?"

Roger stared at me, then nodded. "Oh, yes! You're from out West, sir, aren't you? Yes, he makes models. He made a statue of one of the masters he doesn't like and stuck it up on the front of the gym last winter. And the master wanted him expelled, only the head master wouldn't. And he da—very near killed a fellow for touching a model of a horse he made. He's sort of crazy, I think, but awf'ly nice."

Therewith Roger wandered off through the gallery of glass cases and pictures, insured, I knew, at half a million dollars.

Young Ursula Marlett Smith drawled: "Why, papa, Roger noticed a picture! He must be ill. Doctor Henry, you'd better give him something."

The collector sighed, dusting the Greek bowl with his handkerchief. He said: "Poor Roger! He's rather like your dear mother, Ursula. I'm afraid he'll be a broker. But don't let him sell these things when I'm dead. Oh, do run and tell them"—he meant the sedate battalion of his servants—"that someone'll be here to spend Sunday." The lovely thin child ran off into the glitter of cases. He sighed again. "And Ursula doesn't care about things much."

To Marlett Smith "things" meant rare pottery, busts and paintings.

"She's only twelve," I said.

"But it's time she began to take an interest, isn't it? Oh, can't you and Mrs. Henry come over to dine? Rollin Paret'll be here. He's just back from England. Been abroad for years. The sculptor, you know."

I had never met Rollin Paret, and I didn't much admire his work, but all artists interest me. I accepted, and that evening my wife and I strolled into the Marlett Smith grounds through the dividing hedge. Marlett Smith and his guest were talking at the base of an Italian garden god's pedestal in an alley of young trees, and my wife chuckled as we drew near their black and white.

"Paret's picked up a monocle," she whispered, "and he's thinner than he used to be."

He was thinner and less boyish than when Josh Howe broke his nose. The single eyeglass hid the scarred eyelid. The faint scar above the right nostril was ineradicable, though, and I noticed his habit of keeping his face rather to the right. But the nose had been excellently repaired. The bridge, perhaps, had spread a trifle. He was still superb. He talked through the long dinner about a new review of the arts he was helping to establish, and begged Marlett Smith to think of a proper name for it. Poor Roger Marlett Smith yawned drearily. He wanted to ask Paret about English football and made some dozen attempts, I remember. Ursula also yawned, but more discreetly, playing with the braid of her orange hair. It was sometimes hard to recall that the child wasn't thirteen.

I didn't wonder that Paret turned to her and asked, "What would you call the magazine?"

She drawled, "Why don't you call it something Greek—the Nymph or the Dryad or something silly like that?"

Marlett Smith apologized, "Ursula doesn't take the arts seriously, Paret."

But the sculptor laughed genially and said he thought the Dryad rather a good name. And in October, 1908, when the first number of the Dryad appeared there was some graceful nonsense on the editorial page about this christening. I subscribed as a matter of course. Many of my neurotics are artists, and the Dryad was more successful than the average review of its sort. The chief editor was an intelligent critic. The only boring department was the monthly page on sculpture, initialed R. P., by Rollin Paret.

People who believe that artistic competence comes by descent often cite Rollin Paret by way of proof. The proof is faulty, to me. His grandfather wrote bad verse before the Civil War in competition with N. P. Willis. His father painted the smart beauties of New York from 1880 to 1895,

(Continued on Page 89)

He Stood Solemnly Wriggling His Ears for the Girl. She Sighed, "It's Too Perfect, Josh! It's an Art! Did You Learn, or Is It Natural?"

First Nights—and Everything

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHATEVER truth there may once have been in the accusation, asserted repeatedly throughout a generation just past, that the social leaders of Broadway's first-night dancing set began their day in midafternoon with a breakfast consisting always and only of a cigarette, a cocktail and the Morning Telegraph, there is less truth in the charge since the Constitution has taken first steps toward forcing Broadway to feel better the morning after instead of the night before. To-day Broadway social circles are learning to look a fried egg full in the face without flinching almost as early as the one great class which, among resident Manhattanites, still holds and probably always will hold the record for first meeting the morning air—that mighty legion of supermen who can toss galvanized iron containers filled with two hundred pounds of ashes from the rear end of an apartment house court or hotel area to the street curb and make the cans lie dead beneath one's bedroom window on the third bounce.

Movie Queens Seated in Stage Boxes at First Nights Never Have Seen a Production

Just so long, however, as the present practice obtains of stretching Broadway's chief social function—the first night of a play—to an hour when the evening and the morning are one day, just so long will that epitome of Broadway social success known as the well-known first-nighter and man about town be compelled for physical reasons to give way in early rising honors to the earliest birds—maybe earliest worms is better—the metropolis knows. I refer, as politely as possible, to the hundreds of thousands of visiting yokels from our provinces who daily arrive to infest the hotel and theatrical district of mid-Manhattan.

"Hello-ello-ello! That you, Wilbur?" The voice of good old Friend Horace from the old home town squeaks in rapturous semimonologue by the dawn's early light out of the receiving end of the Broadway social success' bedside telephone. "Betcha, Wilbur, you can't guess who this is speaking to you! Gosh, you made me the first time! Hope I didn't wake you up, Wilbur.

"Yeh, I and Lizzie just blew into the big burg last night for a coupla days' spree. Whazzat, Wilbur? No, Wilbur, old socks, we haven't a thing planned for to-night. Huh? Oh, now you lookut here, Wilbur! Be sensible! You're a busy man, and I and Lizzie can't think of your wasting your time entertaining us this way. Well, it's an imposition, Wilbur, that's what it is. No—we being a coupla hicks, we haven't seen a thing playing in town here, so the Follies or any show like that will do. But I suppose, old man, seeing that the Follies just opened, it's impossible to get tickets for that—eh?—unless you buy 'em from the sidewalk speculator bandits at ten bucks a throw or something, so you just make it any show that's easiest for you. It was only on Lizzie's account I happened to mention the Follies. She's crazy to see it—Lizzie is. But she'll enjoy any show—the Follies or anything.

"What? Oh—now—Wilbur! Ab-so-lute-ly no, no, no! We couldn't even think of holding you up for dinner in addition to the Follies—or whatever show you're going to take us to. Well, it's a dirty imposition, Wilbur, but I know there's no holding you when any of us up-state jays from the old town blow into the big burg."

What Reconciles Wilbur

"BY THE way, Wilbur, I had it all framed up to have you with us at our Kamp Komfort shack up at the lake for last July, but what with little Grayson and Lois both having their adenoids and tonsils removed the last part of June, and half the time no cook or nurse, and the weather rotten, I—or Lizzie, to be exact, persuaded me it would be only an insult to ask you up under those conditions. But you just wait till next summer, and—whazzat? No, we'll leave the choice of the restaurant entirely to you, Wilbur—absolutely to you—because it isn't the dinner and the Follies, or some show like that, we're looking forward to seeing, but it's seeing you, old man, we're looking forward to seeing—although I suppose Lizzie would like to go to some cabaret restaurant where there's lots of jazz and all that sort of guff which women folks are crazy to see when they do get into the big town. Any dinky quick-lunch beanery would do for me, Wilbur—you know me!—but I suppose we ought to go to some jazzy Broadway joint for Lizzie's sake, eh? But you just use your own judgment, of course.

"Well, so long for the present, Wilbur. I suppose you'd have been hard at it an hour or more ago if I hadn't held you up. Bul-lieve muh, Wilbur, when Lizzie gets back here to the hotel from her shopping—she was out before the stores opened—and she hears about you are taking us to sup—dinner and the Follies she'll say it's a damn imposition. But you just wait till next summer, Wilbur, and I and Lizzie will get back at you up at Kamp Komfort for all these kindnesses which you've ——"

When, I say, any of you highbinders from our provinces holds up a Manhattan mark that way you may or may not know in your hearts—probably you do—that you have squared everything by inserting one artful little line into the body of your daybreak telephonic message to your particular Wilbur.

"We'll leave the choice of the restaurant entirely to you!"

Whether you know it or not, right there in a dozen words or less you've got your Mr. Wilbur Hooper, of Manhattan, where you want him, and where your Mr. Hooper, of Manhattan, likes to be. Any last qualm of conscience remaining in your unsophisticated but burglarious soul will disappear as Wilbur leads you and Lizzie into a restaurant of his own careful choosing, wherein, Wilbur knows, the head waiter will say deferentially yet in courtly fashion: "Ah, good evening, Mr. Hooper! Three, Mr. Hooper, in your party, Mr. Hooper? How about that second table, Mr. Hooper, just beyond the pillar—Mr. Hooper?"

Yes, there is a barrel of truth in the report, now so thoroughly spread from ocean to ocean, that no Broadwayite believes he has begun to approach social success until he knows head waiters. Even this high mark of social triumph, however, isn't altogether soul-satisfying to the Manhattanite of real ambition. If it further so happens that in the course of the dinner none other than the proprietor of the restaurant himself should happen to wander past Wilbur's table and remark, "Evening, Wilbur. How's the boy! Hope they're treating you and your friends all right, Wilbur"—well, by this time even the less knowledgful Lizzie, catching as she does the ineffable glow now radiating from Wilbur's features after the boss himself has addressed him by name—especially in the presence of home folks—realizes that Wilbur is the real debtor of the evening. She may have been positively frightened when, a moment earlier, she caught a glimpse out of the corner of her eye of the prices opposite the dishes on the menu and thus grasped for the first time how thoroughly a Broadway restaurant man appreciates the true value of a breast of guinea hen bedded down on a diaphanous remnant of Virginia ham that squealed its last in East St. Louis; but now Lizzie is beginning to feel quite the hostess.

Altogether it is unfortunate for all concerned, for Manhattanites as well as for the good but plain people who make up the rest of the United States, that the fact has not yet been sufficiently bruited abroad the land that the Broadwayite inspired with loftiest

The Instant the Head Usher Began to Yell, "Author! Author!" Every Man in the First Four Rows of Orchestra Seats Stood Up and Smilingly Bowed His Grateful Appreciation

climbing aspirations has his upturned eyes always focused on something even nobler than knowing waiters personally, even than being on speaking terms with the proprietors of Broadway restaurants.

From the viewpoint of the Broadway and Forty-second Street swagger set the supreme social heights have not been reached until one is an acknowledged first-nighter at theatrical performances. Note that I say an acknowledged first-nighter. Anyone able to buy theater tickets can don the soup-fish clothes and sit through first-night performances steadily throughout the season, but persistency of attendance at Broadway premières does not make one a representative first-nighter. The real first-nighter doesn't descend to buying theater tickets. It so happens that there are so many premières steadily exploding along Broadway throughout the fall, winter and spring, often several on the same night, that frequently there are not enough cash-in-hand theatergoers, especially in recent years, who are willing to exchange the guaranteed output of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for the wholly problematical values of a first night that may be the last. The common or garden variety of first night, at least, doesn't call for the aid of the police to suppress riots at the ticket window. The managerial policy of making the initial New York production before a hand-picked audience consequently is growing; therefore it is that the real first-nighter is any unit of that large clump of first-night audience who has been invited to the party by the producer himself, the star of the play or by even the poor devil who merely wrote the play.

Annie-Oakleys for the Elect

THE invitation arrives in the first-nighter's morning mail in the form of at least one pair of what are known to us killingly humorous Broadwayites as Annie-Oakleys. Free tickets to a theatrical performance, you see, are always shot full of little round holes by a box-office man armed with a ticket punch before the tickets are distributed; and the keen-eyed and eminent Miss Annie Oakley, back in the days of the sharpshooting event of the Buffalo Bill show, was —— But let's get on.

If the highbinders from our provinces who held up Wilbur had but known it they could have swelled him—supposing Wilbur had achieved the Broadwayite's idea of supreme success in life embodied in the acknowledged first-nighter—to twice his normal girth by asking him in the course of his dinner party whether or not he had yet seen any given theatrical hit then running on Broadway. The question immediately would have given Wilbur his chance to unlimber the declaration which the Broadway climber of highest ideals always mouths so proudly:

"Why, I saw it the first night!"

I am not so sure but that the Manhattanite who aims only at Broadway's supreme standards would not rather be able to say "I saw it the first night" than to be addressed by name by the captain of waiters at the Waldorf, the Gest or Ziegfeld roof shows, Churchill's, Jack's, Billy the Oysterman's or the Ritz. And by the tone and manner used by a confirmed Manhattanite when making this proud statement one usually can tell approximately how many rungs he has climbed on the ladder leading to a noble career.

If he says it with obvious eagerness—in the tones, say, of a sub-deb telling the other girls she saw William Faversham buying some socks while she was shopping that afternoon—you may know that the climber still has a lot of rungs to mount before he is admittedly a first-nighter. If, on the other hand, he says it in a weary way that includes a well-bred note of contempt for you and your silly question—as a visitor in California would say to a native son, "Have I ever been East? Why, my dear man, my home town is Des Moines!"—then it is evident that your Manhattanite is nearing Broadway's dizziest social heights. Once he has come to be included on the invitation mailing lists of managers or stars, you really should not ask him if he has seen a show. You should know he has seen it—the first night. If you do put that sort of question to the Broadwayite who has arrived you cannot blame him if he replies in about the same tone and manner which the Hon. Joseph Patrick Tumulty probably would use if you were to ask Joe whether or not he ever had actually seen a President of the United States pace the carpet impatiently.

The day a Broadwayite learns that he has been placed on the managerial first-night list his emotions are analogous to those which must have flooded the souls of every successful presidential candidate—and Charles Evans Hughes—on every quadrennial national election night of our history. He has reached the highest there is. By this time he has come to refer to John Drew always either as the Squire or Uncle Jack. By "Bill" he means DeWolf Hopper.

When he talks to you about Barrymore you may ignorantly think he has Jack or Lionel in mind, when he really has Mrs. Colt in mind. And when he says nonchalantly "As I was saying the other night back-stage to Georgie," he is letting you know that he said what he says he said to none other than the gifted Mr. Cohan himself personally, face to face, as man to man.

It is because a Broadway first-night function as a general rule—to which there are the inevitable exceptions—is about as difficult to get into as Central Park or the National Geographic Society that the mere purchase of theater tickets, even persistently, is not enough to carry the climber to the social heights. Steadiness of attendance has its part in his progress, of course, but there are other and perhaps more important attributes to Broadway social success which he must always keep in mind while climbing. Especially he must look out for one particular rung, far down the ladder, which is so slippery that it has landed many an aspirant for Manhattan night-life honors flat in the foyer.

Back in the days when I was always trying to meet Jim Corbett socially, when not nursing my burning obsession to own an autographed photograph of Morris Gest, I suddenly slipped on this rung I have in mind and, socially speaking, fell flat on my foolish face. The fall ended my career in Tenderloin upper circles, left me socially where I am to-day, which is nowhere. Let my own case be a warning to anyone else, Manhattanite or chronic visitor to Broadway, who has decided to make the position of acknowledged first-nighter the apex of his career. My tumble was typical of many another who has shot the chutes. Scarcely had I crashed to the floor before some of the city's most distinguished wine agents—this was back in the real days—show girls, swell murder lawyers, stars' husbands, genuine and hired stage mothers, ticket speculators, popular song pluggers, male dressmakers, gambling-house proprietors—to list but a few of the classes representative of all that is best in Broadway society—had pounced upon me; and they tied a half-gallon tin can to me and chased me, clattering and clanking, from Longacre Square to the Battery.

To illustrate how easily the same catastrophe may early befall any other aspirant for first-night honors, let us suppose that the callow seeker for Broadway's supreme social distinction is among those present at the première at one of the elaborate sort of musical shows that gets its statistics wrong end first in its advertising matter by boasting of its Forty Show Girls Under Twenty. It is, we shall say, the kind of ultra-wealthy production which gives the optimistic press agent reason to believe that the city's chief police magistrate, following certain complaints from ladies who saw the opening performance by mistake, will send some gifted student of aesthetics, named Detective Sergeant McGovern, to view the show the second night, and will then announce freely to the reporters for publication that unless the management compels the ladies of the ensemble to be decent and wear tights the show will be closed.

Now let us also suppose that the incipient seeker of first-nighter distinction has watched the performance without committing a single social error up to the point where the plot is really started by the show girl who plays the part running "Hoowah, girlth! Heeyaw come the tholdyerth!" Now the wood winds, brass and drums begin to wallop art. A principal player is about to make his first appearance of the evening. The instant is upon us when the potential first-nighter negatively makes good or positively gets the gate.

For now out from the canvas thickets up stage comes swinging a company of the tholdyerth, all resplendent in their silk trench tights of Italian blue, all singing lustily of their own glories. You may think for a moment that the soldier singers have mislaid their commanding officer—but wait! He is merely following that rule of stage tactics which says that when on parade a tenor lieutenant must not turn the corner and come into view of the crowds in Main Street until his men have halted, have formed in two lines facing each other, have flashed on high their gleaming doughboy swords and have crossed their sword tips to form a steely roof to the human-lined lane that runs from the back drop down to the footlights.

In Clanks the Tenor Lieutenant

HERE he is at last, a rough, fighting tenor lieutenant who shakes a dirty grace note as he swings with loose knee action beneath the arched sword blades to the footlights. He is clanking like the Kaiser of old, but you would never know it for the ecstatic shindig of greeting he always gets—on first nights. Likely as not, at least one of his former wives is leading the rapturous rooters on her side of the house; and his wife of the year is cheer leader across the way; and the publisher of the song hits of the show and his carefully selected relatives and other aids are taking care of the spontaneous reception in the body of the theater; and young Cyril Ironhand, the Boy Usher, and his assistants are doing their best back of the last rows and up in the balcony. Also, simultaneously, everybody on the stage, including the tenor lieutenant himself, is hollering to the heavens about the glories of army life in general and of the prowess of the tenor lieutenant in particular.

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Here He Is at Last, a Rough, Fighting Tenor Lieutenant Who Shakes a Dirty Grace Note

of This Spontaneous Tribute to His Literary Craftsmanship

Tutt and Mr. Tutt

Blindfold Chess—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Helen, Unless I Can Devise Some New Expedient, It Looks Now as if Farnwell Would be in a Position to Control the Meeting"

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.
—*King Henry VI, Pt. 2, Act IV, Sc. 2.*

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
—*King Henry VI, Pt. 1, Act II, Sc. 4.*

Upon the dissolution of a firm by the death of a member the right of the survivor to the exclusive possession of the firm assets even as against the representatives of the deceased partner is well established.
—*30 Cyc. 628-3; Secor vs. Tradesmen's National Bank, 92 N. Y. App. Div. 294.*

THE most conspicuous object in the offices of Williams & Farnwell was an old-fashioned iron safe, standing approximately seven feet high in its socks. Built in the days before fireproof vaults and time locks, it would have fallen an easy victim to the clumsiest tyro of a safe breaker. Its cast-iron sheathing would have offered no opposition to a diamond drill and would have melted like wax before an oxyacetylene flame. Moreover, though it had been triumphantly declared by its maker to be both burglar and fire proof, and though it was lined with some sixteen inches of supposedly not flammable material, it is doubtful whether it could have protected its contents in any conflagration worthy of the name.

Nevertheless, it had justly been an object of pride, not only to its creator but to old Ebenezer Williams, who had given the order for it forty-odd years before, when, as a young man, he had scored his first success in the investment field; and because it was an object of pride, it had been given three coats of the best-quality black paint, upon which a local artist, specially retained for the purpose, had depicted in gorgeous colors a mythical scene presumably representing Mr. Williams' activities in the world of trade. Upon a palm-fringed lagoon of deepest indigo, whose white-capped waves were touched to fire by a crimson sun peeping above a circle of purple mountains, lay riding at anchor a clipper ship from which a longboat filled with bales and boxes and rowed by hardy sailormen, whose stroke rivaled in perfection that of an Oxford eight, had evidently just been dispatched in a commendable—if lucrative—endeavor to satisfy the cupidity of a group of bronzed and stalwart Indians gathered upon the adjacent golden sands. The leading sachem, or whatever he may have been, was depicted as holding forth invitingly, and as the obvious reward for the energy displayed by the pigtailed crew of the longboat, an object which might at one's option be taken either as a bag of gold or a bundle of tobacco.

However apocryphal this scene, it was regarded with awe by the citizens of Springfield as a work of art, as indeed it was; and owing to its popularity, Ebenezer Williams had in due course caused a woodcut of similar character to be engraved and placed upon the head of his best business writing paper. In addition to this suggestive and exciting scene, the old safe had originally borne upon its face the inscription:

EBENEZER WILLIAMS
INVESTMENTS

below which, and above the palm trees, projected the customary brass knob by means of which the combination could be worked. In smaller letters, at the bottom of the door, appeared modestly the words: "Holbird Safe & Lock Co., Joshua Holbird, Fecit, Springfield, 1879."

Whether or not, owing to the advertising properties of the picture—which in due course became the recognized trade-mark of its owner, and later on of the company of which he was the head—or to his own perspicacity and shrewdness, the business of Ebenezer Williams prospered to such an extent that at the age of sixty he found it necessary to relieve himself from its strain by taking into partnership a rising young local business man by the name of Uriah Farnwell; and as the shipping business, which represented the major part of his investment, had attained such large proportions that now instead of the one clipper ship represented upon the safe there was a whole fleet of them, Mr. Williams, following the fashion of the times, organized a corporation, of which he made himself the president and his partner, Farnwell, the treasurer, under the name of the Oriental Shipping & Trading Company. The ancient artist having long since departed this life, his son and successor was called in to alter the original inscription to suit the new conditions, and at the time this story opens the safe now bore upon its door the legend:

WILLIAMS & FARNWELL
INVESTMENT SECURITIES

and, underneath, the words:

ORIENTAL SHIPPING & TRADING COMPANY

through which—faintly and as if refusing to be entirely obliterated—could still be seen the original markings like a palimpsest beneath a modern painting.

In course of time, as the firm's business expanded, the offices had been enlarged by the addition of the adjoining suite; and what had been the old outer office, which still contained the safe, was now used as the private room of the senior partner.

Ebenezer Williams had lived the allotted seventy years, feeble in health but still mentally alert; reluctant to surrender active participation in his affairs, surviving all the members of his immediate family save his granddaughter, Helen, who acted as his housekeeper in the old-fashioned mansion on Main Street, where two cast-iron, brown-painted stags browsed perennially upon a moth-eaten lawn. Her grandfather, in common with some other men of his generation, had regarded all females as disqualified by nature for any knowledge of business and, although devoted to her, he had systematically refrained from discussing any of his affairs in her presence, with the result that, when the old gentleman suddenly died of heart failure, she was totally ignorant of his financial condition.

She knew of course that the Oriental Shipping & Trading Company was a flourishing concern and that he regarded it almost in the light of a son, much as he viewed her as a daughter; but she had no idea of the exact nature of the enterprise, the amount of its capital or anything connected with it, beyond the fact that to it obviously Ebenezer Williams owed his material prosperity.

Once in a blue moon Helen, if she happened to be down street, would call at the office to bring her grandfather home to midday dinner, on which occasions his partner inevitably seized the opportunity to make himself—as he supposed—agreeable; this process consisting largely of the most blatant and unctuous flattery, which, though Helen's mirror demonstrated to her that Nature had given her more than an ordinary allowance of good looks, was distinctly distasteful to her. There was nothing, to be sure, particularly repellent about Uriah Farnwell's blond sleekness, but whenever in his company she was conscious of a subtle antagonism and distrust, for which she could give no reason save the obvious insincerity of his manner. Certainly she could not complain of his loyalty and devotion to her grandfather, who repeatedly said that Uriah was now the backbone of the business and that he didn't know how he could get along without him. And though the junior partner was invited with consistent regularity once each month to share Sunday supper with them, he had never but once paid Helen a personal call, though he made it very clear that he would be glad to do so. On that occasion, having arrived freshly tailored and patently uncomfortable by reason of the stiffness of his collar and the tightness of his flamboyant neckerchief, he had, after several false starts, attempted to convey to her the delicate suggestion that if she so willed she could become Mrs. Uriah Farnwell, and so terrified had she been at the mere contemplation of such a possibility that she had hastily fled from the room, and complaining of a sudden headache had insisted upon her grandfather's entertaining their guest during the remainder of his call, which—it is needless to say—was of the briefest duration.

As time went on the health of old Ebenezer Williams began to fail with alarming rapidity. He no longer dared to venture to his office, and every day at about the same hour the doctor's buggy could be seen hitched to the outstretched hand of the small cast-iron negro boy who stood on the grass border beside the stepping block. The neighbors shook their heads and said that the old gentleman could not last much longer and they wouldn't be surprised to hear that he had cashed in most any day.

The impending death of her grandfather hung over Helen Rathom like a thundercloud. And its proximity and inevitability were brought vividly home to her when one afternoon in early May the old man, whose strength had been visibly waning for several days, beckoned her to his side and, fumbling among some papers which lay upon the bed, said, "Helen, my child, I can't live very long. Before I die I wish to give you what will in any case be yours. You are all I have in the world—my sole heir at law and next of kin. I have left a will giving you all my property. As you probably know, almost everything I have is invested

in the Oriental Shipping & Trading Company, of which I hold four thousand shares of stock. I have had a deed of this prepared by my lawyer and I am going to turn it over to you now. Here it is. You can safely trust the management of the company to my partner, Farnwell."

Three days later he died.

The death of Ebenezer Williams was almost as much of a blow to Uriah Farnwell as it was to Helen Rathom, but for an entirely different reason. Though we appreciate the fact that according to the best canons of literary production our characters should speak for themselves, it is, nevertheless, the fact that the limitations of time and space compel us to state with inartistic abruptness that our friend Uriah is the villain of this legal tragi-comedy; and that, taking advantage of his partner's enfeebled condition, he had planned to enrich himself at the expense of the stockholders of the trading company in the following manner:

The million dollars of capital stock of this flourishing corporation, in which he was the active and controlling figure, was divided into ten thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. Of these ten thousand shares Ebenezer Williams held four thousand, represented by a single certificate of stock standing in his name, deposited in the safe in the office along with other securities. Farnwell, though owning in his own right but a few shares, had—with the approval of his partner and for the purposes of unified management—acquired control of four thousand shares. Thus Williams and Farnwell together controlled eight thousand shares, or four-fifths of the capital stock. The remaining two thousand shares were variously held by widely scattered individuals.

His senior partner being at death's door, Farnwell had seized the opportunity to withdraw from the treasury of the company not only most of its surplus but a considerable portion of its fluid capital by making unsecured loans, in reality to himself, now aggregating nearly four hundred thousand dollars, which money he had caused to be invested in government securities standing in the name of a dummy and deposited in his own private vault at the local bank. Having already procured a proxy from the old man lying sick at his home on Main Street, he had planned to cancel this enormous indebtedness to the corporation at the coming annual stockholders' meeting, which would normally take place upon June fifth, by voting to accept in full payment some worthless stock in an Oklahoma land venture which he had purchased for a nominal sum.

The death of Ebenezer Williams at this particular moment had not only projected a nut into his machinations but threatened to expose his conduct to the stockholders and to the public. Being, however, a man of coolness and audacity, and having an able, if unscrupulous, attorney behind him, he determined to put a bold front on the matter in the hope of bluffing it through.

Helen Rathom's telegram to Ephraim Tutt announcing the death of his old friend and client in Springfield came as a great shock, for they had been school and college mates and, though their paths of life had been divergent, they had always maintained a deep affection for each other, and almost every year Mr. Tutt had visited Springfield in the month of May for a few days' trout fishing.

It was on one of these occasions that he had drawn Ebenezer Williams' will and consented to act as his executor, adding jocosely, in view of the other's obviously greater robustness, "It's a good deal more likely, Eben, that you'll come to my funeral than that I'll go to yours."

Destiny had proved him wrong, and with deep sadness and a heart full of sympathy for Helen, who was now left entirely alone in the old house, the old lawyer called in his office associates and arranged his business with a view to going at once to Springfield in order to be of what comfort and solace he could to the bereaved girl, to probate the will and to arrange for the administration of the estate. Since he expected to be absent for not less than ten days, he invited to accompany him in the capacity of legal valet Mr. William Toothaker, that young mechanical genius whom aforetime, as our readers may perhaps recall, he had rescued from the clutches of Toggery Bill Gookin and his vindictive associates in the town of Pottsville, and who now, after a year or two of metropolitan existence as office boy for Tutt & Tutt, had blossomed forth into a full-fledged law clerk.

II

THE day after the funeral of Ebenezer Williams, Mr. Ephraim Tutt, his executor, accompanied by the aforesaid Willie Toothaker, carrying the lawyer's old green bag, betook himself to the office of Williams & Farnwell, which, as we have said, was also that of the Oriental Shipping & Trading Company, for the purpose of making an inventory of the testator's papers, ascertaining the assets and liabilities of the partnership and procuring such information concerning the corporation's financial condition as might enable Helen to vote intelligently at the annual meeting the four thousand shares of stock deeded to her by her grandfather. Mr. Tutt had met Farnwell only once before and, though he had not been particularly prepossessed by his appearance upon that occasion, he had accepted him less at his face value than at his partner's highly complimentary appraisal. He had had no means of knowing that this appraisal was—to say the least—a gross overvaluation.

Farnwell had learned with chagrin and perturbation of Mr. Tutt's appointment as his partner's executor, for he had hoped to find that Mr. Williams had chosen for that purpose either himself or some local attorney who would be glad to play into his hands; and he foresaw that nothing could now prevent the discovery of his chicanery unless he could control the annual meeting and whitewash the whole transaction by canceling the notes of his dummies in exchange for a few hundred acres of swamp land.

When, therefore, Mr. Tutt, whose reputation for shrewdness and resourcefulness was familiar to him, entered the office and disclosed the fact that Ebenezer Williams had executed a deed of his four thousand shares of stock and delivered it to his niece shortly before his death—a gift made *de causa mortis*, as lawyers say—Uriah Farnwell was nonplused, for he perceived that, though he held proxies for four thousand shares of stock, unless luck were with him his scheme might well be blocked at the annual meeting either by Helen Rathom or by Mr. Tutt, as executor, whichever of them was legally entitled to vote his dead partner's stock. Yet it was apparent to his cunning mind, untrained as it was in the niceties of the law, that here was an anomalous and unusual situation, for though Ebenezer Williams had given a deed of his stock to his grandchild, the certificate itself had never been physically delivered or transferred to her and was still in the firm's safe; while in the alternative, the stock having been deeded to her during her grandfather's lifetime, it no longer belonged to the estate of Ebenezer Williams, nor was it subject to the control and disposition of his executor unless the mere fact that the certificate still remained in his name should have this effect.

Clearly there was rather a mix-up. Though, to be sure, either Helen, or Tutt, as executor of the owner, must one or the other be entitled to the stock, it might well be that in order to vote it the certificate must in either case be transferred, and that if its surrender could be delayed neither one of them could lawfully take part in the meeting.

It may seem incredible that justice should ever be jeopardized by so trivial a fact, yet unfortunately it is. The control of many a great railway system, of business investments involving millions, has sometimes—though fortunately with infrequency—turned on questions no more technical than this. Anyone who has ever lost a stock certificate is familiar enough with the inconveniences and difficulties—particularly if such certificate belongs to an unsettled estate of which he is an executor or administrator—involved in a similar situation. Now, though Uriah Farnwell wasn't at all sure just how the

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"There is No Use in a Stranger Like Myself Playing Button-Button for the Combination of Your Own Office Safe. I Want That Certificate and I Purpose to Have It"

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING A SALESMAN

By J. R. Sprague

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE train drew up to the station at a desert town in Idaho. It did not look like a very snappy business place. Across the dusty street from the depot was a soft-drink establishment with a pool room in the rear. Next to that was a short-order restaurant run by a Chinaman, to which the Pullman conductor and a flock of passengers hurried for coffee and sinkers.

There were half a dozen stores on another street back of the Chinaman's—wooden structures with false fronts—and perhaps a dozen dwelling houses. Outside of the town, as far as one could see, there was no other sign of human habitation; nothing but sand, a little sagebrush and frequent splotches of volcanic-looking rock sticking out of the sandy surface. One unconsciously wondered where the business came from to maintain even so small a town.

But there must have been a back country somewhere capable of supporting people; perhaps mining operations in the mountains off to the south, or cattle raising in the valley we could see north of us whenever the swirling dust subsided a little. Right on the station platform there was proof that the town was a good business point in spite of its unpromising setting. Half a dozen traveling men were there with their sample cases and trunks waiting to get on the train, appearing curiously up to date in their Chicago or Salt Lake tailor-made clothes and snappy, citified movements.

These traveling men seemed to rouse deep irritation in the mind of a young man who sat opposite me in the Pullman. He had a pale, intellectual face, large spectacles and the prettiest knit necktie I ever saw. He was, I should say, about twenty-seven years old.

"These men represent an economic waste," said the young man severely, indicating the traveling men. "A law should be passed to prevent it."

Five years ago when a man talked about passing a law to enforce his private opinions no one paid any attention. But times have changed. It pays to listen to anybody who mentions a new law nowadays, because the first thing you know he may go and get it passed.

Who Pays the Traveling Men?

I LOOKED out at the traveling men interestedly. There did not seem to be anything particularly wasteful about them. One of the number, in fact, was making himself quite useful by helping the station agent load his two-hundred-and-fifty-pound trunk on a baggage truck. Perhaps one of the traveling men outside had hurt the young man's feelings by cutting him out of his girl or something. Great reforms have been started on less cause than that. I felt that I must say something soothing.

"Isn't it wonderful," I remarked sagely, "how commerce is carried so intensively even to these remote regions?"

Having been born in New York State, I assumed the Easterner's privilege of regarding all places west of Chicago as remote and interesting. The young man with the knit tie would not be soothed by generalities.

"That's just it," he cried irritably. "Commerce has no right to be carried intensively." He pointed to the traveling men again. "Every one of those men," he went on, "costs the house he represents anywhere from five to fifteen per cent of all the goods he sells. It's a sinful waste and ought to be prohibited by law."

The young man was an earnest speaker. I learned afterward that he had never mixed much in commercial life himself, but he had read books about it. His people were well off. Since leaving college he had not done any work except to spend two days each month collecting rents on property which his family owned. He was now about to begin a more serious life, being on the way to take a professorship in a Western college as a lecturer on economic subjects.

"Who really pays the expenses of these traveling men out there?" the young man demanded. "Is it the firms they work for? Of course it isn't. It's the public—that's who it is."

I could see where a lot of my traveling-men friends were in for hard times if the young professor got his theories going good at the college where he was about to begin his life work. I asked him how the merchants were going to buy their goods if no salesmen came along to sell them. I reminded him that it was cheaper for one traveling man to go out and call on a hundred merchants than it would be for a hundred merchants to go to market. Having never talked with a regular student of economics before, I did not realize how easy it is to get tripped up.

"There you go," he said, "assuming that a thing must be all right because it has always been done. There is no reason why traveling men should go out and call on merchants, and no reason why merchants should spend money to go to market. Both methods are wasteful. Aren't the United States mails going every day? Can't a merchant write letters and order what he needs? Of course he can!"

It appeared that the young man belongs to the political party which had such a hard time last year in trying to hold its convention, being shooed away from one city after the other by unsympathetic authorities. The young man himself had been on the train known as the Rabbit Special, and rode about the country with the other delegates trying to find a place to convene in. He appeared quite well pleased with himself at having thus mixed up with martyrdom, complacently adjusting his twelve-dollar knit tie and toying with his platinum watch chain as he told me about it.

He had a grand scheme to make things easier for the struggling masses. The thing to do, he said, was to let the Government run all the factories and retail stores, especially the latter. He had a pamphlet in his pocket which showed exactly how much it cost retailers in all lines to do business. He called my attention sharply to the fact that shoe dealers are under an expense of twenty-eight per cent, grocers sixteen per cent and clothiers nearly thirty per cent. He was almost violent when he pointed to the figures showing the selling costs of dealers who purvey platinum watch chains and gentlemen's wrist watches.

"What I propose to do," he said, "is to abolish all private ownership of retail stores. The Government should establish a big place in every city, handling everything that people need, and selling at cost. That way of living will be much cheaper and the workingman can work less hours, thus giving him more time for study and self-improvement."

I suggested that it would cost the Government something to do business just the same as any private individual. I added also that government-operated enterprises are apt to be rather cold and formal, and I thought people would rather do their trading in stores where the human note was a factor.

The young man waved aside such trivial arguments. He had no figures to prove how cheaply the Government could operate retail stores, but he assured me it would be much less than under present conditions. As to the contention that people like to buy from clerks who know them personally he was almost sarcastic.

"Just one of the evils of our social order," he said, "that must be eradicated. Merchants everywhere are spending more and more money to make their places attractive so as to lure people in to buy. They pay big salaries to clerks who have wide acquaintances and trim their show windows elaborately to attract the public's attention. The result is that people, especially young people, think more about such things than they ought to. Take all such tempting places off the public streets and the masses will turn more to the serious matters of life."

If This Reformer Had His Way

I HAD an uneasy thought that if the government stores handled only the necessities of life there might be a good deal of bootlegging of luxuries. But the young man did not give me a chance to argue. Being a lecturer on economics, he felt, I suppose, that he must keep in practice.

For a regular reformer I must admit he talked moderately. He said he did not expect government ownership of factories and stores to come about at once. His idea was to taper off gradually—to put the commercial world on a beer-and-light-wine basis, so to speak. But as a starter he did insist that the traveling man must go. It was a shame, he said, that the masses should have to pay higher prices for practically everything, just because a lot of salesmen were out on the road drawing big salaries and commissions.

It came out a little later in his talk that the young lecturer on economics had a private as well as a public grudge against the traveling fraternity. Back in his home city, he told me, his family owned a nice piece of corner property in the business district. The building had been occupied for a number of years by a retail crockery store, and recently when the lease was about to expire the young man decided to jack the rent up a couple of hundred dollars a month.

"But when I went to see the crockery man," he said, "to tell him his rent was going to be two hundred dollars a

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THE MATTER OF YIELD

By E. Davenport

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

A YIELD of ninety bushels of wheat on an acre of ground has been reported. This is three times the average yield of England, and six times that of the United States. Sixty bushels is frequently raised. During the war some half a hundred of Illinois farmers reported yields of fifty bushels or more, and many fields in Colorado yielded sixty to seventy-five bushels last summer, while the average was still less than a quarter as much.

The city consumer, accustomed to standardized production, wonders why these differences. Given certain material, machinery and labor, he can tell to a fraction what the production of any commodity will be, and when he learns that the average in food production is so far below the possibilities he quite naturally exclaims: "What chumps these farmers are!"

Of course, all laymen know that soils make a difference. Indeed, they seem to be obsessed with an altogether false notion of the relation of soil to crop, many of them believing that the chemist can, by analyzing a soil, determine the particular crop that should be grown upon it; and, in general, I should say that the city, having but a remote and foggy notion of precisely how its food is produced and knowing just enough about it to be always mistaken, believes that the farmer is most inefficient and wasteful, whereas the facts are the exact opposite, because the farmer is about our only individual enterpriser working with his own hands.

If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing anywhere, it is here, especially at this particular time. The city has a right to know why the average crop is so far below the maximum, and the farmer has a right to be understood. It is therefore the purpose of the author to point out the conditions that determine yield quite independently of the farmer's efficiency, and often indeed because, as a business man, he dare not attempt maximum yields.

The Unmanageable Factors

OF ALL the conditions governing yield, climate is the most sweeping. It is obvious when we consider the difference between the tropical and the temperate fruits, for nobody would expect to grow oranges in New York or bananas in Canada, but it is not so obvious when considering the same crop as grown in different regions of the earth.

Yet the principle holds.

Wheat, for example, is our most cosmopolitan crop, growing through a wider range of latitude, elevation, temperature, soil, moisture and sunlight than can any other plant that is known to man. But it does not thrive equally well in all places, and in very few spots are all the conditions so delicately and fortunately balanced as to make the maximum yield even possible.

England is one of those regions especially favored by climate for this particular crop, with France and Germany close seconds. We can never equal their averages. But they cannot grow our Indian corn at all; indeed, the very conditions that make this *par excellence* the wheat country of the world are the very ones that rule corn out—namely, a low temperature and a hazy sky.

A few of our mountain valleys approach even England in favorable conditions for wheat, but in all of them the sun is too bright for best results. In the Mississippi Valley it is only in a poor corn year that we may hope for maximum yields of wheat. And so it is that this matter of climate more than any other single consideration determines the crops that shall be grown as leading farm enterprises.

There is another reason why the United States falls below England in her average yield of wheat, and that is purely mathematical, not agricultural. The United States is a huge country, covering all sorts of regions, good, bad and indifferent, for wheat and for all other crops, and no such country can ever match average yields with some especially favored small country where conditions are wholly good. The principle is the same as arranging a spelling contest, for example, between groups on the one hand and an equal number of individuals upon the other; some individual would always get the prize, because no average of a group could equal what some single speller might achieve—that is, perfection. It is so with yields; those of large countries are always low as compared with those of selected small countries.

Even so, the American yield of Indian corn leads the world, but that is true only because we produce about ninety per cent of the world's output, and because the great bulk of it is grown in the Corn Belt, a relatively restricted area and preëminently adapted both by climate and soil to this particular crop.

Just as the larger natural conditions of temperature, moisture and sunlight, which we call climate, control both our cropping and, in a broad way, our yields, so does that changing combination of the same elements which we denominate the season also determine from year to year whether the yields of a particular farm shall be high, low or medium. In the long-conducted experiments at Rothamsted, England, after more than half a century of research, those veteran investigators, Lawes and Gilbert, report that of all the factors determining yield season is the most powerful, not excepting either seed or fertilizer; that is to say, in a good season a medium soil will yield more than will the best fertilized land in a bad season.

This being true, it is only occasionally that all the infinite combinations of temperature, moisture and sunlight can square favorably with the varying physiological and chemical needs of the growing crop through a period of ten months for winter wheat and some six or seven for the spring variety. It is only occasionally, therefore, and in favored regions, that maximum yields are possible, for the season, like the climate, is beyond the control of the farmer, except as he is able by some slight shifting of processes to ameliorate some of the effects of a bad year—conservation of moisture, for example, in time of drought. Even these expedients are few and feeble, and in general the farmer, like the consumer, is at the mercy of both climate and season.

The popular notion is that the farmer grows his grains and grasses each on the special soil best adapted to that particular crop. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The fact is that he does the best he can in meeting the conditions of a complicated problem.

First of all, no soil is fertile enough to grow the same crop indefinitely upon the same field. At Rothamsted wheat grown continuously on unfertilized land gradually decreased in yield to less than half the general average of the country. And the same is true of corn in Illinois, for when grown year after year for nearly forty seasons the returns are barely twenty bushels, or about one-third of what is expected with good farming on the same soil.

So far as leguminous crops are concerned—alfalfa, clover, beans, and so on—they positively refuse to grow year after year on the same soil, even by the most liberal use of fertilizers. However, they are the only source of nitrogen, and they must be grown upon the farm, all of which means that from the standpoint of production alone the farmer must grow not one crop, or two crops, but a variety of crops, some of which, in the nature of the case, are not the best possible adaptation to his particular soil and climate, but which, nevertheless, must be included in the system.

Still again, for reasons of labor distribution the planting and the harvests must not be bunched, but on the contrary distributed as much as may be throughout the growing season, lest the farmer be unable to carry the peak loads at certain times and lie idle at others.

These circumstances combine to force the individual farmer to adopt a rotation of crops, in which his problem is to get the best fit possible between restoration of fertility, the climatic and soil conditions, the seasonal needs of different crops, the distribution of labor, and such minor factors as the physical condition in which one crop leaves the soil for the next.

Crop Rotation Out of Joint

ALL these considerations take precedence of price, and they require that many crops should be grown that are only fairly well adapted to the conditions, and without much regard to market values. The general principle is that the crop best suited to soil and climate takes the commanding position, and all others are ranged round it to the best advantage possible. For example, in many sections wheat would not be grown at all except as a catch crop in seeding down to grass, as in the case of the writer up on his farm in Michigan.

This is why the American farmer in general made nothing on "high-priced wheat" during the war. The increase was largely secured from those regions where wheat is a secondary crop, and it meant a disturbance of rotations that will take five to ten years to readjust, the time depending upon the length and complexity of the rotation.

That is to say, if a farm is divided into six fields of equal size under a five-year rotation of corn, oats, clover, wheat and meadow—two fields—and if for reasons of war two of those fields are set to growing wheat instead of one, it will not only reduce the more profitable corn crop but it will break up the meadow and disarrange the entire system for at least five years. If it chances to be a seven-year rotation the period required for readjustment is correspondingly longer, and that is why the farmer's elusive profits on war wheat cannot be figured with paper and pencil.

Manifestly the more fertile the soil the larger the yield, other things being equal, and here is the first of the factors in the problem of production that is at all under the farmer's control. Even this has its limitations, for fertile soils cost more than others, and if the farmer attempts to bring up his land to a high state of fertility or to increase

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The Fox-Hunting Fairies

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I'm Havin' the Dickens Own Chase on My Hands, Because the Divil Landed Near Cork This Mornin' and He's Knockin' Down Everything He Can't Jump Over"

EVERYBODY who is anyone at all, at all, has read about the little fairies that used to make a great big playground out of Ireland, long before the days of the Sinn Fein or the League of Nations.

And like as not you have often sat and listened to some erudite Irishman, with a brogue so thick that you could cut it with a meat ax, and a funny name dragged from Brian Boru's dictionary, descanting on the folklore of these famous people. But I'll bet you the price of an acre of fat pigs against a sod of turf that no one told you anything about the fox-hunting fairies.

I'm very sure that they did not, because their historian and, in fact, the only living person who was in close touch with them and enjoyed their confidence to such an extent that she knew all their secrets and was a walking encyclopedia of their sports and pastimes, of their goings and comings, of their love-making and fights and dances and banquets and elopements and frolics and picnics and hunt balls and race meetings, is dead and gone long ago, and the only record she has left is the spoken word as told to a little boy, with all the wild imagery and dramatic wealth of detail which lend themselves so aptly to the broad brave brogue of the boreen.

She was a little bit of a woman with snow-white hair and a face the color of ripe apples. Despite the weight of four score years and ten, that whimsical little face was lit up by the brightest blue eyes ever possessed by a woman of any age. And when she laughed you would think the sun had come out from behind the clouds.

I must tell you that she rarely spoke of the fairies at all, but usually referred to them as the Good Little People. I must also put it down, while I think of it, that the fox-hunting fairies lived in the county of Tipperary, and never followed the fox in Kildare or Limerick or Waterford or, for that matter, in any other province or county of Ireland.

Now by this time some irate son of the soil is rising in his place and with tears in his voice inquiring, "What right has any man to say that the fox-hunting fairies didn't hunt in Limerick where Ard Patrick and Galtee More were bred?" and that if either of them were alive to-day they could choke Man-o'-War with a hundred feet of rope, which is mebbe so.

But if you wait just a minute I'll tell you all about it and before I finish you'll be hanging your head for the very shame of your ignorance. Moreover, you'll be willing to admit, like many a good man or woman before you, that the longer you live the more you can learn.

Now, as I said before, all this information came first-hand, as you might say, because the small boy was the only custodian of old Nellie Nolan's confidences, she having first exacted a promise from him that he would never reveal the secrets of the fairies until she was dead and gone.

Nellie was the boy's nurse. She was also mother of Patsy Nolan, one of the greatest steeplechase jockeys we ever had in Ireland. She had grown up and lived all her life among the horse-riding people, and what she didn't know about a hunter or a steeplechaser wasn't worth talking about. She used to take her little charge down to the ruins of an old castle which stood opposite the big house. And when they climbed the stone steps that led to the great tower they could see the whole surrounding country.

The emerald green of the Irish sod lay like a beautiful velvet carpet on all sides, while to the right the River Suir wound its way and went singing to the sea. I don't believe there was a better view in Ireland, because as if to take away from the sameness of the landscape, a little chain of mountains made a break of purples and grays and eye-resting neutral tints to the north. It was there that the boy was introduced to the fairies.

Nellie seemed to know all about the Queen of the Fairies and the wonderful gowns she wore, and how transcendently beautiful she was. And you should have heard her tell of the manner in which this royal lady manufactured her crown jewels. She just scooped a few drops of dew with her tiny hands from the blades of the grass or the shamrock leaves, and the minute she touched it it turned into diamonds! Sometimes she might want something with more color to it, so she would gather a handful of rosebuds, which immediately became rubies, while if she wanted an emerald all she had to do was to stoop and pick it up; because wherever she put down her little foot she left a pathway of gems behind her.

For the benefit of the ladies I wish I could describe the exact fashion of the gowns she wore. But I gather that her bridal veil was made of a cobweb and the ends of it were held up by seventeen grasshoppers. Also, that the leather in her tiny slippers was tanned from the leaves of the violet. For a dinner table the queen took the biggest mushroom she could find—that, of course, as you will understand, depending altogether on the number of guests she was going to entertain. She got her plates from the hawthorn bush when it was in bloom, and they had new chairs every day because all they had to do when dinnertime came was to go out and gather a handful of daisies. Me, oh my! But it must have been a great thing to have been a fairy queen!

I know the boy saw her lots of times then and her picture still lives with him. To this day he can see her mincing daintily among the fallen leaves while the fine ladies of her court follow in stately and imposing parade. Nobody can deny this who can remember anything at all about the childish visions he had himself—visions that linger and last, and perhaps will remain with him to the end.

But somehow or other, at that particular time I do not believe that the stories of the fairies' banquets or the grandeur of their queen or the number of her jewels had a strong-enough appeal for the little chap, who had been brought up to think that all the real gods of his fathers were centered about the horse and the hound. And to make it more binding, from his perch at the top of the old tower he could see them schooling the hunters or the fox-hounds going out to the meet; or perhaps one of the boys would be educating a colt over the clay banks that ran all the way from the house down to the river.

With all these disturbing influences you couldn't blame a boy if he was willing to throw a fairy queen—even if she did have a bucketful of diamonds—into the discard of contemplation. Old Nellie undoubtedly sensed this. And although she must have felt an almost criminal lack of appreciation, she said nothing. Then one day, when least expected, she branched out into a new line altogether. And from that instant she held her small audience spellbound.

"Did you ever hear tell of the fox-hunting fairies, Allanah?" she inquired. "Because if you didn't, when you are a good boy and listen to me I'll tell you all about them."

"The fox-hunting fairies?" Ah—here was the real thing coming at last!

"That's what I'm talkin' about, Avick. Now you'll have to sit up close to me because I don't want to talk too loud, they might hear me. And you must promise never to tell a living soul."

Needless to say, the small boy promised, and without further ado the old woman started. I must tell you that every good story about the prehistoric days of Erin always commences with the advent of His Satanic Majesty and winds up with his final and complete overthrow by the Patron Saint. Old Nellie ran true to form:

One mornin' bright and early, long before the chickens were off the roost, the divil landed in Ireland. Of course he was disguised, and where he came from or why he left that place, nobody knew. But, anyway, he landed and the first person he met was a man going to market with an ass load of turf.

The divil was sitting by the roadside hatchin' up some plot or other when the man came by, and he stops him.

"Have you got anything, my good man," sez he, "that a poor tired traveler could wet his whistle with?"

And the man with the kish of turf sez: "Indade I have, and I'd be the last one in the world to refuse a stranger a drink."

So with that he digs in under the turf and in two shakes of a lamb's tail he hauls out a big demijohn.

"There it is," sez he, "as good an article in the way of mountain dew as you'd come across in a day's walk," sez he.

"It's good whisky you say?" sez the divil.

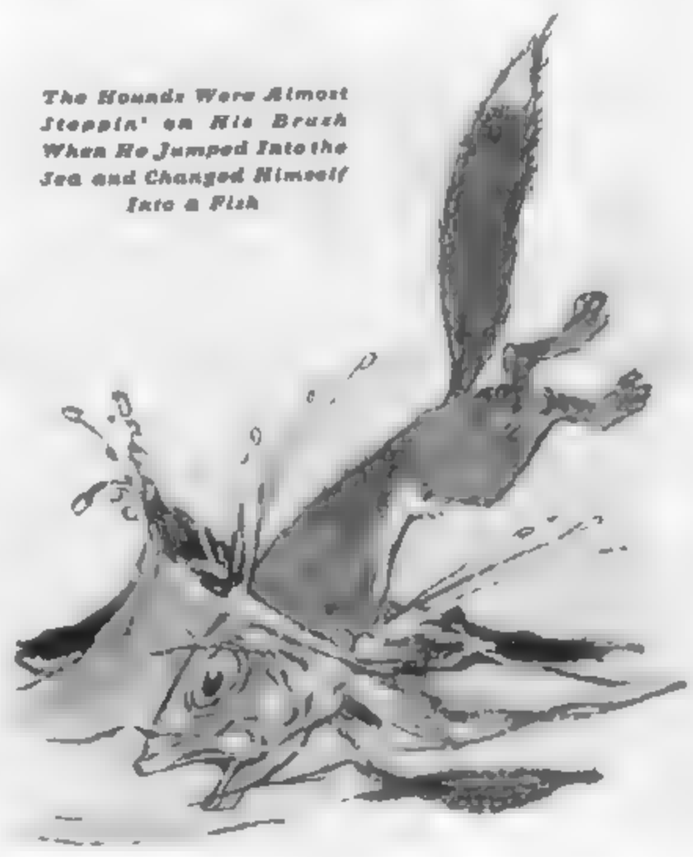
"There isn't a headache in a hogshead of it," sez the man.

And with that he hands the divil the demijohn and turns his back nice and polite, so that the stranger wouldn't think he was watchin' how much he took. Which was the way that every gintleman did in the good old days.

Well, sir, the divil took the demijohn in his two hands and pulled the cork out of it and tilted back his head. He drank and gulped and choked and drank again, an' never set it down as long as there was a drop in it.

"You were right when you said it was good licker," sez he. "Perhaps," sez he, "I drank too much of it." And he grins like only the divil can grin when he's up to some mischief.

The other man takes the jug and shakes it. "Tare an' ouns," sez he, "you didn't drink it all, did you?"



The Hounds Were Almost Steppin' on His Brush When He Jumped Into the Sea and Changed Himself Into a Fish

The divil passed the back of his hand across his mouth an' laughs like he had perpetrated a good joke.

"Let the next man smell the cork," sez he, "an' go back and tell them where you came from that you met a poor thirsty traveler on the road that could take a bigger drink than any other man in Ireland."

"It wasn't a drink you wanted at all, at all," sez the man who owned the whisky and who was now as mad as a hatter, "it's a river of whisky you want so you kin swim in it," sez he. "An' be this an' be that," sez he, reachin' for his shillalah, "be this an' be that—I'll take the hide off you from your ears to your heels," sez he. "Come on," sez he, "come out like a man an' we'll find out if you have any courage at all," sez he.

He makes a step forward and lunges with his stick at the stranger that was sittin' on the bank, still laughin' at him, but the stick passed through empty air, and when he brought it down there wasn't anybody there at all, at all! All he heard was a mockin' laugh, and rub his eyes as he would, he couldn't see a soul in sight. The only thing that kept him from thinkin' he was dreamin' was the empty jug layin' in the dust.

Of course the divil intended in the first place to visit Ireland unbeknownst to anybody, but after that big drink he took, it went to his head and he became as wild as a March hare. He set fire to the thatched roofs as he passed by and slaughtered cattle with his pronged fork and was doin' all kinds of damage until he got as far as Holy Cross Abbey, where Saint Patrick lived, and somebody ran in and told the saint, who started out hotfoot.

Well, as soon as the divil found out that a real man was after him he didn't lose any time headin' for the seacoast himself. He ran as hard as he could, but he had a good start on Patrick and the saint didn't make much headway. He followed the divil all the way through Cork and Limerick and to the outskirts of the town of Tipperary, and then he got so tired he sat down to rest, thinkin' that perhaps along in the evenin' when the sun wasn't so hot he could commence the chase all over again.

He was sittin' on a stone by the roadside when he heard a noise close to him, and up rides a little bit of a man in a red coat. He was so tiny you could almost put him in your pocket. He was ridin' a white pony an' leadin' another horse with a saddle on it.

The little man pulls up the minute he sees the saint an' sez he: "God save you kindly; you look tired an' is there any way I can help you? Because if there is, just give it a name."

"You're right when you guessed I am tired, little man," sez the saint. "I'm havin' the dickens own chase on my hands, because the divil landed near Cork this mornin' and he's knockin' down everything he can't jump over. I want to follow him the worst way," sez the saint, "an' I'm thankful to you for the offer of assistance, but I don't see how you could do anythin' to help me. You're too small, anyway."

"Mebbe you're right," sez the little man, "but if you think I can't help you, will you do me the favor to put your leg across this horse I'm leadin' and I'll soon show you how to chase the divil until his tongue hangs out."

Now as everybody knows, Saint Patrick was the most good-natured man in the world and the last thing he wanted to do was to offend the little man, so he began to make excuses.

"I'd like to," sez he, "but that horse is too little for me. I think you'll have to excuse me," sez he, "thankin' you just the same," sez he.

"That's not here nor there," sez the little man; "because if I snap my fingers once he'll grow as big as a house while you're lookin' at him. An' if I was to snap 'em twice, you yourself would grow small enough to ride him just as he is. Now which do you want? Take your choice."

Saint Patrick rested his chin on his hand and thought. "I believe I'd like to be a fairy," sez he at last. "Because if I stay this way I can always get a horse big enough for me, but without your assistance I can never grow small enough to ride the horse you're leadin'. That is, providin' you can do what you say, of course."

"Can I do it?" sez the little man. "Just watch me!" With that he claps his hands twice, and like a flash Saint Patrick dwindles down till he's just the same size as the little stranger, and the little man brings the led horse forward and houlds the stirrup while the saint mounts.

"Just give him his head," sez the little man, "an' let him play with the bit. He has a beautiful mouth," sez he, "an' a baby could control him with a cobweb. Are your stirrups too long or too short?"

The saint tries them an' he sez, "I think we'd better take 'em up a hole," and while he was on the ground the little man tightened the girths of the saint's saddle—then he got back on his own horse.

"Now come on," sez he. "Take an aisy grip of your horse and use him careful over the rough ground. We'll make the divil think he's been to the races." So away they went!

You may be sure they never took to the road or opened a gate; they went right across country and lept everything in their stride, as you might say, and when they came to the River Shannon, they swam it.

"It'll cool the horses an' give them a fresh lease of life," sez the little man. "How do you like it as far as you've gone?" sez he to the saint.

"You can call it anything you like," sez Saint Patrick, "but I'd go to war with the man who says it isn't sport!"

The little man shakes his head knowingly. "Ah," sez he, "that's what they all say once they've had a taste of it."

Well, they kept on gallopin' to the north and pretty soon they caught sight of the divil. Just as they set eyes on him he came to a big high wall and he lept over it as aisy as if it was a potato furrow.

"Millia murder," sez the saint as he pulls up his horse, "now we've lost him entirely! We can never jump over that wall," sez he.

"I don't know about that," sez the little man. "Of course I've seen smaller jumps in my time. But I'll tell you what we'll do, an' it's the only way whenever you come to a jump that you're a little doubtful about," sez he.

"I'll do anything at all you say," breaks in Saint Patrick.

"All right," sez the little man, "throw your heart over the wall, then follow it."

Saint Patrick did what he was told and then he puts spurs to his horse, and believe it or not, just as you like, the two of them went sailin' over that wall and didn't touch it, except that the saint's horse brushed it with one hind hoof and knocked a pebble off.

"My, but he's clever!" sez he, as they galloped along together.

"I hope he is," sez the little man, "because I've spent a lot of time trainin' him. I had a special purpose in view," sez he.

"Oh!" sez the saint. "You had, had you?" And he kind of half laughs.

The little man looked at him sideways, but he didn't say anything.

"If I was to guess," sez the saint, "you were tryin' to make a safe hunter for a lady out of him."

The little man pulls up the horse he was ridin' kind of sharp.

"Saint Patrick," sez he, "where did you get all your sense? But I'm not sayin' a word," sez he.

"No," sez the saint, "you don't have to."

"Uh-huh," sez the little man, "a good many talks a lot an' they don't say anythin'."

"Is she blond or brunet?" inquired the saint, to be polite. Well, sir, the little man blushed until his face was as red as his coat.

"That's not fair," sez he. "Because," sez he, "I haven't spoken to her yet. But she's fond of horses," sez he. "An' the color of her hair doesn't matter. But," sez he, "when I finish educatin' that horse you're ridin'," sez he, "I'll pin my heart on my sleeve an' start out," sez he.

Now Saint Patrick had a way of knowin' some things without being told. So he laughs good-natured like and puts in a sly dig.

"This horse," sez he, "is fitted for a queen."

"Who said anythin' about a queen?" yells the little man, makin' out that he was very angry.

"I asks your pardon," sez the saint, "an' I wasn't talkin' about any queen in particular. But if I was as nate a little bit of a man as you are, an' as bould a rider across country, I wouldn't care about anybody or anything. No," sez he, "I believe," sez he, "I'd even go so far as to ride right up to the court of the Queen of the Fairies herself an' yell faugh-a-ballah under her window."

"Tare an' ouns," sez the little man, "you've guessed it already!"

"'Twasn't a hard thing to do at all," replied the saint. "I've never claimed to be good at riddles."

Well, they started off again, better friends than ever. But, first of all, the little man cautioned Saint Patrick not to tell his secret to anybody. And Patrick thought this was a great joke. "Because," sez he, "I can see that you'll never tell it yourself," sez he, "except to two kinds of people."

"An' what kinds be they?" asked the little man.

"Just two kinds," laughed the saint: "those that know it and those that don't."

They rode along and when they got in the flat country they could see the divil, headin' back for the mountains.

"He's winded," yells the little man. "Now we'll get him, sure."

So they put spurs to their horses and rode harder than ever.

Ould Satan must have been hungry, because when he got to the mountain, just beyond Templemore, he stopped and took a great big mouthful out of it.

"Hooroo," yells the little man, "now we've got the rapscallion. He can't go far on a full belly," sez he.

But, would you believe it, just as they were atop of him he disappeared, the same as he did after he drank all the poor man's whisky.

The saint and the little man looked round everywhere, but all they could see was a big red fox stealin' away through the furze. And the saint almost broke down and cried with vexation, thinkin' that he had lost him.

(Continued on Page 101)

WHITE SHOULDERS

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

X

WHEN I came downstairs finally, late for breakfast, the woman, the Scarlet Cockatoo, so called, was there before me, in full war paint, as Calvert would have said, apparently no worse—certainly no different to the naked eye—than usual. She was evidently just in receipt of her morning mail.

"I don't see your daughter down this morning, ma'am," I said, bowing to her. "I trust she is not ill."

"Just a headache, judge, thank you, sir," she said, looking at me, straight in the eyes, "which came on rather sudden in the night. But she's a whole lot better now, and by noontime, sir, we hope she will be up and downstairs for luncheon."

"I'm glad to hear that," I said.

And then the person, whoever it was, who was standing near us, moved off.

"Judge," said the Fairborn woman in a lower voice, "when are you going to be in your office to-day—during this morning, sir?"

"Madam," I answered, "any time. Just as soon as I get through here with my breakfast."

"I'm afraid, sir," she said, in a lower voice still, "I've got to pester you again with my affairs. I hate to—but this is imperative, sir. I've had another thing this morning come to bother me."

"Any time, ma'am," I told her. "It's a pleasure."

"Would right away—would nine-thirty be too early?"

"No, ma'am," I said. "I'll be delighted to see you at that hour."

I noticed then the extra sharpness of her voice and that letter she held in her hand.

By nine-thirty we were closed up in conference in my office.

"Your daughter, ma'am," I asked her, "is all right, then?"

"Yes, sir, judge," she said, "with a thousand thousand thanks to you, sir."

"I'm glad to hear that, ma'am," I told her.

"But now," she said, "that's scarcely over when this comes up—a part, sir, of what happened last night—the reason!"

"Go ahead, ma'am," I told her, sitting back—wondering if I was about to be let in and informed on her mystery.

"It's about this letter," she told me, "which just arrived this morning—which I must have your advice upon, sir, right off—this morning."

"What is it?"

"Doubtless," she answered me, "sir, you've heard about that man—that dressmaker. You've heard them whispering various stories, I expect, about that man from St. Louis, who disturbed my daughter so on the day of that festival"

"I knew it was believed, in some way," I told her, "that man was some way concerned in it. Who was he—if that's a fair question, ma'am?"

"Gluber, his name is," she told me. "He's a dressmaker—or rather, sir, a seller of dresses in St. Louis."

"Yes," I said, and waited.

"That we," she went on—"to put it frank and open—owe a heap of money to."

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"For my daughter's wardrobe."

I sat and waited.

"I want to tell you, judge, all I have time to just now, sir. I want to make you my full confidant and get your invaluable advice on what I am confronted with, sir."

"My advice is yours, ma'am," I said, studying her, "for the asking. I won't guarantee anything about its value to you."

She went on then and opened up one corner of her woman's speculation to me.

"You've heard more or less, doubtless, sir, the various comments on me and my daughter—the things they talk concerning us coming in here, sir, trying to snatch away some man or other, some husband from the other marriageable girls here. Well, sir," she said, "I admit it, sir, so far as I myself am concerned. I came here looking for a husband for my girl. I make no shame nor apology for it, sir. I'm doing just what every sensible mother wants to do, if she speaks the truth—marry off her daughter advantageously.

"I want to tell you, judge," she went on, "I was reared and trained up like you was, I expect, in the good old-fashioned Southern way. I've seen some of the new ways—of these girls who start on some new idea, to earn a living for themselves. That may be all right for a while, sir, a certain period. But finally, in the end, it all comes down, with any real woman, to whether she's married to advantage. That's a woman's real business, getting married. And you know it and I do—and the more we recognize it the more sensible it's apt to come out."

"She Had—We Had—Just One Thing Left Out of Everything. Her Beauty"

"Not always with the most money, maybe," I said, trying her.

"Do you think so, judge?" she said. "I don't. Money's a mighty useful thing to have."

"Nobody can successfully refute that, I expect, madam," I said.

"I know something, sir," she said, "about that from hard experience. I married—nothing—for love!"

"You mean to convey it wasn't a success, ma'am?"

"No, sir, it was not," she told me. "I starved to death for twenty years. I lost my looks and the best part of my life planning, laughing, keeping up and protecting appearances—for an easy-going, happy-go-lucky husband, who stayed with me till he didn't like my looks, the looks he'd lost me, working to keep him up a decent appearance before the world by smiling and dragging along his affairs and borrowing and begging for his broken-down old plantation—till he went off and left me. And then afterward he died," she added.

"Oh, you can't tell me, judge," she went on, her voice rising up and sharpening, "that there's any fairness between men and women, because there ain't. After a woman's looks are gone she's gone with them—so far as you men are concerned. I know that. You think I'm funny, I expect, judge," she went on explaining herself now while I watched her—"my actions, my laughing and carrying on. Everybody does; I know that. But they wouldn't, maybe, if they'd had to do it themselves twenty-five years, as I have, for a living. It gets engraved on you after a while—into your nerves; and when you do it you get hysterical and get away from yourself. Oh, I know!

"But anyhow," she went on after a while, "whatever you may think about me, sir, when my little girl came I made up my mind she'd never do what I did. She'd never go through life smiling and scraping and patching up appearances like I did for a man, who would give nothing for her in the end—not even his love and affection. Not if I could prevent it, anyway!

"But this don't get us anywhere," she said then, starting up and bringing out the letter. "Especially as I want to get away—as my train gets out now inside of two hours."

"You're going away!" I said, surprised.

"Yes, sir," she answered; "to St. Louis."

"And take the girl?" I asked her.

"Oh, no, sir," she said. "Just temporarily—on business. I'll be back to-morrow or the next day. Now look at this, sir," she said, and spread out the typewritten letter before me, that abusive screed from that dressmaker.

I took it and read it through—to the last paragraph.

It ran about like this:

> So you should play a funny business on me, huh? With your bunk stories on a marriage. Nix for that. I'm no simp, to stand for that again. So now we are going back and begin over again. You'll drag up that $750 that's still coming from somewhere, or the letters start again. Maybe by this time you should hear from one already—the first one only. Come now, be sudden, or you'll hear right off again from
>
> Yours very sincerely,
>
> A. GLUBER.

"Who's that?" I asked, knowing right well who it must be.

"The one that was here—that's caused everything—that terrible thing last night!"

"Who? That dressmaker?"

"That fiend, Gluber, who's always hunting us."

"For what?"

"For that money we still owe him on account—that he's always chasing us round for."

"Tell me about it," I said to her.

And she went on then with the details and specifications of her disastrous adventure.

"I was left, sir," she said, "with this one boy and one girl—and this old mortgaged plantation I've been telling you about. We were of the best blood in the South—my family, the Fairborns, sir."

"Your family!" I said after her. "I thought your married name was Fairborn."

"I took my family name back," she said, "a while after the separation. But then, after that, sir," she went on, "everything went wrong. The plantation—which was nothing in the first place—ran down and down. And then finally my boy, my Robert Lee, got into this awful trouble. He was nothing but a boy, sir. He shot a man. Justifiably, everybody said, sir. He just had to! But they sent him to the penitentiary, sir, nevertheless."

She stopped and wiped her lips in her excitement. I could see the red spot from her painted lips come off on her handkerchief. I asked her nothing, let her go on, in her own time.

"So you see," she said—evidently after a little consideration of what she should say next—"all I had left, all

there was of the Fairborn blood—that had made Dell County what it was—that the county seat was named for, sir—was just my girl. I was determined she should be something—have the chance I never did. I was determined she should marry right and well—to advantage—to a man who was her equal in blood and her superior in fortune, sir. And it became clear to me that that was the one way to keep the Fairborns and the Fairborn name from sinking out of sight in the ground, like so many of our best Southern names have done, sir, forever. It was not only for the girl, sir—it was for the whole family—after those terrible disasters we had gone through."

"I understand you, ma'am," I said when she stopped and panted—from excitement apparently, and weariness partly, no doubt, I thought, watching her, from that night before.

"You've seen the girl, sir," she said to me. "She's a girl that anybody'd be proud to marry—any man in the whole world, sir. Ain't that true, Judge Dalrymple, sir?"

"It certainly is," I told her.

"So I determined, some way, I would take her out and away from home."

"Away from home?" I said after her.

"She couldn't stay there, could she, after that awful affair of Robert Lee's—that shooting? Could she, sir?" she said to me.

I felt at that time, while she was talking, that she knew as well as I that there was something more there which I should have been informed about. Right there, doubtless, I could understand, very likely might be the murder—that case referred to in the anonymous letter—the Pitman murder case. But I could feel her wince away from it, I thought—instinctively defending a sore spot—and I sat still as she went along, talking fast, explaining her next move.

"So I made up my mind, sir, we'd go out to some city—where I could get letters to or get acquainted in some way—and Virginia should have her chance—like every girl should have."

I nodded.

"You see," she said, speaking faster as she went along, "she had—we had—just one thing left out of everything. Her beauty. The Fairborns were always noted, sir, for their lovely women. But no one I ever saw or read about was just like her."

"She is a wonderful fine girl," I said.

"Yes, sir," she went on. "That was about all that was left to all the Fairborns—this one girl. So I said, sir, I'd take her to some other city—to some place where she would meet nice men—the kind that she should have and that should have her.

"You know what marrying men there are in a place like Dell County. There ain't any. So I said she should go somewhere, if it took our last cent. And then I made that terrible mistake about ——"

"About what?" I said, prompting her finally.

"This terrible dressmaker—this fiend of a Gluber."

"How so?" I asked her.

"I heard there were such things—of men in St. Louis and other cities who made it their business, sir, to furnish clothes—wardrobes of clothes—to various women—such as women of the stage, sir—and let them pay for them after a while, part at a time—by giving some sort of notes or papers."

"Some installment plan, I presume."

"Yes, sir. Exactly, sir," she went on. "You'll think I was foolish, but I was desperate. I was determined, sir, that my baby, my Virginia, should have her chance; and she couldn't ever hope to have it unless I did something like that to get her ready."

"Ready!" I said after her.

"To dress her up. All she had in the world was just those few old rags of my old wardrobe—a few old country duds that I could afford to buy her. Oh, you know that, judge!" she said.

"Know what?"

"You know how much you men have got to have done for you by women dressing themselves up. How much chance a girl would have with no dresses or, worse yet, in just country clothes. How soon she'd get laughed out of town—by the other women and the men—and you yourself.

"It's unfortunate, sir," she went along, "but you men are pretty mighty exacting of us women—in looks and manners and behavior and every way. More so, I expect, than you have any idea of, sir. I expect it's only natural, but it's true just the same—especially about looks. A girl's got to have dresses nowadays to get anywhere. Oh, I didn't go into this without thinking, judge. I didn't act before I went down deep into the whole thing—and saw that if I was going to do anything I'd have to do it right—and big. I was handicapped enough, as it was. I saw I'd have to go through the whole thing—right—in order to go with good people, the kind of people I'd want to, that the Fairborns naturally would care to associate their daughter with, sir; that I'd have to act and live and dress her as near as possible as they would."

"But let me ask you this," I asked her, when she stopped a minute. "How'd you come to get in with that Gluber—that kind of cattle—such as that dressmaker looks to be?"

"It was all my own doing, judge," she told me. "I saw somewhere about there being such people—and I had to do something. And so I went up to St. Louis, sir, and I went round and asked questions till finally I found this man."

"All right," I said. "So you got tied up with this fellow this dressmaker in St. Louis—for the purpose of doing this"

"Yes, sir."

"You took that gamble—on your daughter's looks?"

"Yes, sir. That's what it was, I expect. A gamble—for her sake and for ours."

"And this man—this dealer in costumes—financed you, you might say."

"Yes, sir," she said, "that was it."

"And then what?"

"And then, sir, you see, it was this way. I paid him, Gluber, down what I could, then."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I couldn't pay him all. I had to have money to live on—to travel with, you understand."

"Yes, ma'am, I understand."

"Of course I had pretty mighty little, sir, after what I'd just been through; after my boy's trial, and all that. And I had to keep quite a considerable amount for our expenses, sir. So I let the plantation go—for what I could realize on it, sir, over and above the mortgages. It wasn't giving us a living."

I whistled to myself, thinking it over—that woman's speculation and the logic back of it.

"And you set out with your girl," I said, prompting her along, now she had stopped again.

"Yes, sir; to Louisville, sir."

"And then what?"

"That's where our troubles began, judge. It was this way. We'd just got established in Louisville, you might say, meeting some fine, lovely, cultivated people—people with large means, sir—through letters and various ways I had, when this dressmaker, this fiend of a Gluber, started in against us."

"For his money?"

"Yes, sir. For the note I had given him. He claimed I hadn't been fair—that I'd misrepresented things to him about what I had for property, sir. Maybe I did, sir, some. I may have let him think some ideas he had already—about our having more property than we really actually had. I won't say I didn't, sir. I had to have that money—I just had to."

"I understand," I said. "And then he took after you in Louisville."

"Yes, sir. We were just getting started there. Virginia was just getting acquainted with the nicest young people when he came on asking for this money—that I couldn't pay him."

"What did you do then, ma'am?"

"What could I do, judge? I couldn't pay out what money I had to keep for our expenses. I couldn't do that and be left, sir ——"

"With both the dresses and the girl!"

"Yes, sir. Precisely. And nothing else."

"So what did you do?" I asked.

"I tried to hold him off, sir."

"And then what?"

"Then he started on those letters—those anonymous letters, to other folks, to make me pay. He thought, naturally, and still does, too, that we could pay

(Continued on Page 36)

"It Isn't So Easy, Judge, After All, to Tell It"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 29, 1921

The Quicksands of Paper Money

THE times demand clear thinking and courageous action. We must plant our feet on fundamentals. We must search out general laws, not seek special cases. During the war we placed a premium on speed; now we must place a premium on sanity.

Five overshadowing financial measures are before Congress. Frightened men are clamoring for immediate action. All of the five projects are meritorious, considered directly. All attempt short cuts from the economics of war to those of peace.

Our demobilized soldiers and sailors petition for a bonus of a billion dollars or more. Many of them left good jobs and returned to find them occupied or abolished. Many were wounded or suffered disease and are left in an incapacitated condition to make a fresh start in life. The cancellations of war insurance indicate that want and unemployment are rife among our veterans.

Our farmers find the prices for their products below the cost of production, especially for cereals, wool, hides and cotton. All too often the returns will not suffice to pay off the loans contracted for the season. We need stimulation of ownership in farms. We cannot profit by the ruination of tenants. Europeans hunger and freeze while our farmers have no market for surplus product. A credit would represent the difference between solvency and insolvency to many farmers, and alleviation to all.

Our manufacturers must find markets or close down. Already we have serious unemployment in many lines, especially in textiles. Unemployment means suffering to workers' innocent families; it holds the seed of danger to society. The outside world is clamoring for our goods, but cannot buy against the high-premium dollar. A credit for export trade would guarantee employment during the winter and make a gradual and safe deflation possible.

Our railways and our merchant marine require new capital to maintain their functions. A billion dollars loaned to them would reap a national reward in service and efficiency. Ineffective transport is a drag upon every producer and consumer. Freight rates cannot be raised again. Private investors are not attracted under present circumstances.

We are short of houses. A social and hygienic crisis is impending in many cities. Investors decline to erect dwellings at the present cost of materials. The Government built houses during the war. Is it not equally necessary that the people be sheltered now?

All of these combined claim some five billion dollars. We have this year a looming deficit of two billion dollars, a prospective one next year of another billion. Bonds, War Stamps and Thrift Stamps fall due directly thereafter. Tax returns are falling, due to shrinkage in inventories, reduction of output, deflation of prices and palsy of enterprise. To cover these items we should require during the next few years some ten billion dollars beyond current receipts.

Where is the money to be sought? European experience shows us the way. European nations have faced similar urgent cases. They have yielded to them, labeled them extraordinary expenditures and marched out on the broad downhill highway of paternalism.

The money can be got in only one of five ways:

By taxation. Taxes feel the operations of the law of diminishing returns. How could we raise our tax income to eight billion dollars a year? Talk of large returns from tariffs deceives no one.

By issue of internal bonds, voluntary or forced. This would practically discredit the outstanding bonds, unless all were refunded over a long term of years at a high rate of interest. This would be passing the buck to our grandchildren with a vengeance.

By a capital tax levy.

By exacting credit from our banking system. Our banking system is sound and adequate. But a ten-billion-dollar expansion in banking credit would deprive us of the benefits of the Federal Reserve Act.

By issue of paper money, resulting in demonetization of gold. This is the path of least resistance. If we carry out these special projects it will be done with paper money. In Europe only six countries remain upon the gold basis—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and Spain. If we demonetize gold, that will become universal. Our retention of the metallic basis of currency represents the rallying point of the world to metal. Meritorious as these projects are, considered in themselves, if they can be accomplished only with paper money, as seems assured, we must think twice, a hundred times, before we proceed. Over the paper-money presses of Europe are blazoned the words "Here Lies Ruin."

Famine Abroad

AT THE present time famine exists in Central Europe, Russia and China. In surveying a famine country one is always impressed with the fact that one section of a country could feed another, or one class feed another, if the social conscience were developed to the point that all members of the state were regarded as members of a family.

Russia is underpopulated from the standpoint of productivity of the soil. Germany is not overpopulated from the standpoint of the earning capacity of her highly trained working classes when world trade is normal. The reasons why the classes of means in Russia and Germany do not feed the starving children of the working classes spring directly from two opposite systems of government operating through paternalism.

Russia, while under the Czar the most absolute monarchy, was absolutely *laissez faire* with respect to the social existence of the individual. The state had little concern with the well-being of the individual. Conditions in housing and sanitation were very poor. There was no system of state supervision of hygiene; no official method of dealing with unemployment. Had the population of Russia been as dense with respect to productivity of the soil as that of India or China, the Malthusian theory would have applied in Russia as relentlessly as in India or China. There was no social conscience in the Russian Government, in the aristocracy or in the classes of means. The soviet government found no social conscience in the agrarian class, and has not been able to develop one. The classes of means have been dispossessed.

Germany, an almost absolute monarchy, on the contrary, had before the war the most highly perfected paternalistic social service of the world. This dated back to Bismarck. Bismarck realized that for the attainment of the political ambitions of Germany a contented, efficient and disciplined laboring class was necessary. From the date of the installation of the Bismarckian policies the state developed schools, social-service centers, public hygiene and insurance for unemployment, old age and widowhood. This system sprang from the state, and was regarded as a model by students of social service the world over. The German state did not educate the people in the responsibility for social service; it imposed it upon the people, and apparently assumed that out of the system would arise a social conscience as a national expression of ideals.

Then came war, defeat, revolution and disorganization. With the dissolution of the German monarchistic system came the dissolution of the paternalistic system of social service. When it became clear that hundreds of thousands of children of the German working people faced starvation the world naturally assumed that the wealthy peasants and the property classes would feed these children. This, however, did not occur, and it devolved upon foreign aid to undertake this work of amelioration. There is no reason, in the internal situation of the three countries, why the propertied classes in Germany should not feed the hungry people of the unemployed industrial classes just as they are doing in France and Italy. Neither of these possessed a paternalistic social service, but they possess initiative in the individual. But Germany, that had perfected social service of the state, does not possess initiative in the conscience of the individual. The Russians, with no social service in their government, and the Germans, with advanced social service in their government, both failed to develop a social conscience in their people. Perhaps we must conclude that the concept of service does not develop from the outside.

The McArthur Amendments

MR. CLIFTON N. McARTHUR, of Oregon, will presently reintroduce in the House of Representatives resolutions for two amendments to the Constitution that are so thoroughly in line with modern procedure and that will remedy such obvious weaknesses that they ought to be adopted without much opposition. Mr. McArthur's resolutions provide that Election Day shall be set for the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and that the terms of service of senators and representatives shall begin on the first Monday of December in the same year, instead of on March fourth of the following year. They further provide that presidential terms shall begin on the second Monday in December, or about five weeks after the election and one week after the assembling of Congress.

These simple changes in our basic law would have undeniably beneficial results. Under our present system, unless the President calls an extra session of Congress, about thirteen months elapse between the election of a senator or representative and his actual assumption of official duties. In the case of a President four months must pass between his election and his inauguration. These unduly extended intervals allow executive and legislative power to reside far too long with men and parties that may have been defeated at the polls. The framer of these resolutions points out that if Mr. Lincoln had entered the Executive Mansion during December following his first election the Civil War might have been averted. There is room for difference of opinion in this particular case; but the illustration is, nevertheless, a striking one.

"If my proposed amendment should be written into the organic law of the country," says Mr. McArthur, "the short session of Congress will automatically be abolished and the newly elected Congress will meet on the first Monday in December following its election. This arrangement would give practically seven months for the consideration of appropriation bills for the ensuing fiscal year, and these bills would not be jammed through as they are at present, nor would they be sidetracked because of a filibuster. Congress could proceed in an orderly manner to consider the fiscal affairs of the country, with ample time for investigation and discussion; and over and above all else we should have legislation by a Congress fresh from the people rather than one that may have been repudiated at the polls."

THE WRONG TWIN

Patricia Slept Within the Fold of His Arm

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CHAPTER XXI

THE next morning Wilbur found the Penniman household in turmoil. The spirit of an outraged Judge Penniman pervaded it darkly, and his wife wept as she flurried noisily about the kitchen. Neither of them would regard him until he enforced their notice. The judge, indignantly fanning himself in the wicker porch chair, put him off with vague black mutters about Winona. The girl had gone from bad to worse. But his skirts were clean. The mother was the one to blame. He'd talked all he could.

Then Wilbur, in the disordered kitchen, put himself squarely in the way of the teary mother. He commanded details. The distraught woman, hair tumbling from beneath a cap set rakishly to one side, vigorously stirred yellow dough in an earthen mixing dish.

"Stop this nonsense!" he gruffly ordered.

Mrs. Penniman abandoned the long spoon and made a pitiful effort to dry her eyes with an insufficient apron.

"Winona!" she sobbed. "Telegram—coming home to-morrow—nothing cooked up—trying to make chocolate cake ——"

"Why take it so hard? You knew the blow had to fall sometime."

Mrs. Penniman broke down again.

"It's not a joke!" she sobbed. Then with terrific effort: "Mar—married!"

"Winona Penniman married?"

The stricken mother opened swimming eyes at him, nodding hopelessly.

"Why, the little son of a gun!" said Wilbur admiringly. "I didn't think she'd be so reckless."

"I'm so glad!" whimpered the mother.

She seized the spoon and the bowl. Judge Penniman hovered at the open door of the kitchen.

"I told her what would happen!" he stormed. "She'll listen to me next time! Always the way in this house!"

Mrs. Penniman relapsed.

"We don't know the party. Don't know him from Adam. She don't even sign her right name."

Wilbur left the house of mourning and went out to the barn, where all that day he worked at the Can, fretting it at last into a decent activity.

Dave Cowan that night became gay and tasteless on hearing the news. He did what he could to fan the judge's resentment. He said it was probable, knowing Winona's ways, that she had wed a dissolute French nobleman, impoverished of all but his title. He hoped for the best, but he had always known that the girl was a light-minded baggage. He wondered how she could ever justify her course to Matthew Arnold if the need rose. He said the old house would now be turned into a saloon, or salong, as the French call it. He wished to be told if the right to be addressed as Madame la Marquise could compensate the child for those things of simple but enduring worth she had cast aside. He somewhat cheered Mrs. Penniman, but left the judge puffing with scorn.

II

WILBUR COWAN met the noon train next day. The Can rattled far too much for its size, but it went. Then from the train issued Winona, bedecked in alien gauds and furbelows, her keen little face radiant under a Paris trifle of brown velvet, her small feet active—under a skirt whose scant length would once have appalled her—in brown suède pumps and stockings notoriously of silken texture. Her quick eyes darting along the platform to where Wilbur stood, she rushed to embrace him.

"Where's the other one?" he demanded.

Astoundingly she tripped back to the still emptying car and led forward none other than Edward—Spike—Brennon. He was in the uniform of a private and his eyes were hidden by dark glasses. Wilbur fell upon him. Spike's left arm went up expertly to guard his face from the rush, but came down when he recognized his assailant. Wilbur turned again to Winona.

"But where's he?" he asked. "Where's the main squeeze?"

Winona looked proudly at Spike Brennon.

"I'm him," said Spike.

"He's him," said Winona, and laid an arm protectingly across his shoulder.

"You wild little son of a gun!" He stared incredulously at the bride, then kissed her. "You should say 'he's he,' not 'he's him,'" he told her.

"Lay off that stuff!" ordered Winona.

"You come on home to trouble," directed Wilbur. He guided Spike to the car.

"It's like one of these dreams," said Spike above the rattle of the Can. "How a pretty thing like her could look twice at me!" Winona held up a gloved hand to engage the driver's eye. Then she winked.

"Say," said Spike, "this is some car! When I get into one now'days I like to hear it go. I been in some lately you could hardly tell you moved."

The front of the house was vacant when the Can labored to the gate, though the curtain of a second-floor front might have been seen to move. Winona led her husband up the graveled walk.

"It's lovely," she told him, "this home of mine and yours. Here you go between borders all in bloom, phlox and peonies, and there are pansies and some early dahlias, and there's a yellow rosebush out."

"It smells beautiful," said Spike. He sniffed the air on each side.

"Sit here," said Winona, nor in the flush of the moment was she conscious of the enormity of what she did. She put Spike into a chair that had for a score of years been sacred to the person of her invalid father. Then she turned to greet her mother. Mrs. Penniman, arrayed in fancy dressmaking, was still damp-eyed but joyous.

"Your son, mother," said Winona. "Don't try to get up, Spike."

Mrs. Penniman bent over to kiss him. Spike's left went up accurately.

"He's so nervous," explained Winona, "ever since that French general sneaked up and kissed him on both cheeks when he pinned that medal on him."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Penniman.

"For distinguished service beyond the line of duty," added the young wife casually.

"I was so happy when I got your wire," sputtered her mother. "Of course, I was flustered just at first—so sudden and all."

"In the Army we do things suddenly," said Winona.

Heavy steps sounded within, and the judge paused at the open door. He was arrayed as for the Sabbath, a portentous figure in frock coat and gray trousers. A heavy scent of moth balls had preceded him.

"What's that new one I get?" asked Spike, sniffing curiously.

Winona pecked at her father's marbled cheeks, then led him to the chair.

"Father, this is my husband."

"How do you do, sir?" began the judge heavily.

Spike's left forearm shielded his face, while his right hand went to meet the judge's.

"It's all right, Spike. No one else's going to kiss you."

"Spike?" queried the judge uncertainly.

"It's a sort of nickname for him," explained Winona.

She drew her mother through the doorway and they became murmurous in the parlor beyond.

"This here is a peach of a chair," said Spike.

The judge started painfully. Until this moment he had not detected the outrage.

"Wouldn't you prefer this nice hammock?" he politely urged.

"No, thanks," replied Spike firmly. "This chair kind of fits my frame."

Wilbur Cowan, standing farther along the porch, winked at Spike before he remembered.

"Say, ain't you French?" demanded the judge with a sudden qualm.

He had taken no stock in that fool talk of Dave Cowan's about a French nobleman; still, you never could tell. He had thought it as well to be dressed for it should he be required to meet even impoverished nobility.

"Hell, no!" said Spike. "Irish!" He moved uneasily in the chair. "Excuse me," he added.

"Oh!" said the judge, regretting the superior comfort of his linen suit. He eyed the chair with covetous glance. "Well, I hope everything's all for the best," he said doubtfully.

"How beautiful it smells!" said Spike, sniffing away from the moth balls toward the rosebush. "Everything's beautiful, and this peach of a chair and all. What gets me—how a beautiful girl like she is could ever take a second look at me."

The judge regarded him sharply, with a new attention to the hidden eyes.

"Say, are you blind?" he asked.

"Blind as a bat! Can't see my hand before my face."

The horrified judge stalked to the door.

"You hear that?" he called in, but only the parrot heeded him.

"Flapdoodle, Flapdoodle, Flapdoodle!" it screeched.

Winona and her mother came to the door. They had been absent for a brief cry.

"What she could ever see in me," Spike was repeating—"a pretty girl like that!"

"Pretty girl, pretty girl, pretty girl! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" screamed the parrot.

Its concluding laugh was evil with irony. Winona sped to the cage, regarding her old pet with dismay. She glanced back at Spike.

"Smart birdie, all right, all right," called Spike. "He knows her."

"Pretty girl, pretty girl!" Again came the derisive guffaw.

Never had Polly's sarcasm been so biting. Winona turned a murderous glance from it and looked uneasily back at her man.

"Dinner's on," called Mrs. Penniman.

"I'm having one of my bad days," groaned the judge. "Don't feel as if I could eat a mouthful."

But he was merely insuring that he could be the first to leave the table plausibly. He intended that the apparent misunderstanding about the wicker chair should have been but a thing of the moment, quickly past and forgotten.

"Why, what's the trouble with you, father?" asked Winona in the tone of one actually seeking information.

The judge shot her a hurt look. It was no way to address an invalid of his standing.

"Chow, Spike," said Wilbur, and would have guided him, but Winona was lightly before him.

Dave Cowan followed them, from the little house.

"Present me to His Highness," said he, after kneeling to kiss the hand of Winona.

III

THE midafternoon hours beheld Spike Brennon again strangely occupying the wicker porch chair. He even wielded the judge's very own palm-leaf fan as he sat silent, sniffing at intervals toward the yellow rose. Once he was seen to be moving his hand, with outspread fingers, before his face.

Winona had maneuvered her father from the chair, nor had she the grace to veil her subterfuge after she lured him to the back of the house. She merely again had wished to know what, in plain terms, his ailment was; what, for that matter, had been the trouble with him for twenty years.

The judge fell speechless with dismay.

"You eat well and you sleep well, and you're well nourished," went on the daughter, remorseless all at once.

"Little you know," began the judge at last.

"But I shall know, father. Remember, I've learned things. I'm going to take you in hand. I may even have to be severe with you—but all for your own good."

She spoke with icy conviction. There was a new, cold gleam in her prying eyes. The judge suffered genuinely.

"I should think you had learned things!" he protested miserably. "For one thing, miss, that skirt ain't a respectable garment."

Winona slid one foot toward him.

"Pooh! Don't be silly!" Never before had Winona poohed her father.

"Cigarette fiend too," accused the judge.

"My husband got me to stop."

"Strong drink," added the judge.

"Pooh!" again breathed Winona. "A little nip of something when you're done up."

"You talking that way!" admonished the twice-poohed parent. "You that was always so ——"

"I'm not it any longer." She did a dance step toward the front door, but called back to him: "Spike's set his heart on that chair. You'll have to find something else for yourself."

"'Twon't always be so," retorted the judge, stung beyond reason at the careless finality of her last words. "You wait—wait till the revolution sweeps you high and mighty people out of your places! Wait till the workers take over their rights—you wait!"

But Winona had not waited. She had gone to confer on Wilbur Cowan a few precious drops of that which had caused her father to put upon her the stigma of alcoholic intemperance.

"It's real genuine dandelion wine," she told him. "One of the nurses got it for me when we left the boat in Boston. Her own mother made it, and she gave me the recipe, and it isn't a bit of trouble. I'm going after dandelions tomorrow, Spike and I. Of course we'll have to be secret about it."

In the sacred precincts of the Penniman parlor Wilbur Cowan raised the wineglass to his lips and tasted doubtingly. After a second considering sip he announced: "They can't arrest you for that."

Winona looked a little relieved, but more than a little disappointed.

"I thought it had a kick," she mourned.

"Here's to you and him, anyway! Didn't I always tell you he was one good little man?"

"He's all of that," said Winona, and tossed off her own glass of what she sincerely hoped was not a permitted beverage.

"You've come on," said Wilbur.

"I haven't started," said Winona.

IV

LATER that afternoon Winona sat in her own room in close consultation with Juliana Whipple. Miss Whipple, driving her own car as no other Whipple could have driven it, had hastened to felicitate the bride. Tall, gaunt, a little stooped now, her weathered face aglow, she had ascended the steps to greet the couple. Spike's tenancy of the chair had been made doubly secure by Winona on the steps at his feet.

Juliana embraced Winona and took one of Spike's knotted hands to press warmly between both her own.

(Continued on Page 33)

He Wanted Her to Speak or Move to Break That Tension of Fear. But Not Until He Reached Out Stiffening Fingers to Touch Her Did She Stir

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Your appetite will thank you

Thank you for the rich, meaty Campbell's Beans—hearty, slow-cooked, digestible. Thank you for the famous Campbell's tomato sauce—delicious and spicy, a pleasant spur to the digestive processes. Campbell's Beans are a dish the inner man is always grateful for. Their quality, convenience and economy make them equally popular with the housewife.

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Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Third International in Asia

By LEO PASVOLSKY

REAL revolution on a world scale will not begin until Asia's eight hundred millions of population will join our movement."

With these words, constituting the central point of his address at the recent Baku Congress of the Nations of the Orient, G. Zinoviev, president of the executive committee of the Third or Communist International, proclaimed the policy and the aim of the communist movement in Asia. The lands from which the barbarians came centuries ago to inundate the civilized world and sweep away its culture the East – is now being artificially stimulated into activity that may lead it to hurl again its millions against the civilization of the West.

Little did Kipling dream, when only a few years ago he wrote his stirring appeal to civilization to defend itself from the onslaught of those who strove to shatter some of its best achievements, that movements more sinister in their destructive fury than the world has ever seen would rise out of the fiendish horrors of the war. Taken in retrospect, the Kipling poem was really not so much an appeal for the time at which it was written as a prophecy of the near future which already impended. The flower of human civilization, the culture of the Western world, is menaced to-day from the same quarter from which originally came the despoilers of Rome and the destroyers of its civilization. The clouds of an avalanchelike descent of the East upon the West are gathering and grow momently

It is almost a paradox that a group of men who have thought out, in the very heart of the civilization of the West, their ideas of social philosophy and the methods of applying these ideas should now be the inspirers and the leaders of this rising of the East against the West. Yet it is the Third International, the Moscow General Staff of the World Revolution, that now attempts to organize, coordinate and lead through its various agencies and instrumentalities the numerous and variegated movements which agitate the Orient.

From the shores of the Mediterranean to the utmost reaches of China, from the tundras of Northern Siberia to the southernmost point of India, everywhere in Asia, the agents of communism are at work, bending all their energies toward the consummation of their ends. If only a part of the vast plans of the Third International in Asia is crowned with the success that is sought, the civilized world will, indeed, behold the realization of that passionate prophecy, "Stand up and meet the war; the Hun is at the gate!"

Only in the summer of 1920 were definite plans laid in Moscow for the carrying on of this work, and already steps of outstanding importance have been taken for the realization of the schemes devised there. Movements of all sorts agitated the Orient before the leaders of the world communism thought of diverting the energies and the forces thus aroused to their own ends. But these movements were sporadic, poorly organized, in most cases mutually antagonistic, with scarcely any coördination, either in the aims they pursued or the methods they used Moreover, the aims of most of these movements have been and still are either not in correspondence with or even directly opposed to the aims which the world communism sets before itself.

Yet these difficulties do not deter the Third International from making an attempt to befriend and control all these movements. For the tactics of communism render not only permissible but actually necessary the utilization of movements that are not communistic in their nature, provided those movements are working toward the disruption or the destruction of institutions and organizations which it is necessary for communism to disrupt or destroy in order to achieve its objects. And so confident are the leaders of communism of the ultimate triumph of their aims that they are willing, for reasons of expediency, to permit their oftentimes incongruous allies to enjoy temporarily a triumph of their particular aims, achieved with the assistance of the masters of communism. Nowhere are these tactics illustrated better than in the work which the active agencies of communism are doing in the East.

(Continued on Page 26)

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There is no lurking threat of trouble in the Cadillac to fret the subconscious mind, but just a serene sense of security that each succeeding hour will be as delightful as the last.

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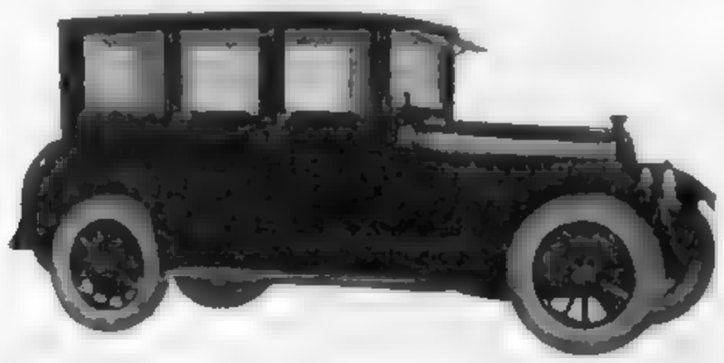


(Continued from Page 24)

There are two lines of activities that are pursued there by the general staff of the revolution in Moscow, and out of the two there rapidly emerges now a third, more formidable than either of the others. Through its various channels of propaganda the Third International makes every effort to bring down to the widest possible masses of the Orient the simplest of the ideas of communism, the doctrine of destruction, that would set them aflame and prepare them for an uprising, in which the communist leaders hope their trusted agents will be the guiding spirits. Through the diplomatic agencies which now constitute such an important part of the Russian Soviet Government, the leaders of communism make active efforts to bring within the sphere of their influence all the official and semiofficial, formulated and half-formulated governmental centers of the Orient. Finally, under the protection and with the complete assistance of Moscow and its military organization, armed forces are being brought into existence in some parts of the Orient for purposes which are still officially unannounced but are perfectly obvious.

The Conference at Baku

IN ORDER to coördinate the work of propaganda in different parts of Asia, the Third International, at the time of its Second World Congress, held in Moscow in July and August, 1920, decided to call a special conference of the representatives of the various movements in the countries and territories of the Near and Far East that are either in sympathy or at least in contact with the communist movement. For the seat of this conference, the city of Baku, the important oil port on the Caspian Sea, was chosen. An appeal was issued by the executive committee of the Third International, signed by its president and also by delegates to the Second Congress from the most important countries of the world, including the United States.

This conference, known officially as the Congress of the Nations of the Orient, opened on September 1, 1920, and lasted for more than two weeks. It represented twenty nationalities of the Near East, Central Asia and the Far East, among them the following: Turkey, China, Turkestan, Hindustan, Daghestan, Khiva, Bokhara, Armenia, Persia, Afghanistan, Georgia, Azerbaijan.

The outstanding figure at the Baku Congress was G. Zinoviev, the president of the executive committee of the Third International and the head of the government in Petrograd, one of the most active and prominent leaders of the communist movement. Zinoviev was chosen honorary president of the congress, and delivered an address at the opening session in which he stated the program which the Third International expects the movements represented at the Baku Congress to carry out.

At the outset of his address Zinoviev noted particularly the fact that the congress in Baku, organized under the auspices of the communist international, really represented, as far as the majority of its delegates was concerned, movements that are not communistic in their nature. But this circumstance was more than offset, in the opinion of the international, by the fact that the congress represented for the first time at least tentative unity of purpose and action on the part of twenty or more nations of the Orient which had been until then either isolated from each other or more or less hostile to each other. The great task of the congress was to find common ground upon which these nations could unite for coöperation and the strength of collective effort.

This common ground the communist movement makes it its object to supply and develop. The nations of the Orient have differences of old standing and mutual enmities that are traditional. But at the same time all of them have grievances that may be reduced to simple terms and a common denominator. All of them find themselves in a condition of political and economic dependence upon the so-called great powers of the world. A compounding of these grievances, an accumulation of hostilities springing from these grievances, and a consequent releasing of forces and energies which may be turned against the dominating powers—all these, if properly directed and handled, may be organized for an active struggle. This work of organizing the forces in the Orient is the aim of the Third International in its activities in the East, as these activities have developed since the summer of 1920. The stimulation of this work was the object of the Baku Congress.

Revolution in the Orient, sweeping like wildfire through all the expanses of Asia—that is the ideal of communism. Revolution, as conceived by the communist movement, is and must be a world-wide affair. But it is not proceeding at an even pace or developing into similar forms in the West and in the East. There are really two streams of the world revolution. That of the West Zinoviev characterizes as rapid and turbulent and direct, hurling itself in a definite direction, making rapid inroads into all those phases of life in the West which it must traverse in order to reach the goal toward which it is striving. The stream in the East is slow and hesitant. The nations of the West, whose powers and efforts feed the stream of the revolution there, know what they want and proceed to get it. The nations of the East have not as yet awakened to definite and complete desires. The stream of the revolution fed by their movements has, in consequence, different characteristics from the stream in the West.

It is the object of the directing center of the world communist movement, the Third International, to work for the uniting of these two streams. But such a union is possible only if the forces which direct, stimulate and hurl forward the stream of the West should turn their attention to the stream of the East, in order to arouse its activities and bring them to a pitch which would make the movements that make it up a really effective factor for the world revolution.'

Whatever the movements in the East represented at the Baku Congress have now as their aim, ultimately their efforts must result in the establishment of communism there. But none of the countries of the Orient or of the territories which have not as yet risen to the dignity of statehood has anything like the degree of capitalistic development which is usually presupposed as a necessary condition for the establishment of communism. In other words, is it necessary to wait until capitalistic development should come to the Orient before attempting to light up there the fires of revolution which would eventually lead to the establishment of communism?

Zinoviev answers this query in a negative sense, and offers a very general and simple formula, universally applicable in its simplicity. As long as soviet power has become established in Russia or in any other one country, that is the signal and the guaranty of success for any movement looking to the establishment of communism in any country, even if that country is economically backward.

In its application to the countries of the Orient this formula assumes a very definite political form, in tactical conformity with the general character of the movements actually existing there. These movements are either agrarian or national democratic in character. The first kind of movements assures the participation of the great masses of the people, for the vast majority of the population of Asia is agricultural. The system of landholding in most of the countries there is such that the best lands are generally held by large land proprietors on the basis of very extensive holdings and of an exploitation of the masses of the people. Resentment on the part of the peasantry against such an agrarian scheme may easily be turned to account, provided enough propaganda can be conducted among the peasantry with the view of convincing them that the chief cause of such a state of affairs lies in the fact of their economic and territorial dependence upon the particular great power which holds the protectorate over their country. In this way the agrarian movements which have narrow and immediate aims may be used as a powerful adjunct of the other kind of movements, the control over which the leaders of the communist movement are now striving to seize—namely, movements for the political independence or the liberation from economic domination of the countries and the territories of the Orient.

These political or national-democratic movements are essentially of two kinds. In countries like China, Turkey, Persia, which have officially independent existence as sovereign states, but are in reality politically and economically dependent upon one or another of the great powers active in the affairs of Asia, the national-democratic movements have the character of a struggle against this unofficial but nevertheless real political and economic dependence. In countries like India, which even officially do not have the status of sovereign states, these movements, in their political aspects, assume the character of a struggle for independence. The task of communism is to render sufficient assistance to these movements to exact from them in return pledges to accept the soviet form of government, once their independence or complete liberation is achieved.

The Watchword of the Orient

SOVIETS must be organized throughout the Orient. This is the order of the day from the general staff of the world revolution. And they must be real soviets—so Zinoviev admonished the delegates to the Baku Congress; not toy soviets of the kind that exists in Turkey. Yet the communists in Moscow are ready to support even these toy soviets if there are any prospects of utilizing whatever force they may represent. Zinoviev himself illustrated this by giving a vivid description of the character of that movement in Turkey which has now the support of the Third International and of the Moscow government. It is the peasant movement in Anatolia, the Turkish province in Asia Minor, led by Mustapha Kemal. This movement is essentially religious in character and as different from communism as day from night.

According to Zinoviev the only thing that Kemal is fighting for is the reestablishment of the religious supremacy of the Sultan. To Kemal the person of the Sultan is sacred, although in deference to present-day tendencies he has invented a title for him that is in keeping with the general trend of modern affairs. The Sultan, as he is represented by Kemal and his followers to the peasants whom they urge to rise at their bidding, is the president of the Democratic Union of the Islamic Nations. But at the present time the Sultan has fallen into the power of foreign nonbelievers, and his exalted position has become degraded. Kemal has declared a holy war against the invader for the purpose of saving the Sultan from this degradation and freeing him from his enemies.

If such is the character of the Kemal movement it is logically absurd and paradoxical for communism to support it. And yet it enjoys that support, because there is one element in it which, in the estimation of the communist leaders, offsets all the possible contradictions to the communist movement itself that there may be in the monarchic-religious movement led by Kemal and disguised but very thinly by his clumsy adaptations of modern terminology. That element lies in the fact that the Kemal movement is primarily directed against Great Britain as the great European power with extensive interests and influence in the Near East. In relating the circumstances under which communism finds it possible to support such a movement as that led by Kemal, Zinoviev laid down the most important of the fundamental theses of the whole policy and program of communism in Asia.

In his own words this policy is: "We are ready to support any revolutionary struggle against Great Britain."

In presenting this program to the Baku Congress and in laying down the fundamentals of the communist policy in the East, Zinoviev, in the name of the Third International, appealed to the nations of the Orient to coördinate all their efforts for a struggle against the European power in the East.

The watchword under which this struggle is to be carried on was presented by him to the congress in the following form: "Declare a holy war against European imperialism, particularly against Great Britain."

This watchword was adopted by the congress, and efforts are now being made to write it in plain letters upon the standard of every revolutionary movement in the East.

Result of the Baku Congress

THE Baku Congress has so far resulted in two definite actions. The first consisted in a signed pledge to fight the world capitalism. Besides the signatures of the delegates from the Oriental countries, the pledge bears also those of many of the guests at the congress—that is, of prominent leaders of communism from soviet Russia, as well as other countries of the world, including the United States, who attended the congress. The second action of the Baku Congress was the organization of a council for propaganda and action in the countries of the Orient. This council was elected at the congress and is to act as the agent of the executive committee of the Third International, which now issues its instructions to the various leaders of the movements in the East through this council.

The Baku Congress was intended particularly to serve the purpose of organizing an apparatus of propaganda in the various countries of Asia. It represented movements which are essentially revolutionary in character. It did not, of course, represent the nations themselves in which these movements exist. In each one of these countries there is a political organization which finds its expression in definite governmental institutions. The Baku Congress was convoked for the purpose of reaching the movements, but communism is not content with reaching them alone. Wherever possible it strives to exert its influence also over the governmental institutions.

This requires the work of diplomacy, and for this purpose the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs of the soviet government and its various diplomatic agencies are utilized by the Third International to the largest extent possible. Just now the principal efforts in this direction are made in China, where the soviet diplomacy finds conditions that are most favorable to the task it sets before itself. Several definite successes have already been achieved in this direction.

The situation which the soviet diplomats faced in China during the last few months has been characterized by the fact that the government which existed there until recently was pro-Japanese in its sympathies and orientation. The Anfu party, which was in power, was responsible for the Japanese-Chinese agreement which rendered possible the penetration of the Japanese influence into China, and, if we take for it the word of the soviet experts on Far Eastern affairs, placed China entirely under the domination of Japan. Through its agencies in Siberia, ever since the collapse of the Kolchak movement, the soviet government has been doing everything in its power to effect the overthrow of this government.

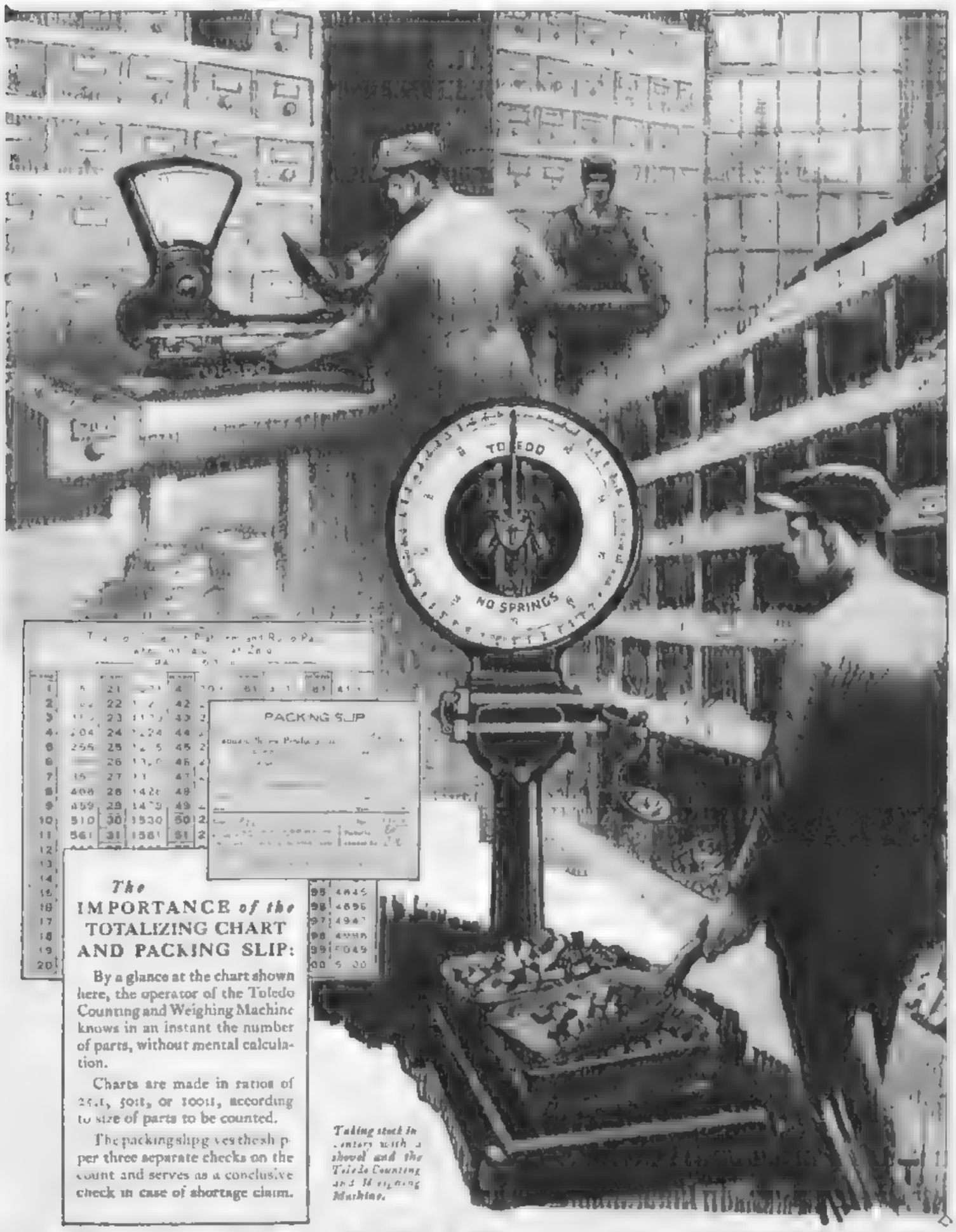
The soviet diplomatic plan was built on the following considerations: China has for her neighbors two powers which are antagonistic to each other—namely, Japan and soviet Russia. As long as the Anfu group remains in power and continues its pro-Japanese orientation the chances of any influence in the affairs of China that could be exerted by soviet Russia would be very small. On the other hand, the policy pursued by the Anfu group has never been

(Continued on Page 97)

To Count Millions of Small Parts

leading concerns like Packard, Studebaker, Hupp, Fisher Body, Standard Screw Products, Detroit Steel Products, use

Toledo Springless Automatic Counting Scales



Taking stock in a factory with a shovel and the Toledo Counting and Weighing Machine.

The IMPORTANCE *of the* TOTALIZING CHART AND PACKING SLIP:

By a glance at the chart shown here, the operator of the Toledo Counting and Weighing Machine knows in an instant the number of parts, without mental calculation.

Charts are made in ratios of 25:1, 50:1, or 100:1, according to size of parts to be counted.

The packing slip gives the shipper three separate checks on the count and serves as a conclusive check in case of shortage claim.

MISTAKES, delays and confusion in the stock room at inventory time, and in counting operations the year around, disappear with the installation of Toledo Springless Automatic Counting Scales.

Where parts were once counted by hand or by the use of some complicated device, exact counts are now quickly determined by an operation as simple as the mere act of shoveling.

Inventories that once took many days are now finished in a few hours. Daily factory counts that required minutes are now made in seconds. Errors are obviated. Verification is easy and quick. The exact count, the net weight and gross weight are all determined in the same operation.

Incoming stock, stock distributed for storage, stock issued for assembly or shipment, assembly stock received and piece work—all are thus counted automatically. By means of the simple Toledo Count Record, inter-departmental differences and shortage claims from customers are avoided; or, if they arise, are quickly and satisfactorily settled by reference to the authentic record.

Toledo Counting and Weighing Machines are to the factory what modern accounting devices are to the office. In addition, they are always ready for use in general weighing, for they are fundamentally Toledo Automatic Industrial Scales.

Built upon the famous Toledo Pendulum Principle, with the counting feature they constitute another illustration of Toledo soundness and adaptability and another triumph of Toledo engineering skill. They may be had in several convenient sizes for floor or bench use, to count and weigh anything from pins to pistons.

A request by letter or telephone to this office or any one of our 94 branches will bring printed matter completely describing these remarkable machines.

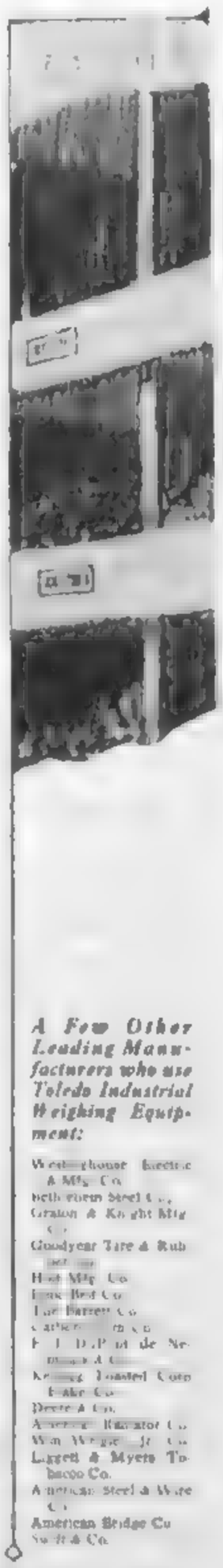
There are more than 100 styles and sizes of Toledo Scales, for weighing, computing, counting, marking, checking, packing, testing and many special processes, in factories, mines, warehouses, stores, shipping rooms and offices.

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio

Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

Canadian Toledo Scale Co., Windsor, Ontario

94 Branch Offices and Service Stations in Cities in the United States and Canada
Others in 30 Foreign Countries



A Few Other Leading Manufacturers who use Toledo Industrial Weighing Equipment:

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Bethlehem Steel Co.
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Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
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Isaac Reid Co.
The Barrett Co.
Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Co.
E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co.
Kentucky Roasted Coffee Baker Co.
Deere & Co.
American Radiator Co.
Wm. Wrigley, Jr. Co.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
American Steel & Wire Co.
American Bridge Co.
Swift & Co.

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Educating From the Bottom Up

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATION BY W. D. WHITE

A GREAT deal has been written of late concerning plans designed to eliminate labor unrest, increase production and to lessen the waste of time and material. Notwithstanding the best efforts of the leaders of industry in recent years to solve the labor problem, no general remedy has been found, and the question remains acute. We may be tired of discussing strikes and feel inclined to turn our backs on the problem as hopeless of solution, but such action would be neither wise nor courageous, so the only sensible course of action is to keep hammering away in the firm belief that conflict and misunderstanding will eventually succumb to education.

For the moment strikes are not so prevalent, and the tide of radicalism appears to be on the ebb. But let us not deceive ourselves in this matter, however, for we have entered a period of industrial depression when production has been curtailed, markets are limited and unemployment is common in great manufacturing centers where industries were booming a year ago. Workmen, naturally, are not inclined to go on strike in such times. But capital also suffers when business is poor, and any victory it gains through a slowing down in industry coming as a result of disturbed world conditions is only a temporary gain. Men will work harder and strike less when they are afraid of losing their jobs and doubtful as to whether or not they can get others; but if their greater diligence is only prompted by fear, then we have a type of forced efficiency that is based on a most unstable foundation.

There is an old saying that a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still. In like manner the workman who exercises energy simply because he must do so or starve is far from being what we look upon as an ideal employee. America is a country of great resources. Our normal condition is one of prosperity. Periods of industrial depression do not last long. Before long we shall be on the upward swing, and then again we shall be talking of a deficit in the supply of labor. Therefore, wise employers who look to to-morrow will not now relinquish their efforts to find a permanent solution for America's labor problem. It is far better to reach men through their minds than through their stomachs. The results are more lasting.

We must not forget that in 1915 there were approximately seven hundred strikes in the United States; in 1916 there were more than one thousand; in 1917 there were seventeen hundred; in 1918 there were nineteen hundred; and in 1919, more than twenty-two hundred. During the last year mentioned the loss to labor from strikes was estimated to be seven hundred and fifty million dollars, while the loss to capital was one billion two hundred and fifty million dollars. Are we again to emerge into a time of such unrest and consequent waste? The other day I spent hours with a man who is doing a big work among the nation's industries and is thinking straight in this important matter. Let me express the thoughts I gathered, in the fewest possible words.

The human element is the corner stone of industry. The minds of workmen have long been undergoing a process of education that is negative and destructive in character. There are two important factors in this destructive education: First, the natural suspicion of employer by employee; and second, the hatred of capital which has been inculcated by radicalism. These two factors create thoughts in the mind of the average employee which make it impossible for the management to obtain satisfactory results from him. On the other hand, the average worker is square, but is ignorant of the fundamental economics or basic principles on which legitimate industry is founded.

The worker has been educated in a destructive sense. Radical, one-sided thoughts have been breathed into his ears daily by fellow workers who are the only ones that have interests and hopes exactly similar to his own. These associates, who live and work on the same plane of life with him, are the ones he trusts. The poison which causes his prejudiced mental attitude enters his mind by word of mouth. The remedy for this condition or disease, as it may be called, can be administered only in the same manner and by the same type of person—a fellow worker. All efforts of management to solve the problem direct by working down from the top are doomed to failure, because such efforts can get only so far. The proper method to employ is to work up from the bottom. This will continue to be true so long as employees are suspicious of their employers and the officials of their employees.

If this line of reasoning is correct, then it follows that the proper thing to do is to devote time and attention to the education of workmen through other workmen doing similar tasks in the same shops. It is possible to educate groups of men in the facts and problems of business, and later to distribute these workers where they can be of the greatest service in overcoming ignorance and eliminating prejudice. In every plant there is a large conservative element that will respond gradually to constructive suggestion. In many plants this conservative class of workers often forms as high as ninety-five per cent of the total number of employees. It is not at all unusual for five per cent of the men so to coerce, intimidate and persuade the ninety-five per cent as to bring about a general strike.

Strikes are far more injurious to a company and to industry generally than most people imagine. When the workers think they have won they return to their jobs with an independent, indifferent mood, and the certain result is a material decline in production. If the men go back believing that the management has won, they resume their work in a vindictive frame of mind, and the consequence is that not only production suffers but spoilage and waste increase. It is far more difficult to bring about a return of harmony and good will among the employees of a company after a strike than it is to prevent the trouble in the first place. Employers who believe in fighting labor are shortsighted. The history not only of industry but of the whole world shows that fighting an idea only makes it stronger. Injunctions and lockouts may bring victory to the management of a corporation, but they will never permanently settle the company's fight with its men. On the other hand, it is just as bad to surrender to the workers, for such a course only prepares the way for another demand for increased wages. The one sound method of solving the labor problem is to educate workmen by facts so that their mental attitude will be reasonable and unprejudiced. It is just as sensible for an employer to cultivate the good will of his men as it is to cultivate the good will of customers. The two policies, "The public be damned" and "Labor be damned," have been discarded forever.

Corporations have thought too much of their own individual welfare and too little of the welfare of the nation's industries as a whole. In years gone by it was the common practice of most companies to deal with radical workers by discharging the trouble makers. As a result of this plan a so-called radical employee would go from plant to plant, getting and losing one job after another, but always becoming more of a radical and ever sowing seeds of discord among the workers he met. Many radical workers could be educated and converted into fair-minded individuals. Often they think wrong because they have not been educated to understand the other side of the argument. Consequently it is far better to develop the radical into an extra good workman than to keep him moving about as an active disciple of labor unrest. When a machine fails to function properly it is not thrown on the scrap heap, but repaired. Why not use equal intelligence in handling the human machine?

A few years ago the greater part of the thought of the students of modern industrial problems was devoted to ways and means to educate conservative managements to a more liberal and less arbitrary point of view. Recently much thought has been given to educating the foremen or so-called noncoms of industry. It must be admitted that both of these policies have materially helped the situation. Now we must begin the development of a third policy—that of educating the workers; not through management and not through foremen, both of whom are mistrusted, but through trained coworkers in caps and overalls, who labor with the men and live and move among them.

The value of such trained workers is greatly diminished if their labors are confined merely to educative work among the men. They should be instructed to report deficiencies on the part of the management and make every effort possible to discover causes of friction and unrest. It would be silly to assume that specially selected workmen, no matter how clever or how well trained, could successfully create a reasonable mental attitude in the minds of a body of employees if serious faults on the part of the management are permitted to continue. For this reason it is sometimes best to bring in trained workers from outside educational organizations, so that the criticisms of the management's

(Continued on Page 30)

PACKARD

THE operating economy of a Packard truck contains no negative quality. It is always and everywhere a producing force, delivering maximum utility at lowest cost. It is an economy predetermined in the design and drop-forged into the very steels in which a Packard's life consists. Emergencies serve only to emphasize it.

Full yield of every Packard's native economy is guaranteed by the Packard system of rating the vehicle to its intended work. Experts in transportation analyze the conditions under which the truck is to serve, then specify the particular size of Packard chassis that will best do the job, the kind of body exactly suited to the task, the method of operation assuring the most profitable result.

The sureness with which Packard trucks maintain their operating fitness is revealed in the records that the City of Detroit kept during the National Standard Truck Efficiency Test. These records show that the Packards, some of them veterans of 12 years' hauling, still are operating at less than four cents per ton mile.

Important in such steadfast performance wherever Packards are used are the service facilities provided to maintain every Packard truck at the highest possible level of economical operation.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Ask the man who owns one

(Continued from Page 28)

methods may be based on a viewpoint that is unbiased and has no local limitations. Though it is true that the majority of workmen to-day need educating, it is also a fact that hundreds of managements are as badly in need of enlightenment.

Trained workers of the proper kind always labor diligently and are sure to earn maximum wages. The weekly or monthly sums they receive inevitably become known to other workers, and this force of example tends to create a healthy spirit of rivalry on the part of fellow employees, with the result that production is substantially increased. No influence is more far-reaching than that of a good example.

The most important problem to-day in the handling of labor is the development of a fair and constructive attitude of mind on the part of the workmen. Corporations have spent millions in welfare work, only to have their efforts end in a costly strike. As one employer said, "It isn't what you do for your men; it's what they think you do for them that counts."

Not many years ago the majority of workers were genuinely proud of the great corporations that employed them. This spirit has disappeared, and one promising way to reëstablish it is to educate from the bottom up as well as from the top down.

Helping a City's Merchants

EXTREME conservatism usually comes with age. Youth generally takes chances, breaks precedents and endeavors to blaze new trails. America lacks the conservatism of Europe because it is a newer land; but even America has its old and its new settlements, its communities that bow to custom and yield to habit and its pioneer sections where tradition in business has small power to limit commercial practices. The chambers of commerce, or so-called boards of trade of some of our Pacific Coast cities, are splendid examples of this spirit of experiment and adventure in business. Recently I noted some of the methods employed by one progressive chamber of commerce in a rapidly growing city of our great Northwest.

When you get within several hours' ride of this particularly thriving community, well-placed billboards commence to tell you something of the history of the city and all of its advantages. This advertising campaign was put through by persuading the important business men of the town to erect billboards at advantageous points, one-third of the space stating the name of the concern owning the board, and the remaining two-thirds being devoted to an advertisement of the city. All of the boards are uniform in style and carry the name of the city in large letters at the top. More than fifty of these billboards have already been erected, and no two of them feature the same talking points. Any traveler that gets into the town is sure to know something about its virtues, unless he has been asleep on the train or traveled with the shades of his car windows down.

Aside from this billboard advertising, the chamber of commerce and all of the advertising clubs in the city indulge in the liberal use of printer's ink in the magazines and newspapers of the country. Some of the ads are designed to bring in new manufacturing establishments, while others are intended solely to boost the city's population. The results can best be judged by the fact that forty-two new industries have located in the town during the last ten months, and more than four hundred new families have settled there in the same period of time. The advertising committee of the chamber of commerce has induced the business men of the town to place catchy slogans on all of their letterheads and envelopes used in daily correspondence. All of the slogans were supplied by the publicity committee of the chamber. Some of them tell of the climate, others give facts concerning transportation facilities, and still others point out the cheapness of manufacturing sites, the magnitude of near-by markets, and so on. New slogans are provided for new batches of stationery. A scheme is on foot to defray the cost of community advertising by apportioning to each business concern a definite share of the expense, based on the profits of the individual companies. It is not proposed, and of course is not possible, to make the contributions compulsory.

The research department of the chamber has been successful in originating schemes to benefit the local trade of the city's merchants. One day of every month is known as free-mileage day, and on this particular date the merchants allow a rebate to each suburban customer equal to the round-trip fare at the rate of three cents a mile, from the patron's home town to the city. In this plan it is recognized that the suburban customer will probably make purchases in a number of stores, and it is specified that the rebate shall be paid to him by an authorized clerk at the chamber of commerce when he shows that his receipts for collective purchases amount to more than ten dollars. This plan of having the rebates dispensed through a single clearing house simplifies the matter, for it is easy later on to prorate the fares among the different merchants according to each concern's total sales. This monthly event is widely advertised, both by circulars sent to a large mailing list and by announcements run in the newspapers of near-by towns. All of the publicity is put out by the chamber of commerce itself, and the cost is taken care of by a retail merchants' section of the chamber.

The advisory committee of the research bureau makes frequent suggestions to the members of the chamber as a result of the many detailed investigations carried on. For instance, one letter pointed out the superior value of slogans as compared with trade-marks. Trade slogans stick in the memory, while trade-marks are soon forgotten. Another letter called attention to the importance of truth in advertising and discouraged the use of misleading names on articles that are only imitations of the real thing. It was further stated that ads telling of extraordinary reductions in the prices of staple goods create an undesirable impression in the mind of the customer. It is altogether probable that when the advertisement shows a wide difference between the original selling price of an article and the marked-down price the patron will conclude that the merchant has been making an exorbitant profit. Either this thought must arise or the purchaser must decide that the claims made in the ad are false.

Two classes of retailers were persuaded that it was to their advantage to adopt a uniform store design. Supplementing this scheme of having a similar exterior and interior decoration design, all of the stores in each of the two lines pledged themselves to observe certain high standards of business practice, and the result is that the customers of any and all of these merchants know exactly what to expect in quality and service when they enter one of the stores of standard design. This plan follows out the idea capitalized by some of the large corporations which operate chains of stores throughout the country. It should be stated in connection with this plan that the merchants in each particular line should have their own special design and not conflict in color scheme or other decorative feature.

One of the principles played up largely by the chamber of commerce is that service is the chief essential and will invariably be followed by legitimate profits. Just one example will indicate how this thought is applied in everyday practice. All of the hotels in the city now have special information bureaus or, in the case of the smaller establishments, well-informed clerks whose duty it is to furnish motorists with all kinds of information concerning roads, routes and garages throughout the region. No pains are spared to impress upon the mind of the automobilist passing through the town the fact that he is in a community where the common virtue is a generous and farsighted spirit of co-operation.

The chamber collects all kinds of information from near-by towns, and furnishes the facts to its local members. The information circulars that are mailed out at regular intervals tell of newly married couples, recently constructed dwellings and office buildings and the names of occupants. Business indexes or trade barometers are frequently included, and whenever it is possible the chamber furnishes advance information concerning the trend of raw materials or other important industrial factors. A special service is conducted to expose crooked promoters and all dishonest schemers who may likely prey upon the business men of the community.

Group of Penstemon Growing in the Rocks of Upper Moraine Park, Rainier National Park

This may all seem a bit far-fetched to the business conservative who is strong for the assertion of strict individualism, but the proof of the pudding lies in results, and a prosperous and satisfied community furnishes an argument in favor of this type of mild parentalism and community coöperation that is difficult to overcome. It would cost a good deal of money for the individual merchant to secure all of the information that is now easily collected by the organized research department of this chamber of commerce. When he knows the names and addresses of newlyweds in the territory he serves he can go after a class of possible customers who are sure to be in the market for certain lines of goods. The fact that a new house has been built is interesting to the merchant who sells refrigerators, for the majority of new houses need them. Information concerning the incorporation of a new company means something to the stationery dealer and the furniture merchant.

Other reports furnished by this progressive business body covered the cost of delivering packages throughout the city and the surrounding territory, the advantages and disadvantages of cash and credit systems, the practicability and possible profits of the self-service merchandising plan, and the development of schemes to attract customers and increase sales.

It was shown that the average delivery charge of all the important stores in the city was a little more than fifteen cents a package. The lowest charge per package for delivery was six cents and the highest average charge for any individual concern was thirty-eight cents a package. The investigation with respect to the relative merits of the cash and credit systems indicated that as a general rule the credit plan encourages sales. Most customers prefer to pay monthly, for in this plan it is easy to keep track of their expenditures. Most purchasers are unwilling to wait at home for goods that are to be delivered, and they are usually offended if the goods are brought back to the store when no one is at the house to receive them. Experience has shown that charge customers generally buy what appeals to them, and give less thought to the prices of the articles than do the patrons of cash stores.

The self-service plan is reported to work best when all of the goods are displayed on shelves or tables and the prices plainly marked on the articles so that the customers may help themselves. An ideal plan is to arrange the store so that the customer enters each department through a turnstile, picking up a basket on the way in. After the buyer selects his merchandise he leaves the department through another turnstile, and a checker who is sitting there removes the goods from the basket and quickly calculates the total amount of the purchases, mentally or on an adding machine. It is estimated that one checker and one cashier can handle from a thousand to twelve hundred people in a store of this kind daily. It is possible in such an establishment to include a delivery system by stipulating an additional charge of ten or twelve cents for the delivery of each batch of goods purchased.

Many ways are indicated for attracting customers both new and old. Practically all of the plans are based on the single idea of rendering the patron some unusual service. This thought is exemplified in the schemes suggested for selling phonograph records. Several merchants have met with success in the rather novel method of selling records by means of a demonstration over the telephone. In order that the customer may hear the record plainly the salesman uses a megaphone attachment. Each day one or more of the clerks in the phonograph department calls up certain customers and talks of the new records that have recently come in, and if they find the customer friendly to the idea several of the records are played over the phone. One merchant greatly increased his sales of records by adopting the plan of encouraging customers to come in and try the records themselves. A big department store has made a hit with mothers who are obliged to bring their children with them when shopping by establishing a children's phonograph room where the youngsters are entertained by appropriate selections while the parent is busy making purchases in some other part of the store. Incidentally it may be stated that in following this plan the merchants have been able to sell large numbers of records to the children who had heard them and had become interested in certain of the selections.

It goes without saying that there are a lot of things this particular chamber of commerce has failed to do in its extremely energetic campaign to help its local business men and build up the trade of the community; but the fact remains that the merchants of the city in question have a stronger and more helpful ally in an organization of this broad-minded character than have the members of most of our American chambers of commerce.

Some electric washers ***lift*** and ***dip*** the soiled fabrics in a tub of sudsy water—and it is a good method . .

Other electric washers ***rock*** and ***toss*** the soiled fabrics to and fro in sudsy water—and it is a good method

The A B C Electric Laundress ***does both.*** Rapidly it alternates these good methods—and so it combines their advantages . . . . . .

Yet This *Doubly* Good Washer Costs No More!

By fall, out of the savings it can effect if obtained now, your A B C *Electric Laundress* will have fully paid for itself. Investigate this doubly efficient saver of money, clothes, time, strength, health and comeliness . . . *at once*. Be economical with its assistance.

Heed those advantages of the lifting (↕) dipping process, as listed for cylinder and vacuum washers. Note the merits of the rocking (⟷) tossing process, employed in oscillating washers. Then credit the A B C *Electric Laundress* with the sum of ***all*** these good features; for it washes by both (✚) of these leading methods, to extract *all* dirt.

Either method, alone, is good; to arrive at a choice is perplexing. More, it is unnecessary. Obviously your satisfaction is twice assured, at no extra cost, by their merger.

An exclusive *springless* mechanism achieves this dual washing action without clash or din, without lurch . . . so smoothly that your hand upon the lid cannot detect the frequent alternation of motions within . . . so quietly that only the churn of cleansing suds is audible.

To men this correctly indicates a simple, sturdy, durable construction. To women it faithfully pledges years of uninterrupted freedom from washday trouble and worry.

Approved for years by Good Housekeeping Institute . . . long endorsed by legions of users . . . guaranteed by large and successful makers, pioneers in the industry . . . recommended by experienced electrical appliance dealers noted for prompt and courteous service . . . this A B C *Electric Laundress* offers two good washers in one, for the price of one.

Invest in no single process washer before you see this ***double process*** *A B C with its twofold advantages. There is a near-by dealer who will gladly demonstrate it and name convenient terms. Today, write for his address and illustrated book, "The A B C of Washday."*

ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY PEORIA, ILL. - NEW YORK - SAN FRANCISCO
Factories and Executive Offices - - - - Peoria, Illinois
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A B C *Electric Laundress*

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CREAM WALNUT

Heavy vanilla fondant, Mayette walnuts

WALNUT CARAMEL

Rich vanilla caramel with French walnuts

BUTTER SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter, vanilla, sugar

BRAZIL CREAM

Brazil nuts in creamy fondant

BURNT ALMOND CREAM

Rich cream fondant, roasted Alicante almonds

ALMOND CLUSTERS

Alicante almonds heavily covered

PIGNOLIA BRITTLE

Crisp Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar

SOUR ORANGE

Cream fondant, true orange fruit

NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruits and nuts

ALMOND CARAMEL

Chocolate cream caramel, Alicante almonds

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HOW often have you wished for a box that contained *only* the candies you *like*—and no other kinds? Well—here's the box. Filled with the first favorites of America's candy lovers. We *know*—for we made thousands of people tell us the kinds they like best.

Each chocolate in this orange-and-gold Wonder Box is made from the best-tasting materials money can buy—pure cane sugar—pure refined chocolate—pure dairy butter—pure comb honey—fresh fruits and nuts.

But that isn't all. In order to give you the most we possibly could for the money, we determined to put the value into the *candy* instead of the *package*. Therefore, these chocolates come to you without ribbons or costly decoration. The new box, attractive as it is, is inexpensive, but the chocolates—these "chocolates with the wonderful centers"—are the *best*.

Get a box today. Pound box, $1.00. Prices slightly higher in Canada. Ask for the Wonder Box *only* at a Rexall Store. It is obtainable nowhere else.

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Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 22)

Then Winona had dragged her to privacy, and their talk had now come to a point.

"It's that—that parrot!" exploded Winona desperately. "I never used to notice, but you know—that senseless gabble, 'pretty girl, pretty girl,' and then the thing laughs like a fiend. It would be all right if he wouldn't laugh. You might think he meant it. And poor Spike is so sensitive; he gets things you wouldn't think he'd get. That awful bird might set him to thinking. Now he believes I'm pretty. In spite of everything I've said to him, he believes it. Well, I'm not going to have that bird putting any other notion into his mind, not if I have to ——"

She broke off, but murder was in her tone.

"I see," said Miss Whipple. "You're right, of course—only you are pretty, Winona. I never used to think—think about it, I mean, but you've changed. You needn't be afraid of any parrot."

Winona patted the hand of Miss Whipple, an able hand suggesting that of Spike in its texture and solidity.

"That's ever so nice of you, but I know all about myself. Spike's eyes are gone, but that bird is going too."

"Why not let me take the poor old thing?" said Juliana. "It can say 'pretty girl' to me and laugh its head off if it wants." She hung a moment on this, searching Winona's face with clear eyes. "I have no blind husband," she finished.

"You're a dear," said Winona.

"I'm so glad for you," said Juliana.

"I must guard him in so many ways," confided Winona. "He's happy now—he's forgotten for the moment. But sometimes it comes back on him terribly—what he is, you know. I've seen him over there lose control—want to kill himself. He says he can't help such times. It will seem to him that someone has shut him in a dark room and he must break down its walls—break out into the light. He would try to break the walls down—like a caged beast. It wasn't pretty. And I'm his eyes and all his life, and no old bird is ever going to set him thinking I'm not perfectly beautiful. That's the plain truth. I may lie about it myself to him pretty soon. I might as well. He only thinks I'm being flirty when I deny it. Oh, I know I've changed! Sometimes it seems to me now as if I used to be—well, almost prudish."

"My dear, he knows better than you do, much better, how beautiful you are. But you're right about the bird. I'll take him gladly." She reflected a moment. "There's a fine place for the cage in my room—on my hope chest."

"You dear!" said Winona. "Of course I wouldn't have killed it."

Downstairs ten minutes later Winona, the light of filial devotion in her eyes, was explaining to her father that she was giving the parrot away because she had noticed that it annoyed him.

The judge beamed gratitude.

"Why, it's right thoughtful of you, Winona. It does annoy me, kind of. That miserable Dave Cowan's taught it some new rigmarole—no meaning to it, but bothersome when you want to be quiet."

Even in the days of her white innocence Winona Penniman had not been above doing a thing for one reason while advancing another less personal. She had always been a strange girl.

Juliana took leave of Spike.

"You have a lovely wife," she told him. "It isn't going to be too hard for you, this life."

"Watch us!" said Winona. "I'll make his life more beautiful than I am." Her hand fluttered to his shoulder.

"Oh, me? I'll be all right," said Spike.

"And thank you for this wonderful bird," said Juliana.

She lifted the cage from its table and went slowly toward the gate. The parrot divined that dirty work was afoot, but it had led a peaceful life and its repertoire comprised no call of alarm.

"Pretty girl, pretty girl, pretty girl!" it shrieked. Then followed its harshest laugh of scorn.

Juliana did not quicken her pace to the car; she finished the little journey in all dignity, and placed her burden in the tonneau.

"Pretty girl, pretty girl!" screamed the dismayed bird. The laugh was long and eloquent of derision.

Dave Cowan reached the Penniman gate, pausing a moment to watch the car leave. Juliana shot him one swift glance while the parrot laughed.

"Who was that live-looking old girl?" he demanded as he came up the steps. "Oh!" he said when Winona told him.

He glanced sympathetically after the car. A block away it had slowed to turn a corner. The parrot's ironic laughter came back to them.

"Yes, I remember her," said Dave musingly. He was glad to recall that he had once shown the woman a little attention.

CHAPTER XXII

OF ALL humans cumbering the earth Dave Cowan thought farmers the most pitiable. To this tireless-winged bird of passage farming was not a loose trade, and the news that his son was pledged to agrarian pursuits shocked him. To be mewed up for life on a few acres of land!

"It was the land tricked us first," admonished Dave. "There we were, footloose and free, and some fool went and planted a patch of ground. Then he stayed like a fool to see what would happen. Pretty soon he fenced the patch to keep out prehistoric animals. First thing he knew he was fond of it. Of course he had to stay there—he couldn't take it off with him. That's how man was tricked. Most he could ever hope after that was to be a small-towner. You may think you can own land and still be free, but you can't. Before you know it you have that home feeling. Never owned a foot of it! That's all that saved me."

Dave frowned at his son hopefully, as one saved might regard one who still might be.

"I'm not owning any land," suggested his son.

"No; but it's tricky stuff. You get round it, working at it, nursing it—pretty soon you'll want to own some, then you're dished. It's the first step that counts. After that you may crave to get out and see places, but you can't; you have to plant the hay and the corn. You to fool round those Whipple farms—I don't care if it is a big job with big money—it's playing with fire. Pretty soon you'll be as tight-fixed to a patch of soil as any yap that ever blew out the gas in a city hotel. You'll stick there and raise hogs *en masse* for free people that can take a trip when they happen to feel like it." Dave had but lately learned *en masse* and was glad to find a use for it. He spoke with the untroubled detachment of one saved, who could return at will to the glad life of nomady. "You, with the good loose trades you know! Do you want to take root in this hole like a willow branch that someone shoves into the ground? Don't you ever want to move—on and on and on?"

His son at the time had denied stoutly that he felt this urge. Now, after a week of his new work, he would have been less positive. It was a Sunday afternoon, and he sprawled face down on the farther shaded slope of West Hill, confessing a lively fear that he might take root like the willow. Late in that first week the old cry had begun to ring in his ears—Where do we go from here?—bringing the cold perception that he would not go anywhere from here.

Through all his early years in Newbern he had not once felt the wander-bidding; never, as Dave Cowan put it, had he been itchy-footed for the road. Then, with the war, he had crept up to look over the top of the world, and now, unaccountably, in the midst of work he had looked forward to with real pleasure, his whole body was tingling for new horizons.

It seemed to be so with a dozen of the boys he had come back with. Some of these were writing to him, wanting him to come here, to come there; to go on and on with them to inviting places they knew—and on again from there! Mining in South America, lumbering in the Northwest, ranching in the Southwest; one of his mates would be a sailor, and one would be with a circus. Something within him beyond reason goaded him to be up and off. He felt his hold slipping; his mind floated in an ecstasy of relaxation.

His first days at the Home Farm had been good-enough days. Sharon Whipple had told him a modern farmer must first be a mechanic, and he was already that—and no one had shot at him. But the novelty of approaching good machine-gun cover without apprehension had worn off.

"Ain't getting cold feet, are you?" asked Sharon one day, observing him hang idly above an abused tractor with the far-off look in his eyes.

"Nothing like that," he had protested almost too warmly. "No, sir; I'll slog on right here."

Now for the first time in all their years of association he saw an immense gulf between himself and Sharon Whipple. Sharon was an old man, turning to look back as he went down a narrow way into a hidden valley. But he—Wilbur Cowan—was climbing a long slope into new light. How could they touch? How could this old man hold him to become another old man on the same soil—when he could be up and off, a happy world romper like his father before him?

"Funny, funny, funny!" he said aloud, and lazily rolled over to stare into blue space.

Probably it was quite as funny out there. The people like himself on those other worlds would be the sport of confusing impulses, in the long run obeying some deeper instinct whose source was in the parent star dust, wandering or taking root in their own strange soils. But why not wander when the object of it all was so obscure, so apparently trivial? Enough others would submit to rule from the hidden source, take root like the willow—mate! That was another chain upon them. Women held them back from wandering. That was how they were tricked into the deadly home feeling his father warned him of.

"Funny, funny, funny!" he said again.

From an inner pocket he drew a sheet of note paper worn almost through at the fold, stained with the ooze of trenches and his own sweat. It had come deviously to him in the front line a month after his meeting with Patricia Whipple. In that time the strange verse had still run in his mind—a crown of stars, and under her feet the moon! The tumult of fighting had seemed to fix it there. He had rested on the memory of her and become fearless of death. But the time had changed so tremendously. He could hardly recall the verse, hardly recall that he had faced death or the strange girl.

"Wilbur dear," he read, "I am still holding you. Are you me? What do you guess? Do you guess we were a couple of homesick ninnies, tired and weak and too combustible? Or do you guess it meant something about us finding each other out all in one second, like a flash of something? Do you guess we were frazzled up to the limit and not braced to hold back or anything, the way civilized people do? I mean, was it true—is it true? Would we still be the same, or would we —— Will we be the same back home? If we will be, how funny! We shall have to find out, shan't we? But let's be sporty and give the thing a chance to be true if it can. That's fair enough, isn't it? What I mean, let's not shatter its morale by some poky chance meeting with a lot of people round, whom it is none of their business what you and I do or don't do. That would be fierce, would it not? So much might depend.

"Anyway, here's what: The first night I am home—your intelligence department must find out the day, because I'm not going to write to you again if I never see you, I feel so unmaidenly—I shall be at our stile leading out to West Hill. You remember it—above the place where those splendid gypsies camped when we were such a funny little boy and girl. The first night as soon as I can sneak out from my proud family. You come there. We'll know!"

"Funny, funny, funny," he said—"the whole game!"

He lost himself in a lazy wonder if it could be true. He didn't know. Once she had persisted terribly in his eyes; now she had faded. Her figure before the broken church was blurred.

Sharon Whipple found him the next afternoon teaching two new men the use and abuse of a tractor, and plainly bored by his task. Sharon seized the moment to talk pungently about the good old times when a farm hand didn't have to know how to disable a tractor, or anything much, and would work fourteen hours a day for thirty dollars a month and his keep. He named the wage of the two pupils in a tone of disgruntled awe that piqued them pleasantly but did not otherwise impress. When they had gone their expensive ways he turned to Wilbur.

"Did you get over to that dry-fork place to-day?"

"No; too busy here with these high-binders."

He spoke wearily, above a ripening suspicion that he would not much longer be annoyed in this manner. A new letter had that morning come from the intending adventurer into South America.

"I'll bet you've had a time with this new help," said Sharon.

"I've put three men at work over on that clearing though."

"I'll get over there myself with you to-morrow; no, not to-morrow—next day after. That girl of ours gets in to-morrow noon. Have to be there of course."

"Of course."

"She trotted a smart mile over there. Everybody says so. Family tickled to death about her. Me, too, of course."

"Of course."

"Rattlepate though."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

When the old man had gone he looked out over the yellowing fields with a frank distaste for the level immensity. Suddenly there rang in his ears the harsh singing of many men: "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?" Old Sharon was rooted in the soil; dying there. But he was still free. He could wire Leach Belding he was starting—and start.

II

ABOUT eight o'clock the following night he parked the Can beside the ridge road, and for the first time in his proud career of ownership cursed its infirmities. It was competent, but no car for a tryst one might not wish to advertise. When its clamor had been stilled he waited some moments, feeling that a startled countryside must rush to the spot. Yet no one came, so at last he went furtively through the thinned grove and about clumps of hazel brush, feeling his way, stepping softly, crouching low, until he could make out the stile where it broke the lines of the fence. The night was clear and the stile was cleanly outlined by starlight. Beyond the fence was a shadowed mass, first a clump of trees, the outbuildings of the Whipple New Place, the house itself. There were lights at the back, and once voices came to him, then the thin shatter of glass on stone, followed by laughs from two dissonant throats. He stood under a tall pine, listening, but no other sound came. After a while he sat at the foot of the tree. Crickets chirped and a bat circled through the night. The scent of the pine from its day-long baking was sharp in his nostrils. His back tired against the tree, and he eased himself to the cooled grass, face down, his hands crossed under his chin. He could look up now and see the stile against stars

He waited. He had expected to wait. The little night sounds that composed the night's silence, his own stillness, his intent watching, put him back to nights when silence was ominous. Once he found he had stopped breathing to listen to the breathing of the men on each side of him. He was waiting for the word, and felt for a rifle. He had to rise to shake off this oppression. On his feet he laughed softly, being again in Newbern on a fool's mission. He lay down, hands under his chin, but again the silent watching beset him with the old oppression. He must be still and strain his eyes ahead. Presently the word would come, or he would feel the touch of a groping foe. He half dozed at last from the memory of that other endless fatigue. He came to himself with a start and raised his head to scan the stile. The darkness had thickened, but the two posts at the ends of the fence were still outlined. He watched and waited.

After a long time the east began to lighten; a deepening glow rimmed West Hill, picking out in silver the trees along its edge. If she meant to come she must come soon, he thought, but the rising moon distinctly showed the bare stile. She had written a long time ago. She was notoriously a rattlepate. Of course she would have forgotten. Then for a moment his straining eyes were puzzled. His gaze had not shifted even for an instant, yet the

post at the left of the stile had unaccountably thickened. He considered it a trick of the advancing moonshine, and looked more intently. It was motionless, like the other post, yet it had thickened. Then he saw it was taller, but still it did not move. It could be no one. Mildly curious, he crept forward to make the post seem right in this confusing new glamour. But it broadened as he neared it, and still was taller than its neighbor.

He rose to his feet, with a dry laugh at his own credulity, taking some slow steps forward, expecting each stride to resolve the post to its true dimensions. He was within a dozen feet of it before he saw it could not be a post—anyway not the same post. His scalp crept into minute wrinkles at the back of his head. He knew the feeling—fear! But, as in other times, he could not make his feet go back. Two other steps and he saw she must be there. She had not stirred, but the rising light caught her wan face and a pale glint of eyes.

All at once his fear was greater—greater than any he had known in battle. His feet dragged protestingly, but he forced them on. He wanted her to speak or move to break that tension of fear. But not until he reached out stiffening fingers to touch her did she stir. Then she gave a little whispered cry and all at once it was no longer moonlight for him, but full day. A girl in nurse's cap and a faded, much laundered dress of light blue stood before a battered church, beside a timbered breach in its gray stone wall. He was holding her.

The song was coming to him, harsh and full throated from many men: "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

"We don't go anywhere from here," he heard himself say in anger. They were the only words he had spoken.

The girl was shaking as she had shaken back at that church; uttering little shapeless cries from a throat that by turns fluttered and tightened. One clenched hand was fiercely thumping his shoulder. They were on strange land, as if they had the crust of the moon itself beneath their feet.

They seemed to know it had been true.

III

THEY were sitting on a log in shadow. He rose and stepped into the light, facing his watch to the moon, now gone so high it had paled from gold to silver. He went to her again.

"Do you know it's nearly one?"

"It must be that—I suppose so."

"Shouldn't you be going?"

She leaned forward, shoulders drooping, a huddled bit of black in the loose cloak she wore. He waited. At length she drew her shoulders up with a quick intake of breath. She held this a moment, her chin lifted.

"There, now I've decided," she said.

"What?"

"I'm not going back."

"No?"

"Not going through any more fuss. I'm too tired. It seemed as if I'd never get here, never get out of that dreadful place, never get out of Paris, never get out of Brest, never get off the boat, never get home! I'm too tired for any more never gets. I'm not going to have talking and planning and arguments and tearful relatives forever and a day more. See if I do! I'm here and I'm not going to break it again. I'm not going back!"

He reached down to pat her hand with a humoring air

"Where will you go?"

"That's up to you."

"But what can I - "

"I'm going where you go. I tell you I'm too tired to have any talk."

He sat down beside her.

"Yes, you're a tired child," he told her.

She detected the humoring inflection.

"None of that! I'm tired, but I'm stubborn. I'm not going back. I'm supposed to be sleeping soundly in my little bed. In the morning before I'm supposed to be up I'll issue a communique from—any old place; or tell 'em face to face. I won't mind that a little bit after everything's over. It's telling what's going to be and listening to talk about it that I won't have. I'm not up to it. Now you talk!"

"You're tired. Are you too tired to know your own mind?"

"No; just too tired to argue with it, fight it; and I'm free, white and twenty-one; and I've read about the self-determination of small peoples."

"Say, aren't you afraid?"

"Don't be silly! Of course I'm afraid! What is that about perfect love casting out fear? Don't believe it! I'm scared to death truly!"

"Go back till to-morrow."

"I won't! I've gone over all that."

"All right! Shove off!"

He led her to the ambushed Can, whose blemishes became all too apparent in the merciless light of the moon.

"What a lot of wound chevrons it has!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I didn't expect anything like this. I could have got ——"

"It looks like a permanent casualty. Will it go?"

"It goes for me. You're sure you don't think it's better to ——"

"On your way!" she gayly ordered, but her voice caught, and she clung to him a moment before entering the car. "No; I'm not weakening—don't you think it! But let me rest a second."

She was in the car, again wearily gay. The Can hideously broke the quiet.

"Home, James!" she commanded.

IV

DAWN found the car at rest on the verge of a hill with a wide-sweeping view over and beyond the county seat of Newbern County. Patricia slept within the fold of his arm.

The rising sun lighted the town of Halton below them and sent level rays across a wide expanse of farmland beyond it, flat meadows and rolling upland. White mist shrouded the winding trail of a creek. It was the kind of landscape he had viewed yesterday with a rising distaste; land that had tricked people from their right to wander, to go places on a train when they would.

He brought his eyes back from the treacherous vista and turned them down to the face of the sleeping girl. A pale scarf was wound about her head, and he could see but little beyond it but the tip of her nose, a few scattered, minute freckles on one cheek. She was limp, one bare hand falling inertly over the edge of the seat between them. He looked out again at the checkerboard of farms. He, too, had been tricked. "But what a fine trick!" he said aloud. "No wonder it works!"

He dozed himself presently, nodding till his forward-pitching head would waken him. Afterward he heard Spike saying: "So dark you can't see your hand before your face." He came awake. His head was on Patricia's shoulder.

"You must have gone to sleep and let the car stop," she told him. He stared sleepily, believing it. "But I want my breakfast," she reminded him. He sat up, winking the sleep from his eyes, shaking it from his head.

"Of course," he said.

He looked again out over the land to which an old device had inveigled him.

"This is one whale of a day for us two, isn't it?" he demanded.

"You said it!" she told him.

"Breakfast and a license and ——"

"You know it!" she declared.

"Still afraid?"

"More than ever! It's a wonder and a wild desire, but it scares me stiff—you're so strange."

"You know it isn't too late."

She began to thump him with a clenched fist up between his shoulders.

"Carry on!" she ordered. "There isn't a slacker in the whole car!"

V

A FEW hours later, in the dining room of the Whipple New Place, Gideon, Harvey D. and Merle Whipple were breakfasting. To them entered Sharon Whipple from his earlier breakfast, ruddy, fresh-shaven, bubbling.

"On my way to the Home Farm," he explained, "but I had to drop in for a look at the girl by daylight. She seemed too peaked last night."

"Pat's still sleeping," said her father over his egg cup.

"That's good! I guess a rest was all she needed. Beats all, girls nowadays seem to be made of wire rope."

A telephone bell rang in the hall beyond, and Merle Whipple went to it.

"Hello, hello! Whipple New Place—Merle Whipple speaking." He listened, standing in the doorway to turn a puzzled face to the group about the table. "Hello! Who—who?" His bewilderment was apparent. "But it's Pat talking," he said, "over long distance."

"Calling from her room upstairs to fool you," warned Sharon. "Don't I know her flummididdles?"

But the look of bewilderment on Merle's face had become a look of pure fright. He raised a hand sternly to Sharon.

"Once more," he called hoarsely, and again listened with widening eyes. He lifted his face to the group, the receiver still at his ear. "She says—good heaven! She says, 'I've gone A. W. O. L., and now I'm safe and married—I'm married to Wilbur Cowan.'" He uttered his brother's name in the tone of a shocked true Whipple.

"Good heaven!" echoed Harvey D.

"I'm blest!" said Gideon.

"I snum to goodness!" said the dazed Sharon. "The darned skeezicks!"

Merle still listened. Again he raised a now potent hand.

"She says she doesn't know how she came to do it, except that he put a comether on her."

He hung up the receiver and fell into a chair before the table that held the telephone.

"Scissors and white aprons!" said Sharon. "Of all things you wouldn't expect!"

Merle stood before the group with a tragic face. "It's hard, father, but she says it's done. I suppose—I suppose we'll have to make the best of it."

Hereupon Sharon Whipple's eyes began to blink rapidly, his jaw dropped and he slid forward in his chair to writhe in a spasm of what might be weirdly silent laughter. His face was purple, convulsed; but no sound came from his moving lips. The others regarded him with alarm.

"Not a stroke?" cried Harvey D., and ran to his side. As he sought to loosen Sharon's collar the old man waved him off and became happily vocal.

"Oh, oh!" he gasped. "That Merle boy has brightened my whole day!"

Merle frowned. "Perhaps you may see something to laugh at," he said icily.

Sharon controlled his seizure. Pointing his eyebrows severely, he cocked a presumably loaded thumb at Merle.

"Let me tell you, young man, the best this family can make of that marriage will be a darned good best. Could you think of a better best—say, now?" Merle turned impatiently from the mocker.

"Blest if I can—on the spur of the moment!" said Gideon.

Harvey D. looked almost sharply at the exigent Merle.

"Pat's twenty-five and knows her own mind better than we do," he said.

"I never knew it at all!" said Gideon.

"It's almost a distinct relief," resumed Harvey D. "As I think of it I like it." He went to straighten the painting of an opened watermelon beside a copper kettle, that hung above the sideboard. "He's a fine young chap." He looked again at Merle, fixing knife and fork in a juster alignment on his plate. "I dare say we needed him in the family."

VI

LATE the following afternoon Sharon triumphantly brought his car to a stop before the gateway leading up to the red farmhouse. The front door proving unresponsive, he puffed about to the rear. He found a perturbed Patricia Cowan, in cap and apron, tidying the big kitchen. Her he greeted rapturously.

"This kitchen ——" began the new mistress.

"So he put a comether on you!"

"Absolutely—when I wasn't looking!"

"Put one on me too," said Sharon; "years ago."

"This kitchen," began Patricia again, "is an insanitary outrage. It needs a thousand things done to it. We'd never have put up with this in the Army. That sink there"—she pointed it out—"must have something of a carbolic nature straight off."

"I know, I know!" Sharon was placating. "I'm going to put everything right for you."

"New paint for all the woodwork—white."

"Sure thing—as white as you want it."

"And blue velours curtains for the big room. I always dreamed I'd have a house with blue velours curtains."

"Sure, sure! Anything you want you order."

"And that fireplace in the big room—I burned some trash there this morning, and it simply won't inhale."

"Never did," said Sharon. "We'll run the chimney up higher. Anything else?"

"Oh, lots! I've a long list somewhere."

"I bet you have! But it's a good old house; don't build 'em like this any more; not a nail in it; sound as a nut. Say, miss, did you know there was high old times in this house about seventy-three years ago? Fact! They thought I wasn't going to pull through. I was over two days old before it looked like I'd come round. Say, I learned to walk out in that side yard. That reminds me"—Sharon hesitated in mild embarrassment—"there's a place between them two wings—make a bully place for a sun room; spoil the architecture, mebbe, but who cares? Sun room—big place to play round in—play room, or anything like that."

Patricia had been searching among a stack of newspapers, but she had caught "sun room."

"Stunning!" she said. "We need another big place right now, or when my things get here."

Sharon coughed.

"Need it more later, I guess."

But Patricia had found her paper.

"Oh, here's something I put aside to ask you about! I want you to understand I'm going to be all the help I can here. This advertisement says 'Raise Belgian hares,' because meat is so high. Do you know do people really make millions at it, and could I do the work?"

Sharon was shaking his head.

"You could if you didn't have something else to do. And I suppose they sell for money, though I never did hear tell of a Belgian-hare millionaire. Heard of all other kinds, but not him. But you look here, young woman, I hope there'll be other things not sold by the pound that'll keep you from rabbit raising. This family's depending a lot on you. Didn't you hear my speech about that fine sun room?"

"Will you please not bother me at a time like this?" scolded Patricia. "Now out with you—he's outside somewhere! And can't you ever in the world for five minutes get mere Whipples out of your mind?" She actively waved him on from the open door.

Sharon passed through a grape arbor, turning beyond it to study the site of the sun room. All in a moment he built and peopled it. How he hoped they would be coming along to play in there; at least three before he was too old to play with them. He saw them now; saw them, moreover, upon the flimsiest of promises, all superbly gifted with the Whipple nose. Then he went hopefully off toward the stables. He came upon Wilbur Cowan inspecting a new reaper under one of the sheds. This time the old man feigned no pounding of the boy's back—made no pretense that he did not hug him.

"I'm so glad, so glad, so almighty glad!" he said as they stood apart.

He did not speak with his wonted exuberance, saying the words very quietly. But Sharon had not to be noisy to sound sincere.

"Thanks," said Wilbur. "Of course I couldn't be sure how her people would ——"

"Stuff!" said Sharon. "All tickled to death but one near-Whipple, and he's only annoyed. But you've been my boy—in my fool mind I always had you for my boy, when you was little and when you went to war. You could of known that, and that was enough for you to know. Of course I never did think of you and Pat. That was too gosh-all perfect. Of course I called her a rattlepate, but she was my girl as much as you was my boy."

The old eyes shone mistily upon Wilbur, then roved to the site of his dream before he continued.

"Me? I'm getting on—and on. Right fast too. But you—you and that fine girl—why, you two are a new morning in a new world, so fresh and young and proud of each other, the way you are!" He hesitated, his eyes coming back. "Only thing I hope for now—before I get bedfast or something—say, take a look at the space between them south wings—stand over this way a mite." Sharon now built there, with the warmest implications, a perfect sun room. "That'll be one grand place," he affirmed of his work when all was done.

"Yes, it sounds good," replied Wilbur.

"Oh, a grand place, big as outdoors, getting any sun there is—great for winter, great for rainy days!" Wistfully he searched the other's face. "You know, Buck, a grand place to—play in, or anything like that."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

(THE END)

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WHITE SHOULDERS

(Continued from Page 19)

some way if we wanted to; or we could get some relation to somewhere—for the sake of family pride, sir. The Fairborns have always held their heads high, sir, in our part of the country. And it seems that's what he does all the time—dealing with women the way he does. That's the way he works with them."

"How do you mean?"

"Scaring them, always scaring them—different ways. Married women who come to him secretly—scaring them that he'll tell their husbands; and stage women, other women—scaring them all in different ways, according to how he can best terrify them. A regular bloodhound, sir—always hounding them down, scaring them to make them pay him."

"A kind of blackmail enterprise."

"I expect you'd call it so."

"And what did he do with you—with those letters? How could he find out about whom to write them to in the first place?"

"It seems, judge, he's been everywhere. It seems he knows all the collection agencies—all the installment folks that get part payments from people. There's an army of them, all over. It's a great big business, judge, sir, in all the cities, they tell me."

"I understand so," I said, thinking.

"So he found out about us easy enough—where we were going in Louisville and the people we knew—from this kind of folks for a few dollars or for friendship's sake. For they're all kind of in together. And he'd gone down or sent down and found out about us at home, now, and all our weak spots there."

"So he wrote these letters to folks to scare you into paying. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir. That's it, judge. That's exactly it, sir. Following us everywhere the way he'd done from the beginning—like a bloodhound. Starting easy first, in these letters, and then telling he'd go stronger if I didn't pay."

"What'd he write about?" I asked her, remembering again, naturally, that one anonymous letter from him that I had seen—the hint of murder.

"There were plenty of things to say, weren't there, judge?" she asked me back, evading me again, I thought, a little; coming again to that territory she didn't care to enter. "If he said nothing more than that our clothes weren't paid for. And then too, judge, naturally, there was that trial of my boy—and all that."

"Naturally," I answered.

I could see from the way she touched it—and drew away—that she was willing to avoid that subject—that shooting or murder, or whatever it might be, as far as possible. And I had no intention of forcing its discussion on her, especially if it wasn't necessary.

"And then what'd you do?" I asked her.

"What could I do, sir? I did something I oughtn't to have done, I expect. I came away from there in secret. I just ran away, thinking to avoid him."

"With the dresses that you owed him for?"

"Yes. I was useless if I didn't have them, sir, and I couldn't pay out all the money I had to settle for them and keep on. And I intended always, sir, so help me God, to pay the man his bill some day. And besides, sir, if he never got paid again—anything—he'd have more to-day than the dresses were worth—just from what I've paid him already."

"And then you stole away from him?"

"Yes, sir. I managed to. There was quite a little time there before he found out where we'd gone to. But he found me—he smelt me out finally—like the bloodhound he is! Like he always does!"

"And now he's after you with his anonymous letters, starting over again to get payment on that note—whatever it is he holds against you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got it here?" I asked her.

"Yes, sir," she said. "That's what I came here to talk with you about, mostly."

"Let me look at it," I told her.

And she took it out and went over it with me.

"Do you mean to say you signed that note with that interest and those terms?"

"Yes, sir. That's just what I did. I had to, I thought."

I looked at the note.

"Well, madam," I said, after examining it carefully, "you didn't have to. And what's more, he can't hold you on it. And what's still more, madam," I said, "you can tell him right now that this document is illegal and if he don't stop threatening you or trying further to collect anything like that you'll land him in jail, and you can tell him, ma'am, I said so."

The woman's face changed entirely while I was giving her this information.

"Can I tell him that, judge," she asked me, "as coming from you?"

"You certainly can, ma'am," I said. "And put it just as strong as you like. You've been pestered and blackmailed and run round by a scoundrel, ma'am, on a perfectly worthless document, and if you were my womenfolks it would be a mighty short period before I'd land him in jail between the two things, that note and the blackmail."

It Stopped the Way Cole Hawkins Managed It—Within a Fraction of an Inch of Where He Wanted It to Be

The woman—this Scarlet Cockatoo, so-called—was up on her feet now.

"Judge, sir," she said in her highest, brightest voice, "you've made me terribly happy, sir. You've told me just the one thing in the world I was hoping and praying to hear. You've saved me—my life again, sir. I never can thank you enough for this, and for everything else. But now," she said, "I've got to go. I'm in a desperate hurry—if I'm going to catch that train!"

"What train?"

"The train up to St. Louis to see that man," she told me.

"But your girl—your Virginia—is she all right to leave now?" I asked her.

"She is, yes," she said. "Perfectly. And if she wasn't I'd have to fix it somehow so I could go. I'd have to go somehow," she said, that sharp, strident tone coming to her voice; that sharp, hard, alert look back, permanent, in her eyes again—the look of a desperate and overextended gambler.

She thanked me again in her hard nervous voice and hurried out, starting to get ready for her St Louis train.

XI

THE next day, the next morning after that, before she arrived back, I had another visitor at my office whom I had not been anticipating. The girl, this so-called White Shoulders, had not appeared, it seemed, at luncheon that noon after I had talked with her mother; but that evening she had been down to dinner, after an all-day session with a furious headache, having had her instructions doubtless to appear in public as early as humanly possible. The next morning after that she was able, it appeared, to get down to my office.

"You oughtn't to have done this, Virginia," I said to her.

"Judge," she answered, "I want to talk to you. To thank you first——"

"Don't," I said, "please, ma'am. I'll take that for granted."

"All right, sir. But I've got to say something, haven't I—to show——"

"If you won't, ma'am," I said. "Please."

"Well, all right," she told me. "But there is another thing, for my own selfish interest, that I want to talk to you about, while she's gone—while I can. I may never have the chance again."

"What's that?" I asked her.

"I want to talk to you about myself, judge," she said, the blood coming up into her pale face; "if you'll let me, sir. I don't want, I can't bear—after what you've done—to have you think—as you must—think I'm either all a bad woman—or a fool."

"My dear girl—my dear Virginia," I tried to say.

"I wanted—if you'd let me—to show you just what a fix I'm in. So you won't think too hard of me, sir, when it all comes out."

"I won't think hard of you, child," I told her. "And your mother's told me all about it!"

"Has she?" she said. "How much? Tell me, please, if you will, judge."

I told her as far as I could, she listening, quiet and silent and white again, with her hands still in her lap—about the dresses, the blackmailer, the whole woman's speculation, as her mother outlined it; and finally I touched in passing the point I didn't understand—the shooting scrape—whatever it was, the boy, Robert Lee, had been in.

"Did she tell you all about that?" the girl asked me.

"No," I answered her. "I did not press her to, naturally."

"Did she tell you what it was about—the shooting?"

"No."

The girl smiled that slow, supposedly indifferent smile of hers.

"No, she wouldn't do that—ever," she told me.

"What was it about?"

"It was about me."

"About you?"

"Yes," she said, "and that's why I wanted to talk to you, judge; to tell you just how things really were, so you'll know when the story—when all the other

(Continued on Page 39)

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(Continued from Page 36)

versions—do come out. And then, too, I'm going to have the unusual luxury of talking about myself. I appreciate it, sir. It's a real rare treat to me," she said, smiling that cold slow smile again.

She was dressed fit to kill, in the gayest of spring garments; she picked up, as she talked, the gay-colored, expensive parasol she had set down beside my desk when she had come in.

"You thought, I expect, sir," she said, "with all the rest, when you first saw us, that we were just two common adventuresses."

"No, ma'am," I began saying, "I certainly ——"

"A sharp adventuress with a big loud-dressed girl. Just two impostors," she broke in; and went on again, before I had any time for denying it.

"Well, you were right, if you did. Even our name, or my name anyhow, is false."

"Your name!" I said after her.

"My name—my father's name—is Pitman."

"Pitman!" I said, remembering, naturally, the anonymous letter and the alleged Pitman murder case. "So your brother ——"

"You are thinking of the shooting, aren't you?" she asked, looking up.

"Maybe I was," I said—"among other things."

"Yes. He was called that—and is still," she said. "We were always—till we had to change—till we came to this last place here. And that's what they call the trial always—back home in Dell County. The Pitman trial—maybe because our folks were so well known always. And that's what they call me—always there still, I expect—that Pitman girl!"

She stopped, motionless—her still, hopeless-looking hands in her white gloves folded over her gay parasol, which lay crosswise in her lap. I let her alone—to talk when she was ready.

"It isn't so easy, judge, after all," she said then, "to tell it. Maybe because I'm not very much used to talking about myself."

"Take your time, Virginia. Take your time, ma'am," I told her.

"I'll tell it to you from the beginning—if you please, sir," she told me.

"Any way," I said

Then she waited a while.

"You've been there, judge," she said finally, "in that part of the state. You know how they run to raising race horses out there—blooded stock."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "That's quite a country for horses, up that way."

"I used to love them when I was a little girl," she said, flushing up again. "And we used to have our own. I used to love to get on them when I had the chance and ride and ride and ride!

"But what I was going to say was that I was like them, I've thought sometimes, in a way. I was reared, in a way, like they were—useless, only for a special purpose."

"For what do you mean?" I asked her.

"For marriage. I was for sale—at a high price. Fancy blooded stock, pedigreed."

She laughed—the harsh, resentful laugh of a woman of fifty.

"Virginia, I don't like to hear you—or any other young girl—talk thataway," I told her.

"Why?" she said, resting her great big eyes on me again. "It's true, isn't it—of all girls, of all women, in a way—with our kind of folks? They've got to find somebody who's willing to support them—to pay out money for having them—all their lives. Only they don't see it—or they don't say it, anyway. They just act it. Their mothers especially. It's like all those big things—death and children and all like that—we don't talk about them, do we? We just go on and take them for granted. And that's the way I've thought about marriage. Maybe I'm wrong. I'm not very old or very wise yet. I haven't thought very deep, I expect."

"You're too old and wise," I thought to myself, looking at her. "You've thought too much—for your age."

If she had seemed still and heavy before, she seemed now anything but that. I sat again waiting for her to go on—when she wanted to.

"Did women always, when you were young, talk of nothing else but dresses and pretty looks and getting engaged and married—and having parties to show them at, like fairs? Is that all they talked about always?" she asked me then.

"I expect they did some, ma'am. A good lot of women are apt to."

"I never remember a time when I didn't hear it all the time—dresses, engagements, marriage. I never remember when I didn't hear my mother talking about a brilliant marriage."

"I've heard that kind of talk myself in my day," I told her.

"That was what I drank in before my alphabet; with my toys, with all the dresses they loaded on me. I've often wondered if it was the same with other little girls. A brilliant marriage. I had no idea what it was, but I was going to have one. I was trained for it—for nothing else in the world—when I was in the nursery. Yes, really—I mean it, judge, sir! With my first ribbons—my first fine little white shoes! That was all I was trained for—all I was good for. And then—when I was almost ready to be what I was reared for—I was spoiled!"

"Spoiled!" I said after her.

"Absolutely. I was spoiled. A waste, for the only thing on God's earth I was made for. With all those dresses, with all she'd spent on me, I was spoiled! I'm absolutely worthless. I'm a waste."

"You," I said, "with your looks, with everything in this world ahead of you, complaining like that. You ought to be ashamed, ma'am. If it was me now at my age, there might be some logic to it."

She looked at me with those great still eyes of hers.

"I'm not complaining, judge. I'm just stating facts. I'm useless—I'm spoiled for the only thing I'm fitted for."

"Useless!"

"I'm raised to be married!"

"Say you are," I told her, "if you want to."

"Nobody could marry me. Nobody could," she said in a low voice—"if they knew!" And she stopped still.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked her finally.

She sat there for a little bit before she started answering. Then I could see her hands tighten on her big parasol again and she started talking.

"This man"—talking slow and looking off—"the first one she started to marry me to, was the richest man in our county. More than twice as old as I was then. I was only seventeen that spring," she said, looking at me now with a kind of appealing look under her big wide hat brim. And then she stopped again.

"How old are you now?" I asked her.

"I'm nineteen," she said, and went on telling me. "He had the most wonderful horses. I love horses. I always did—anything that could go—move fast and be free. You think—you would now—that I'm stupid—that I just love to sit round in fine clothes and look stupid and pose. I don't. I hate it! I hate it! I'm naturally big and strong and active, sir. What I love more than anything in this world, sir, is motion, freedom, horses—something going somewhere! I've had so much of the other thing, I expect, all my life—sitting round, looking nice and pretty.

"Judge," she went on, "he gave me a wonderful time—that Colonel Singleton—with his horses. As far as I knew that was all—everything. If there was anything—anything else—any—any advances on his part—I expect probably I wouldn't have known. I was too much—of just a little girl. All I thought was he gave me a wonderful time with his saddle horses—and that sometime, maybe, so mother said, he'd probably marry me. There'd be a brilliant marriage. I never thought of it or anything else, except in a general sort of far-off way. Or how she was spending all the money she could rake up to dress me with—to make me attractive, so he'd want to have me."

She broke off then for a minute or two.

"I want to ask you something, judge, sir," she said to me, "that I never yet understood. I always wanted to ask somebody—like you—I could trust. Is there nothing that's attractive to a man, really and truly—is a woman nothing to a man but dresses and looks—and—body? Is that all she can possibly be, sir? Tell me honestly. I want to know."

"No. I hope not," I said. "Why?"

"Oh—I don't know. I hate you—all—sometimes!" she said. She stopped while I waited—and then she went on finally with her story.

"This man, it seems, this Colonel Singleton—I didn't know it—how could I? This man was terrible in every way. Only he was rich—for our country! Somebody who would have heaps of money—when you married him. But it seems everybody was wondering—sneering, laughing—about my mother's ever allowing me to go round with him—to say nothing. She was desperate. I suppose—the way we were now—for something—for a brilliant marriage, I believe. She thought I was so wonderful. You know what I mean—she thought so; not I! She thought that when he saw me, dressed the way she dressed me, he'd have to have me—to marry me!"

Her paleness was gone now; her face was flushed. Her great eyes stared into mine.

"Judge," she said, "please. Don't misunderstand me—please. There was nothing, absolutely nothing. He was perfectly nice to me—every way—whatever else he had been to any other woman. Only people laughed and whispered and then finally sneered out loud at her trusting me with that man that way. And finally—they said—the man, when he had been drinking, it seemed, laughed at us—at mother—what a fool she was, the way she was throwing me at him. What he could do, or ought, or might do—with me! Some slandering talk, anyway. And then Robert Lee ——" she said, and stopped, clutching tighter at her parasol and swallowing.

"Robert Lee—my brother, judge—heard of it. He was nothing but a child, judge—a boy, truly! He was just a year older than I was. But you know how it is with Southerners—with Fairborns, and folks like that! All that old-time family pride! He couldn't stand it, sir, when he heard it. So one day, judge, sir, he went and got a pistol, and he went over to this Colonel Singleton's, and he asked him what he'd meant by all this talk. And the colonel just laughed and told him to mind his business and go back to the nursery and roll his hoops. And they got talking and arguing, judge, and Robert Lee just pulled out that revolver and shot him!"

"Shot him!" I said, looking back into her staring eyes.

"Dead. Yes, sir. Dead!" she said, and stopped again.

"Do you see how it was, judge, now?" she asked me. "How he was spoiled—all of us—but I especially. Especially me!"

"Go ahead, ma'am," I said, waiting, staring—"when you feel you want to."

"They tried him, of course; they tried Robert Lee for murder. He was a right prominent man, judge, this Colonel Singleton. Very rich for our country—and with heaps and heaps of powerful friends and relations. They wanted revenge, sir. They wanted to hurt us—every possible way. They wanted to damage us all they could. They had all the money to hire the best lawyers—the most terrible that money could buy! While ours, naturally, was only what we could afford to pay for."

"I know," I said, trying to steady her a little.

"So they tried him—Robert Lee—for murder; and at the same time—I don't understand law, judge; I never did quite understand yet—but they tried me, it seemed like, all the time—more even than they tried Robert Lee. We claimed—our lawyer—you see, judge, that he had slandered me—this man; and so brother was justified—in a way, you know—and being so young, especially!"

"I know."

"But the other people—that head lawyer, that big expensive man ——" she said—and suddenly put her gloved hands to her ears. "I can hear him now—see him—with that terrible hard, harsh, hateful voice—his thin face and eyes that hated you—and red hair and freckles—and that great high, snarling, hateful voice. I can hear him any time ever since, talking, questioning, asking me those dreadful questions—about things I never even heard of, judge! You believe me, judge!" she cried out. "I never heard of such things—in my life!"

I tried to speak to her, but my mouth, I expect, was too dry from sitting staring, listening to the girl's high, hysterical voice.

"For he didn't try—that lawyer—to prove that this man—this Colonel Singleton—hadn't said what it was that made brother shoot him—that slander! He even made it worse than he ever said! He just tried—to claim—it wasn't slander—about me! That what he said about me—couldn't be slander, sir!"

I sat and stared at her. It couldn't be the same girl I had been seeing all those weeks—that silent, inert, what we thought posing, White Shoulders. She couldn't be this woman with dilated eyes and set face that was looking at me, half beside herself with that memory.

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"It wasn't true, judge. It wasn't. You believe that, don't you? Or I couldn't be saying this to you. I couldn't! Why, judge—I didn't—even know such things. They only did it—for revenge—for hate of us. The jury said so, judge. They sentenced Robert Lee—for a short term—they had to; but they acquitted me. They went out of their way to. For it was me—it was me that was being tried then—even more than he was. Was being hinted at and jeered and flouted—and held up—and asked these hideous questions—by that hideous, thin-faced, snarling lawyer, with those little greenish eyes, like a nasty cat—that hateful voice—asking me—talking about me—using names! Oh, judge, how can they! How could they let people say such things in court—to other folks—about other people—those lawyers—when courts are supposed to be for justice—and truth!"

"You poor child," I said, remembering other women in other witness boxes. "But they acquitted you, you say," I told her, saying what I could think of.

"They acquitted me, yes; they did really—in what the jury went out of the way to say about me. But what was the use?"

"The use?" I said after her.

"They could acquit and acquit and acquit. It would be all just the same. I was spoiled just the same for the only thing I was made for—for myself. Smeared—all over my soul and body!"

Her hands fell back limp and hopeless into her lap again. "Oh, what's the use?" she said in a voice not of a girl but of a hopeless woman of fifty. "What's the use? I said I'd never do like that again!"

She stopped a minute then, controlled herself and went on finally in a quieter voice again.

"All it was, judge, I wanted to show you," she said, "was I was spoiled. I was done for before I started—for the only thing I was fitted for—trained for—expected to do. They came from all over Dell County for that trial—like they do—for a holiday. I was stripped bare, smeared, dragged before them. I had a name that was common—that they whispered and laughed at on street corners! You know men do—some men—and women too! Even the commonest girl of the meanest white trash in the county was more—more salable for marriage than I was. I was spoiled—ruined—for any man to marry."

She stopped now for a minute and gave a short quick kind of dreadful laugh.

"You know how it is with fine horses, judge," she said. "My mind always goes back to that, I expect. I always loved horses so. I remember when we had one when I was little—a young colt we were raising to be a great race horse, we thought. It fell—not by its own fault either—by the fault of a trifling, foolish groom we had—and broke its leg. You know what they do with horses—with a colt like that—when it's no use any more!"

"Don't!" I said.

"I shouldn't, judge," she said. "That's excusing myself—for what I just started to do. I'm going to get the better of that—only sometimes it seems so hopeless. And that trial, of course that wasn't all—that was only the beginning."

"You don't have to go on," I said, "if you don't feel like it. I can see—a little—from this on. From what your mother said."

"No, judge," she said, "that's what I'm here for—to tell you. Because—well, because I think you ought to know—after everything. It's only right you should, sir. Because I want you to, sir—and it's a satisfaction to me to tell it to you, to have somebody understand I'm not quite either a knave or a fool, sir. Especially after all these months of sitting silent, masquerading.

"You see how it was, sir," she went on. "I was spoiled—hopelessly spoiled. Instead of being worth something to my mother—to the family, after all its going down, all the terrible expense of that trial—I was just a detriment and an expense. I was worse than that really, you can see, judge, probably, if you think. I was worse because my mother—is what she is. Not so bad really, judge. She means well, but she never can understand about me, truly. She'd planned, I expect, so much, all those years that she had nothing—and expected so much for me. And then too, you understand, sir," she told me, a faint smile coming on her lips again. "You must remember she's a Fairborn, sir, and Fairborns never give up—fight to the last ditch, sir."

"We have a great plenty of Fairborns in the South," I said. "That's one thing they can't say—that we lack courage."

"No, sir," she answered. "But even mother could see I couldn't marry—not in Dell County—now. And so ——"

"She got out and came away," I broke in, meaning to save her what I could. "Your mother told me about that."

"Yes. So she decided to take me somewhere else—where it wasn't known—where what she calls my—my good looks ——"

"Your great and remarkable beauty, ma'am," I told her.

"Whatever it is!" she said. "But then, naturally, we had to have dresses."

"And she got involved and tied up with this dressmaker," I said, "the way she told me."

"Yes. And then we went on to Louisville," she said, and stopped; and I stopped.

"I wonder if you can understand—if anybody can understand," she asked me finally, "how I felt then. I had just been through that thing—that trial. I was sore, bruised all over. There was only one thing in the world I wanted to do: to run and hide and hide and hide! Instead ——" she said, and stopped again.

"She brought you forward," I said, helping her.

"Instead, judge, I was stood up—for sale. Before every eye she could get on me. I could hear her talking, chattering—about me, my hair, my clothes, my shoulders! I don't want to blame my mother, judge. She is a good woman—she means well. She thinks what she does is right, I expect. Only she was reared that way—thinking of nothing but clothes and looks and marriage—that's all—like a lot of others! And she was nervous and high-strung and all excited by what happened. And she's not herself, truly—not the way you saw her, judge—chattering so. She's not the way she used to be. But she kept on, though, just the same, talking, chattering, just the same about me. When all I wanted all the time was to be buried—covered up somewhere! And all the time, too, I knew it was so perfectly useless—what she was trying to do. That sooner or later it would catch up with her—the real truth—what I was. It was all so perfectly silly and useless—and so dishonest."

"Dishonest?"

"If anybody had really married me—and found out afterward—the way she meant to do!"

I sat and watched her till she went on again.

"But what could I do—with her, and Robert Lee—everybody fixed like they were—everything gone smash with us? And she always with the same old idea in her head that I could help get us all out—the family—by marrying—making that old brilliant marriage she always talked and dreamed about. Could I help going on—when she begged so—and talked to me—telling me after all that it had happened, in a way, on account of me—that Robert Lee had acted just to protect me and the Fairborn honor?

"And then, too, after all, what difference did it make? I was gone—nothing anyway now!"

She stopped, staring at the wall across from her.

"Did you ever have that dream—that dream they say almost everybody has sometime—of running—without your clothes on—through some public place? Some strange dreadful public place—trying, trying to hide—and you can't! And all the people whispering and pointing their fingers at you?"

"I have, yes," I said. "I expect everybody has—sometime in their lives."

"Then you know how I felt, in a way—day after day, waiting—for that thing—that trial over again—that shame—to come again. If it had been any use, judge. If it hadn't been so perfectly silly from the first. If it hadn't been so sure to come out.

"And then it came—right away—it came out in Louisville—from that dressmaker, that disgusting Gluber. But you can't blame him, either, judge, can you?"

"Why not?" I asked, keeping my eye always on her—her serious, tragic face, her expensive clothes, her gay parasol in her lap not yet paid for—all still technically the property of A. Gluber, Costumer.

"According to his lights," she said. "For I don't doubt, judge, that mother gave him some mighty queer ideas about our property—how much we had!"

I nodded, and she went on, seeing that I understood.

"And you can't blame her for that, either. That's the strange thing to me, how everything's happened—always so natural—just according to what kind of folks we all were and this man, this Gluber, was. That was his regular business—doing what he did; that was what he had always done—scaring women."

"Scaring women?"

"Yes. Selling clothes to women whose husbands wouldn't give them what they wanted; to stage women; and other women, I expect, judge, not so good. Selling them more than they ought to have and then scaring them every way—by threatening, by telegraphing, by writing anonymous letters about anything he could—to people they just couldn't have know. It's strange," she said, "how things happened—how they go against you out of nothing," she said; and stopped, thinking.

"And so this dressmaker," I said finally, "drove you out of Louisville."

"Yes," she answered, waking up, "by those letters. And so we changed our name back to mother's and came here to this smaller town, thinking Gluber wouldn't know—wouldn't find us maybe. Though I knew—I was always sure myself—he would," she said.

"We had just this little bit of money left—these few hundreds of dollars—I don't know exactly how much! And she had sold everything in Dell County now—she had to. We'd burned our bridges all behind us, judge. She'd just bet all she had—all we any of us had—on that same old thing, that brilliant marriage for me that she'd never had for herself.

"Well," she said, "judge, that's all! I expect you know the rest—how we came here—and about Mr. Gordon. How he—fancied me—and was going—to take me! And that was worse, judge."

"Worse?"

"It was cheating—about me. Think how it would have been when he found out—about me, as he would have to, some day. Think how you'd feel—in my place. Not just being sold, but cheating—when you sold yourself. But I didn't care by that time. I was too desperate, I expect—too tired out, too kind of numb all over, sir, to care about anything then. And mother couldn't see, anyway—and she was desperate too, I expect."

I thought of them while she was speaking—the two strange, strange-acting women—this White Shoulders and the Scarlet Cockatoo—how they had set us wondering and the women whispering in the corners.

"And then finally," she was going on, "that day came along—that day of victory. For me!" she said, stopping in a short hard laugh again. "And then you know how that Gluber came at the end—and I saw him there!"

"Didn't she prepare you?" I asked her. "Your mother? Didn't she give you any warning?"

"No, sir. She didn't expect him to stay; he told her he wouldn't. She thought she had it all arranged. And then he stayed to make sure."

"Sure?"

"About Captain Gordon—about my engagement—if it was the way she said! She'd told him—promised him so much in the past, I expect, he thought he'd stay to see!"

"To see?"

"About announcing my engagement."

"Then it was true?"

"What?"

"That you were going to announce it that day?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "But not now—that's all done of course. If she had only told me, warned me," she went on, "I could have stood it, I believe. But all at once, to look down into that face—to see it all rising up again—that man—that time in Louisville—that trial—and that lawyer with the red hair and those little green eyes and that voice, asking me those terrible questions, judge. I heard it all—I went through it all over again in those thirty seconds before I fainted then, sir. I couldn't stand it, that's all."

She stopped a minute.

"And then you know—mother told you—the letters started again, like they did at Louisville. And then I did that foolish thing—that caused you so much trouble and danger—that I'm here to apologize for to you, sir."

"Apologize?" I said.

"Yes, sir, apologize a thousand times. For I oughtn't to have done it, sir, I know. To have made you all that trouble—and to do that myself! To lay down and quit, sir. I'm utterly ashamed of what I did. To quit like that—especially, sir, when you're a Fairborn," she said, with a slow kind of smile, half mocking and half serious, coming on her face again.

"You certainly," I told her, "don't have to apologize to me, Virginia."

She sat looking off a while before answering me.

"There is one thing though, judge," she said, "that I reckon I might say for myself. Not to excuse myself—nothing could do that. But I do want to say to you, sir, that I didn't do that that night—I didn't set out to do it purposely. In a way it just happened by impulse.

"It's nights, judge," she went on explaining after a little while more; "they're the worst; that I go over that trial again, sir. Especially that lawyer talking about me. I can see him so, in the dark—hear his voice—those questions—those names he called me. I expect he made scars all over me! Not my body; deeper down. And when I get started hearing him, judge, in the dark, quite often I get up and light the gas—to stop it, sir."

"I understand," I said, studying her.

"Well, sir," she went on, "all it was, sir, was that that night, after mother went, I got to hearing him especially bad. He was talking again especially bad about me; and I got to crying—and all worn out. I cried for an hour or so, and then I got up finally to light the gas."

"Yes," I prompted her after a while.

"And when I turned it on, the match, sir, went out—through carelessness—before I could light it. And then I thought—the thought came to me, what if I didn't? What if I didn't light it?" she said, after sitting thinking a minute. "And then—I didn't—that's all! I didn't light it. I just hurried back and stumbled over a chair and crawled into bed and pulled the sheets over my head like I did when I was a little girl—and waited!"

"And left the window open!" I said, understanding that part at last.

"Wasn't it silly, judge?" she said. "I didn't think of that or anything, except how miserable I was. How I couldn't keep on and go through that—be stripped bare again—before everybody—for nothing!"

"You poor child," I said to her. For that's all she was, I could see now naturally—a poor desperate-driven child in the body of a woman.

"I don't mean," she answered me after a minute or so more, "to excuse myself. I can't. But I really didn't set out to do it. I think you ought to know that. And I certainly won't do it over again. I want you to know that too. For I want your good opinion, sir—as far as I can have it. For I value it a great heap, sir—especially after what you've done for me. And I wanted to acquaint you, before it all comes out some way, sir, with what little excuse I had for doing what I did—and just the fix I found myself in. I wanted to show you just what I said at first was true. I'm spoiled—just like I told you I was at first—for living, for the only thing I was ever made fit for—for marrying—for looks. I can't marry, it's foolish to think so. Nobody could now—but just my mother!

"But on the other hand, judge," she said, "I've found out another thing. I can't hope to live, really, ever—and be happy like other women are. I know that. But I can't honorably die, either. I haven't got the right to die—my life don't belong to me—not with mother and Robert Lee fixed the way they are—with the possibility that somehow some strange miracle might happen—about me, for them!"

"Where is he now?" I asked her.

"Who?"

"Robert Lee—your brother?"

"He's in prison, sir. Penitentiary—for just a short term. He'll be out, sir, very soon now—and he'll have to be helped all we can—to start all over again. He never was a very strong-acting boy—mother spoiled him!"

"Let me ask you, Virginia," I said, "what do you expect you can do now?"

"I'm going on, I expect," she said, with the stolid hopeless look settling back again on her face, "till this thing breaks out again some way. But in the meanwhile I won't think until it happens. I've had enough of thinking—I can't any more, judge. I'm just going on till it comes."

"Your mother," I made the suggestion, "has gone up to St. Louis."

(Continued on Page 42)

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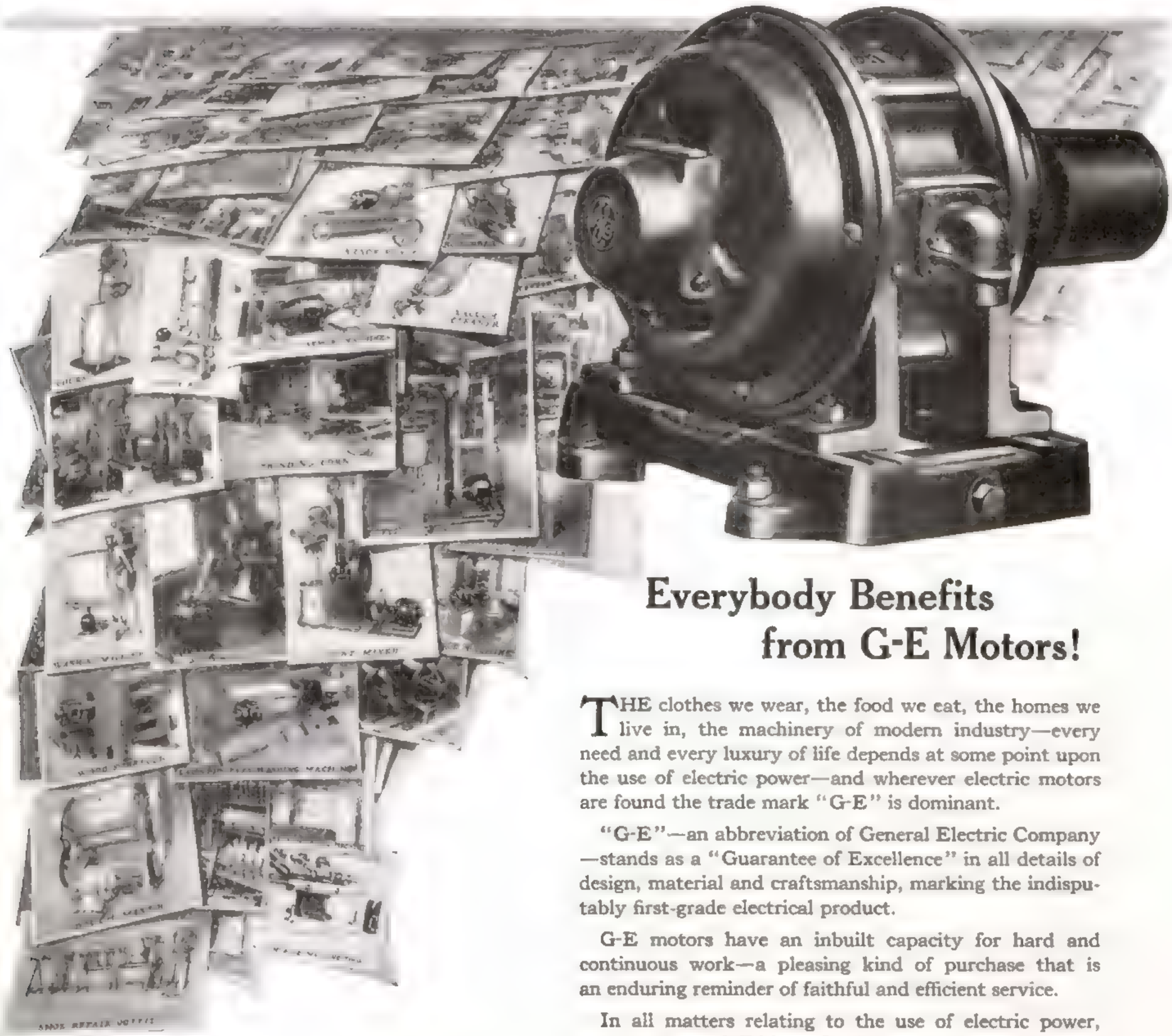

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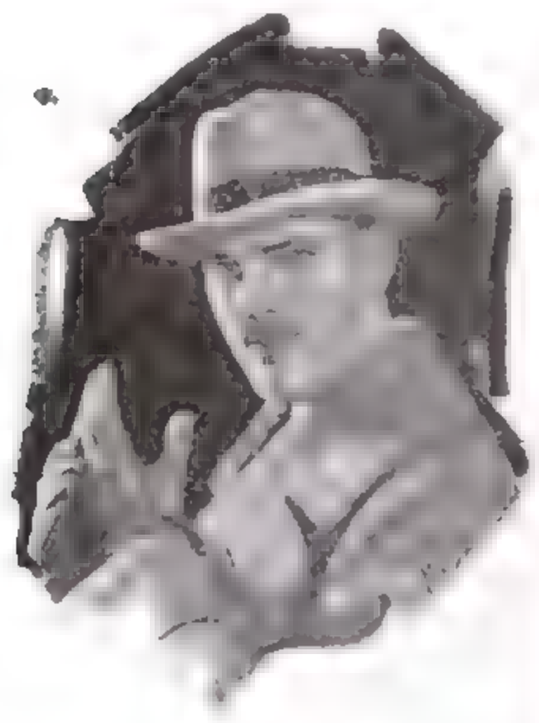

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(Continued from Page 40)

"Yes, sir. She thinks she can put him off—that Gluber—some way."

"I figured that would be it," I said.

"Yes, sir. But even if she does, what can we do?"

"I want to ask you something more, Virginia, if you will permit me," I said, making a guess at what she was thinking. "If you will permit a man old enough to be your grandfather, Virginia. Let me ask you a kind of delicate question."

"Go ahead, sir," she said, setting her big eyes on me.

"Your money," I said—"how is that going to hold out?"

"It's getting pretty low, sir," she told me.

"Now I've heard what you told me, Virginia," I began to tell her, "with a lot of interest and sympathy, ma'am, and while I don't know now just what I can do, I'm going to help you—all I can."

"You've helped me, sir," she told me. "More'n you should already."

"No," I said. "Far from it, ma'am," I told her. "And as I was going to say to you, I don't see just what other way I could be of any great service to you, ma'am—in any big way, like I'd like to be. But there's one way I can see. If I can be of any pecuniary assistance to you, at any time, ma'am ——" I said.

"Judge, I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I gave you the impression, sir ——" she said, starting to get up.

"No, ma'am. No impression about it. I simply thought—if I could help!"

She stood there looking at me under her big straw hat brim.

"I'm obliged to you, judge," she said. "I certainly am. But there won't be anything you can do. It'll be all out and all over in just a little while now. And then we'll be through!"

"Maybe, then," I told her, "you might need help of some kind more than ever."

And then she thanked me and refused again. "Nobody can help us, judge," she said. "Not really, sir. Nothing. Nothing but a miracle."

"Will you do this, anyhow?" I asked her. "Will you let me know, from time to time, how things are going with you?"

"Yes, sir, I will," she said finally. "I'll do that—and mighty gladly too. But that wasn't what I came here for, sir—not to beg or borrow any help from you, sir. I came here—to thank—to thank you—and to apologize. And to show you just the fix I was in. That I wasn't quite so bad, maybe, as I looked to you—and might look later, when this thing will all be coming out. That I wasn't—as bad—as everybody will try to say. That neither of us, sir, is really so bad ——" She stopped—for the simple reason she couldn't go on.

"Virginia, my child," I said, "I want to tell you something," I said. "I've lived a long while, my girl, and I've seen a good many folks. And I haven't sat watching men and women all my life without knowing a good woman when I see one. I may look that way. But I'm no such fool as that, ma'am. I like you. I'm sorry for you. I'm going to help you somehow. And I'm free to say so, ma'am."

And after that—after she broke down a little bit, the way women do—she went away again, with her face still and impassive and growing pale again. I saw her from my window going on down the street with her fine clothes and hat and big bright-figured parasol—that weren't paid for. And all the men turning and looking at her as she walked along, not looking at them or anything else in particular; thinking, I expect, in spite of herself, of what was coming next—of the snare she was in and couldn't get out of.

Then as I stood there in my window looking I heard down the street back of her a familiar noise—the barking of that child of hell, that great racing machine of Cole Hawkins. It came up and stopped by the curb beside where the girl was walking on alone—stopped the way Cole Hawkins managed it—within a fraction of an inch of where he wanted it to be.

He spoke to her, and after a minute more she got in and they drove off—sweeping round, turning back under my window again. She was smiling at him, I could see—a real genuine smile, the smile of a young girl.

The men on the sidewalk stopped to look at them.

XII

THE day following that the mother was back from her trip—her trip on business to her old home town, as she told our curious friends at the boarding house.

"You didn't mention St. Louis to anyone, did you, judge?" she said to me that afternoon when she was in my office again.

"Madam," I said, "you can trust me, I expect, that much—in business matters, anyhow."

"I knew that, judge. I assumed that, sir," she told me. "But if you had it would have been utterly my fault, for I neglected to say one word to you about it."

"How did you come out, ma'am," I asked her, "on your mission?"

"Judge," she said, her face lighting up like I hadn't seen it for days, not since before the day of victory, anyhow, "you did me another very great favor, sir, in that opinion you gave me. The greatest favor, I believe, I ever had done to me. I went right to him—to Gluber—and told him just what you said I ought to do to him over that contract."

I watched her. Her voice was more real and genuine—less forced; her eyes were brighter—even the color on her hat and the rouge on her cheeks looked so.

"What did he do?" I asked her. "Cancel the whole thing?"

"Well, no, sir," she said. "Not exactly that! But something just as good. I made a kind of compromise."

"I don't want to be inquisitive, ma'am," I said after a minute, "but what is something just as good—if you don't mind about telling me? Did he cut it down—the amount of your debt?"

"Well, no, sir," she said, with a little hitch. "But he did something just as good—for me. He's arranged to wait for me—till I get the money handy."

"Well, ma'am," I held on, "I don't want to be officious, but wouldn't it have been better—wouldn't you have made better terms if you'd been represented by a lawyer in that?"

"Let me ask you something back, on that same line," she said, looking up with those sharp black eyes of hers, "before I answer that. If you'd been in that case—as a lawyer—wouldn't you have insisted on his getting out, giving up everything on that claim?"

"I might—very likely."

"That's just it. That's just what I wouldn't take the risk of—of getting him so he might go and write those letters again—which you could never prove he did. Spoil everything for us!"

"If you went at him right," I started to say, thinking how women always handled a thing like that—"if you went at that kind—threatened him with what would happen ——"

"Besides," she said, breaking in, "I got what I wanted, anyway. I've got it fixed—I've made a new bargain, so I won't have to pay till it's convenient for me, anyway. Time—that's the one thing I had to have, judge."

Her eyes looked up into mine again—a sharp, feverish look, like any other gambler's, I thought to myself. "When it's convenient—when will that be?" I wondered to myself, but I didn't ask her that, naturally—if she didn't want to tell me by herself.

"You threatened him with criminal suit?" I asked her.

"Yes, sir," she answered. "And got just the bargain that I wanted, thanks to you, sir!"

"Bargain," I thought to myself. "I wonder what?" But that was for her to state of course—not for me to ask.

"Well, madam," I said, getting up, "I hope I've been of some service, and I'm glad you're satisfied—and I'll watch how you come out with more than ordinary interest, ma'am."

If she didn't want to take me into her confidence about her future plans, that was her right, but it seemed to me then it was fairly obvious that she was excited with her old hopes once more—her expectations for the girl; on general principles, perhaps, but more likely now in a particular quarter. I wondered then if she didn't have her eye on another possibility—the possibility that seemed to me so remote then—that young devil, Cole Hawkins. He was—not entirely unknown to the world—engaged now in dragging that girl round in that car of his, that child of hell—giving her a good time, for pity's sake, for being sorry for her, like he had said he would. But nothing certainly seemed less likely to me than any hope for the girl in that direction—if that was what the woman had now in her feverish imagination. Not with a boy with just his angle on women—and the only relation with the only kind of women that that wild harum-scarum kind establishes—especially when they are as reckless as he had been since the war.

But I said nothing. After all, what business was it of mine, especially if the woman, this Mrs. Fairborn, or Mrs. Pitman, or the Scarlet Cockatoo—whatever you wanted to call her—chose to push me out of her affairs, as she had in making her new arrangement, which she had only told me part of—the part she wanted me to know? But naturally now I could not help watching this new and not entirely open turn in her speculation as it developed—if it could develop.

The group in Mrs. Tusset's—the watching, whispering women and their secret-service agent, Cupid Calvert—were, I could see, not inactive in investigating the matter along whatever lines of research they could establish. They were trying St. Louis now, I gathered, from several things I overheard; but, I judged by what I caught, with poor success. Being on the inside myself, it was more or less amusing to see them groping round upon the matter.

I was, if the exact truth is required, not without curiosity myself—not only as to the outcome but the details of the whole rather extraordinary case.

It just so happened that I was in Louisville that month, invited up to make a speech there before the state bar association, and I inquired round, and after dinner I found there was a man there—an attorney from round Dell County or that end of the state; and I satisfied my curiosity to the point of asking him about the Pitman case and the part that this girl, this White Shoulders, had taken in it. He bore her story out in all particulars.

"That case, sir," he said to me, "was a crime against civilization. This Singleton—this Colonel Singleton, he called himself—was a bad lot—a bad actor, as they speak of them to-day. He was in politics some—and business—and he had a lot of relations and friends and political debtors. The old clan spirit was in the thing, sir, naturally. It would be—in this case. They were out—just as the girl told you—to wreck them—to get revenge, any way possible. And they worked it so that they went outside and got a special prosecutor to help out the local man.

"You know, I expect, judge, even better than I do, how it is in these small back counties, where nobody's got much on his mind for amusement—especially after the crops are in—in court times. A trial like that ain't a trial; it's more like a horse race. All—everybody turns out and drives in, and they all take sides one way or the other. It was worse—this one—more of it in this case than I ever saw, sir.

"They went outside, sir, the prosecution, like I told you—to make sure. And they imported this special man from outside—an unprincipled pup. If I'd seen my way to it he'd been disbarred long ago. Vitriolic—makes a specialty of vitriol. You know the kind. There's nothing he would hesitate to bring up or put a witness through. And the more he says about them the more it seems to infuriate him against them, until he gets beside himself—in the kind of orgy of fury against a witness that our courts too often allow a lawyer like that. An indulgence of a personal taste for cruelty about as brave and noble and as dangerous to the man involved as a drunken poor white beating his wife in a lonely backwoods cabin. But, you know the kind of lawyer I mean, judge, without specifications."

I nodded. I had seen them operating, naturally—plenty of them.

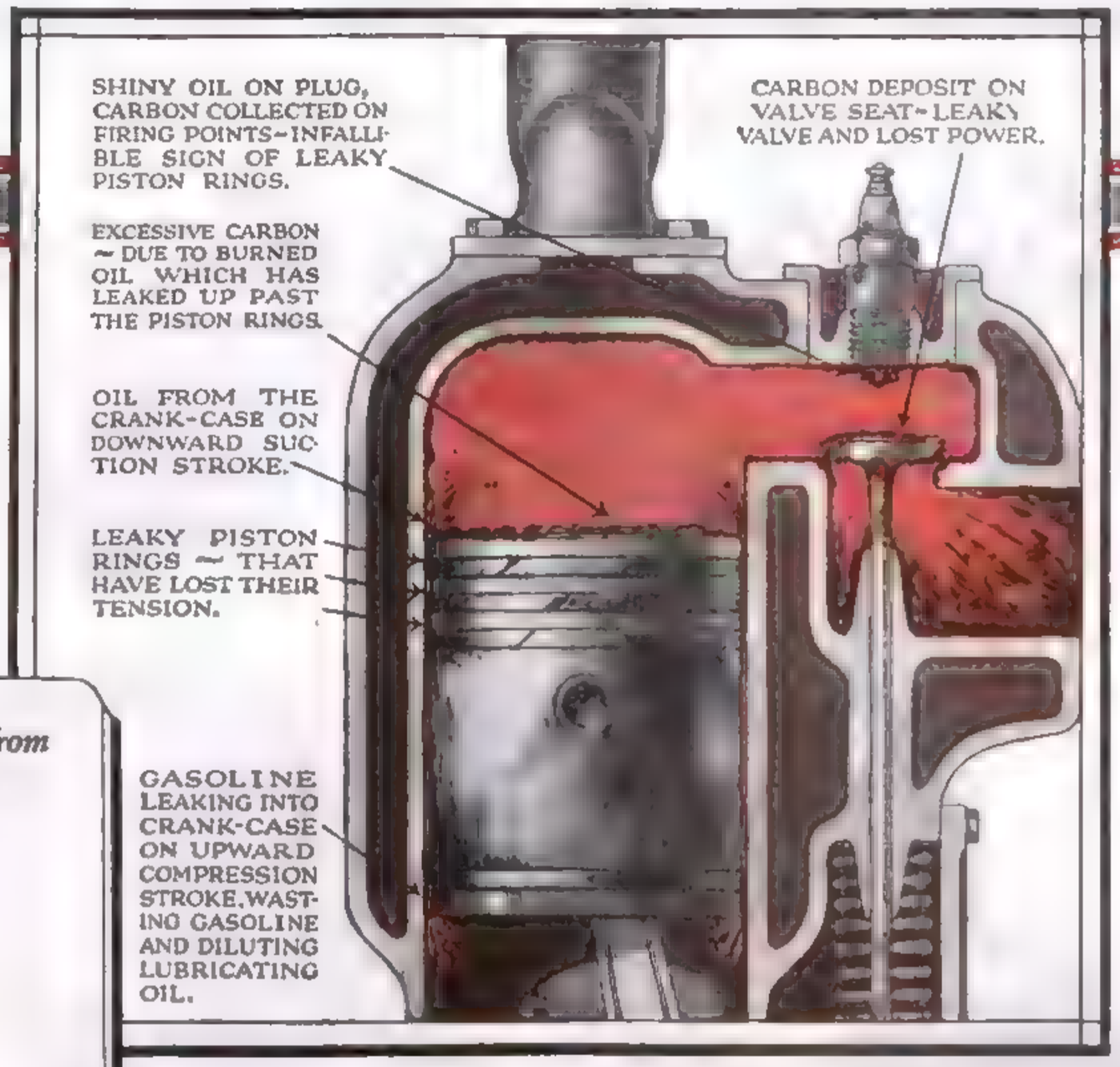
"Well, sir," he said, "the theory of the prosecution—this man's theory of the case—was that the whole thing was a cold-blooded murder, arising out of a family conspiracy to force this man to marry the girl. And naturally they bent everything possible toward proving that—the actions of everybody involved. And to tell the truth there was some superficial corroboration of that theory in the mother's acts. Everybody knew in the district how she'd thrown the girl at him—and had laughed at it for months. But when it came to the boy and the girl herself, there was nothing—not a scintilla of evidence—against her. And that made it worse for her in a way."

"Worse?" I said.

"Yes. For the less his theory worked out in the case the more this Fingart, this red-headed vermin of an attorney, went after her. There was nothing conceivable, sir, he didn't put that girl through.

(Continued on Page 45)

Engine troubles caused by inferior piston rings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CARBON DEPOSIT ON VALVE SEAT—LEAKY VALVE AND LOST POWER.
EXCESSIVE CARBON — DUE TO BURNED OIL WHICH HAS LEAKED UP PAST THE PISTON RINGS.
OIL FROM THE CRANK-CASE ON DOWNWARD SUCTION STROKE.
LEAKY PISTON RINGS — THAT HAVE LOST THEIR TENSION.
GASOLINE LEAKING INTO CRANK-CASE ON UPWARD COMPRESSION STROKE, WASTING GASOLINE AND DILUTING LUBRICATING OIL.

Troubles that result from leaky piston rings

Loss of compression
Dirty spark plugs—misfiring
Carbon accumulation
Engine knocks
Overheating
Pre-ignition
Pitted valves
Scored cylinders
Wasted oil
Smoky exhaust
Wasted gasoline
Dilution of lubricating oil
Excessive wear on bearings
LOSS OF POWER

What's the answer?

"THE AUTOMOBILE ENGINEER," *London* — a recognized and leading authority on mechanical subjects, says:—

> "The best way of getting gas tightness is to obtain a ring properly calculated and properly manufactured, of high tensile cast-iron, fitted to make a close joint in the cylinder under working temperature, and *hammered* to give even radial distribution of pressure."

American Hammered Piston Rings fulfill every one of these requirements. They are leakless — *permanently.*

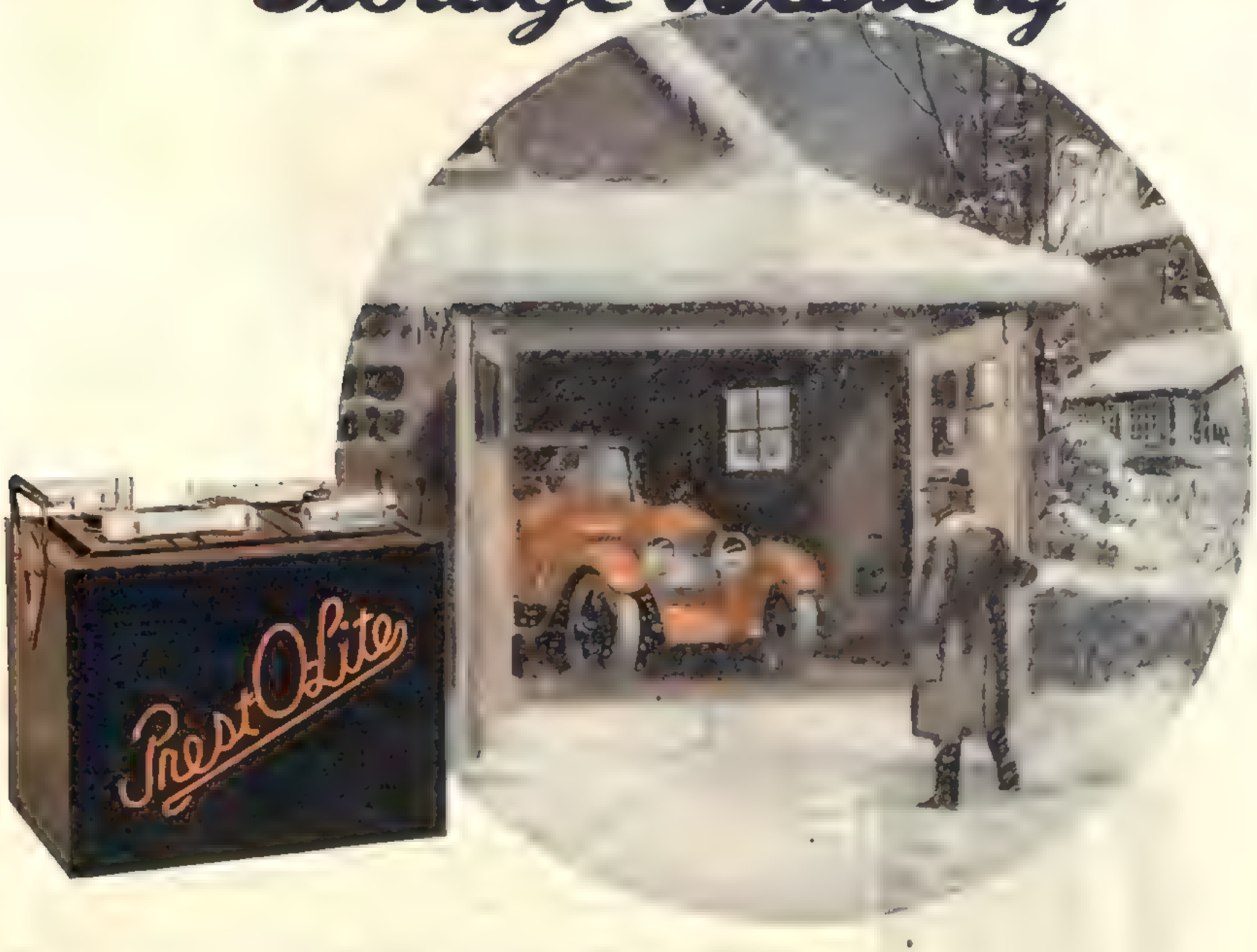
American Hammered Piston Rings

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, *Baltimore, Maryland*
Export Department, 47 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

Prest-O-Lite

STARTING & LIGHTING

Storage Battery



Whew—but it's cold!

WHEN oil is congealed—when gasoline vaporizes slowly—only a battery of *unusual* power and vitality can stand the strain of spinning that cold, stiff engine till she takes the spark.

Prest-O-Lite is *the* battery of supreme power and endurance—*a load* of power for the heaviest starting demand—*surplus* power for constant starting, lighting and ignition service—through all the months and seasons of its long and useful life.

At the New York and Chicago Shows, the number of Prest-O-Lite equipped cars is a tribute to Prest-O-Lite Battery Power.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, INC., Carbide and Carbon Building, 30 East 42nd St., New York.
Eighth & Brannan Sts., San Francisco, Cal. *In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto*

PB-31 3M

Service and Sales Stations everywhere: U. S. A., Canada, Foreign Countries

(Continued from Page 42)

It makes my gorge rise now to think of it, and what that damn political judge they had permitted. By gad, sir, the girl wasn't but seventeen—and like a child.

"Finally, of course, this man Fingart overreached himself. The jury not only gave the boy the lightest possible sentence but they went outside their province and said something about the girl—disapproving the attacks and insinuations on her—till the judge stopped them.

"But that—you know about how much good that did. They'd acquitted her, you could say, but what good was that to her now? After all, men are a little sensitive about what folks are going to say about the woman they are going to marry. And you know what a lawyer can do with a few questions! There was no more evidence against her than the Angel Gabriel. But for all that, she was made as public as the town jail, and a young man round there was about as apt to marry her as the public hangman.

"The girl," he went on, "was undoubtedly free and clean—and the boy too—from anything the prosecution claimed—from any idea of conspiracy. But the mother, of course, was different—in a way. There was no doubt that she hoped the man would marry the girl for her looks."

"Did you know that—the mother?"

"Leonora Fairborn!" he told me. "I should say I did! I was raised with her. A lightweight—a bunch of ribbons. She never grew over sixteen years old."

"She means well enough, I expect, from what little I've seen of her," I said.

"Well, yes, she means well. But she never grew up. They don't—that kind. I tell you, judge," he went on—I could see he was quite a bit of a theorist—"I always held that there's not more than one woman in three that's capable of bearing and rearing a child—especially a female child—and especially the mothers that have been raised up and filled with that balderdash, Sir Walter Scott romance, that's been such a curse and a detriment to the women of our generation and our section in general. After so long, I always claimed, the court ought to step in in about every two out of three cases and take the child away from them on the ground that the mother is mentally, morally and sentimentally incompetent to rear it. Like this case of the Parmans!"

"I expect the woman was desperate," I said—"the way things turned out with her, if I understand it right, after she married poorly herself."

"Yes. You can say that for her. She did marry for love, for romance, herself. And from all accounts Bob Pitman wasn't exactly a capital prize in the marriage lottery," he told me. "And after a while, I believe, it got to be a kind of obsession with her—marrying off that girl right. I'll be mighty interested seeing how she works out this present campaign that you've been telling me about," he said.

"She's a resourceful and vigorous speculator in matrimony," I told him.

"Desperate!"

"That's it," I told him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING A SALESMAN

(Continued from Page 14)

month more there was an awful scene. The merchant said he would go broke if he had to pay that much more rent. He claimed he was not making any money, anyhow, on account of high expenses. He said, too, that he was overstocked and was paying interest on a lot of notes which he had given his creditors to keep them from suing him.

"Any amateur knows that is a wasteful manner of doing business, and I didn't fail to tell the crockery man a few things about the theory of merchandising. I told him that the first principle of success is in paying cash for all purchases, thus securing the advantage of the cash discount.

"At that he burst out at me with the question as to how he was going to discount his bills if he didn't have the money to do it with. I simply ignored that query, telling him it was his business, not mine; I was simply interested in collecting more rent. But I did demand to know why he had bought so much merchandise as to get overstocked.

"His answer was the most surprising thing you ever heard. He claimed it was all on account of the traveling men. He said different ones would come along, all friends of his and all anxious to sell him, talking brightly how good business was going to be, and the first thing he knew he had bought more goods than he ought. If the salesmen had just left him alone, he said, he would not be in such a fix, and probably could stand a raise in rent. But as it was, he vowed he would put on an auction and sell out before he would pay two hundred dollars a month more."

The young teacher of economics had got himself quite wrought up over his subject. He leaned forward and poked me on the arm to accentuate his conclusion.

"I went round town and tried to find another tenant willing to pay my price for the place," he said, "but failed to get anyone. So I finally compromised with the crockery man and let him stay by paying me half the raise I had counted on. He has taken his boy out of school and put him to work in the store, which will save the salary of a clerk, so I guess he will be able to stand the increase all right.

"Maybe you can see now," the young lecturer finished, "why I feel as I do about traveling men. They're nothing but parasites. If it hadn't been for them I could have got another hundred dollars a month out of that crockery man. Our family wanted a new car this year, too, and we didn't get it just because of this loss."

The Pullman porter loitering near had become very much interested in the matter, earnestly digesting the words that fell from the young man's lips and looking especially impressed whenever the speaker mentioned that his family was a large owner of business property. Choosing a time when the young economist's attention was momentarily diverted, I slipped out on him, leaving him to finish his theories on an audience of one colored porter, who might be relied on to be attentive and polite, and at proper moments to say "Yes, sir, boss."

The town of my destination was on a branch road, forty miles from the main line, in the center of one of the irrigation projects which are helping to make the former American desert an important factor in production. The transition from sand to plowed ground is so sudden as to be almost dramatic. One minute the passenger looks out the car window and sees practically no growing thing: another look and he is going through country hardly different in appearance from the most productive parts of New Jersey or Maryland. There are fruit trees on every side, truck patches, wheat fields, good-looking farmhouses and macadamized roads. The little irrigation ditches skirt the edges of the fields everywhere, sometimes appearing as though they carried water uphill. No one has to lie awake nights hoping for a rain on the morrow which will revive the drooping crops and make it possible to pay the interest on the mortgage. When the farmer wants water he simply sticks a wide board into the irrigation ditch to act as a dam and the water floods over on the field without any other help.

But towns which are located forty miles down a branch line in Idaho do seem rather remote. Some of the traveling men I had seen on the station platform a hundred miles back were on my car, and I wondered what lines of merchandise they could be selling; farm implements, I thought, or groceries or shoes, and maybe some fancy goods for the women's section of the general store. I was to learn afterward that one of the traveling men carried a line of hand-painted china out of Chicago and another was a ring manufacturer from Newark.

The town has, according to the recent census, a population of eight thousand; but I was assured by everyone that it was really much larger, because there were so many people living just outside of the corporate limits. Main Street certainly did not appear like the business section of a frontier community. There were plate glass and marble store fronts, ladies' ready-to-wear establishments, millinery stores so up to

Why manufacturers prefer this shipping container:

It is always over-test

THE EDDICASE—both solid fibre and corrugated—is made from Eddy stock that must test far in excess of standard railroad requirements before the box can leave the factory.

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Built complete in the Eddy Paper Company's huge paper mills where every process in the manufacture—pulp to final printing—is Eddy-owned.

Result—Uniform high quality
Unequaled service
Promises fulfilled
Long-headed economy.

Your inquiry, mail or wire, is the first step towards shipping satisfaction.

EDDY PAPER CO.
Three Rivers, Michigan
Chicago: Conway Building New York: Fifth Ave. Bldg.

EDDICASE
The Over-test Shipping Container

SOLID FIBRE CORRUGATED

date that they displayed only one hat in each show window, and jewelry displays of platinum wedding rings and fourteen-carat lingerie clasps.

It was Saturday, and things were stirring. Main Street was parked full of automobiles and the clerks in all the stores were on the jump. In the afternoon there was a football game between the local high-school eleven and an outfit from another town down the branch line. The game finished, Main Street was invaded by the younger social set waving banners, crowding the soda-water counters and loudly giving the town yell. It was a well-dressed crowd too. The boys had coats that curved in properly at the waist and the girls wore cloaks with high, outstanding collars and capes, exactly like those worn by their sisters in New Haven, Nashville, St. Paul or Shreveport.

Late that evening I sat in the office of a leading merchant talking over my impression of his town. He was frankly proud of the place he had seen develop from sagebrush beginnings in less than fourteen years. He has both the town and rural viewpoint, because he lives on a farm five miles out, and looks forward to turning the store over to his son in a year or two and spending the rest of his life farming.

"I think a great many people do not appreciate the value of good retail stores to a community," said the merchant. "To some thinkers the retail merchants are only parasites who produce nothing and uselessly add their profit to the cost of living.

"Did you notice the crowds on Main Street this afternoon?" he went on. "A pretty good-looking lot of people, wasn't it? To look at them you would never imagine you were in a place hundreds of miles from any large city, would you?"

The Shoes That Changed a Life

I had to admit that I did not know of any place which had anything on the people I had seen going up and down the streets that afternoon.

"It isn't just accident that this is a good retail town," said the merchant. "From the first the business organizations have done everything possible to encourage merchants to come here who would carry up-to-date stocks. I could mention a dozen merchants right now who are carrying lines of goods which are not actually profitable simply because they think it is a good thing for the town to have such goods on display. It is a part of our plan for making our young people contented to stay here instead of going away to big cities."

The merchant grew confidential.

"You may think it is going pretty far," he said, "to assume that a boy or girl will settle down in the home town because the stores on Main Street have the same things as the stores in Salt Lake or San Francisco; but it is perfectly logical. The trouble with most of us is, we have forgotten how we felt about life when we were twenty years old.

"I am an example of it myself," the merchant confided. "I was raised in a country community back in Ohio, and it was settled that I should stay on the farm for my life work. The arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to me. The family farm was only half a mile from the village, so I could go to all the ten-twenty-thirty shows of the period, and I got invited to all the village parties. I liked farm work. I had a driving horse all my own and I did not object to milking or pulling beans. Even the job of standing under the straw carrier at threshing time did not worry me. In those days a neatly built straw stack was a matter of pride, and I haven't yet got over my distaste for the sloppy-looking stack of to-day where the straw carrier does all the work unassisted by human hands.

"Until my nineteenth year I was perfectly satisfied with my lot. Then one day I went on a trip to Columbus to see the trotting races. Out at the track I had the time of my life, feeling a worldly pride in my knowledge of horses, and I backed my judgment by a carefully placed bet of one dollar on each event. My train for home did not leave until midnight, and so after the races were over I amused myself by walking round the business streets, stopping frequently to look in the store show windows.

"Finally I came upon a display of men's shoes. In the center of the display was the prettiest pair of shoes I had ever seen. They had cloth tops and buttons, and were long and pointed; they were shiny beyond imagination. As I stood looking at them a youth of about my own age came up and to him I voiced my admiration.

"'That's a dandy pair of shoes,' I said. 'What kind of polish do you suppose they use on them to make them so shiny?'

"The youth glanced carelessly at the pretty shoes, and then turned to me superciliously. 'They don't use any polish on them at all,' he responded. 'Where do you come from that you don't know a pair of patent-leather shoes when you see them?'

"That was all, but my trip to Columbus was spoiled. You must remember that this happened thirty-five years ago, and small-town shoe stores did not handle patent-leathers then. I had never even heard of them. The sting of the incident lasted after I had got home. The humiliating knowledge had come to me that there were young fellows in Columbus and other big cities who knew all sorts of things that were a closed book to me because I lived in the country. I was keeping steady company with a girl. What show would I have with her if one of those sophisticated youths were to come along and begin paying her attention?

"Silly? Of course it was! But at nineteen one has not had time to classify the important things of life, and that is just the age when one will go furthest to satisfy a desire. The pair of patent-leather shoes in the Columbus store window changed my whole life. I lost my ambition to run the home farm, and did not rest until I got myself a job in a Columbus gents' furnishing store at six dollars a week and put myself in the way of learning worldly elegance."

The Idaho merchant paused a moment, and then went on to bring his argument home.

"Now maybe you see," he said, "why we try so hard to make the stores in our town attractive. We want all those young folks you saw on Main Street this afternoon to stay here on the land with us, and we figure that the stores can help a lot. If a home girl goes on a visit to Seattle or San Francisco and finds that her engagement ring of white gold, bought right here, is entirely correct, even in those centers of fashion, she has a warmer feeling for the home town. Practically all the boys who went away to war came back and settled down contentedly. Some of them admitted that the business streets of New York and Paris were snappier than ours, but that was about as much as they would concede."

I told the merchant that the policy of the town seemed mighty good, but I did not suppose the merchants were supermen who could know offhand just what styles of beaded georgette smocks were being worn by the girls on Geary Street in San Francisco; or whether the snappy young men passing Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York, wear watch chains that go clear across the vest, or only halfway. To have all that knowledge a merchant would have to spend most of his time traveling, which would be expensive and neglectful of business.

"You know we can't do that," said the merchant decidedly, "and we don't have to. The traveling salesmen do it for us."

A Novel Hotel Policy

"You noticed the big hotel down the street?" he went on. "It was built several years ago by local capital with the purpose of making the town a favorite stopping place for traveling men. It is a standing rule of the management that they shall always be taken care of first. During the past couple of years there has been a house shortage here the same as everywhere else, and numbers of local people have wanted to engage permanent rooms there, willing to pay the full transient rates. In every case the hotel management has refused to allow them to occupy rooms longer than was absolutely necessary to find quarters in the residence portion of the town. The hotel is run distinctly for traveling men, and will not take chances on being obliged to turn one away unnecessarily. Last year a citizen wanted to spend six months in the hotel, and threatened a lawsuit because the management told him he must vacate at the end of three weeks, after telling him where he might find quarters in a private boarding house. After consulting his lawyer the disgruntled hotel patron dropped the idea of a lawsuit.

"You see the idea? We have made the town a favorite stopping place for traveling men. They never pass us up on a trip, and a great many of them arrange to spend Sundays here. It is they who bring us authoritative news as to what is being sold throughout the country so we may have in our show windows the up-to-date things which will make our boys and girls proud to live here."

It seemed an original project to form the traveling men into an aid society for the purpose of boosting the back-to-the-land idea, but the Idaho merchant said it was working well. Anyhow, I was glad to learn from a practical man that these salesmen are not the useless members of society the young professor in the Pullman car had said they were.

A good many of my traveling-man acquaintances have expressed the feeling that life is, in a manner, passing them by. They are acquainted everywhere, but do not really belong to the life of any particular place. Not long ago one of them told me how he felt about it.

"I am not long enough at home at any one time really to take root," he said. "I belong everywhere and nowhere. I have a first-name acquaintance with the baggage man at the Southern depot in Charlotte, North Carolina, know what fast trains do not stop at Batavia, New York, and where is the best place to eat in Albuquerque, New Mexico; but in my own home town I can never hope to become president of the chamber of commerce, secretary of my lodge or a member of the Rotary Club. I can't be a part of the real life of my home friends and neighbors."

Salesmen as Credit Judges

This situation is being recognized by some of the big industrial concerns of the country. One great New York State manufacturing firm has a plan by which every traveling man can quit the road after a certain number of years and be fixed up with a job where he can live at home for the rest of his life. The period of road service is usually about fifteen years, though it varies somewhat according to conditions. A man who has covered a remote territory may be relieved sooner than one who has always traveled nearer home.

"We do this because we believe a man who has been traveling for fifteen years is entitled to a chance to live with his family and neighbors like other folks," the general manager of the manufacturing firm told me. "Once in a while we have a man who prefers to keep on traveling, but the great majority are awfully glad to settle down. We pay the retired traveler the same salary that he got on the road. If we haven't an executive position for a retired traveling man at the factory we fix him up with something else where he can eat and sleep at home. We find, for instance, that a man with road experience usually makes a good branch manager on account of his salesmanship ability. Nearly all of our branch offices throughout the country are run by ex-traveling men."

The manufacturers believe this plan pays in dollars and cents, outside of any other considerations.

"I believe we have about the best corps of traveling men there is," concluded the general manager, "largely because each one knows he is going to be given a chance sometime to settle down with the same salary he is making on the road. Our travelers' salaries are based on the amount of sales. Every man is on his toes to have that salary as large as possible when the quitting time comes."

In all lines the traveling man is being considered more of a part of the machinery of business than formerly. It used to be that he was a salesman and little else. He would come into the office from a trip, shake hands all round and not be seen again until he came in to get his samples ready to go out on his territory once more. But now in most progressive concerns the traveling men are called in on all important conferences and have a share in formulating the policies.

Many credit executives particularly depend largely on the reports of the travelers in deciding which concerns shall be sold goods on time and which shall be turned down. The credit man of a great Chicago wholesale house recently explained his theories to me. His words are backed by a record of losses so small as to be hardly worth mentioning.

"Give me an experienced, conscientious traveling man such as is employed by my firm," he said, "and I will back his judgment every time as to the probable success or failure of any concern he calls on.

"When I want information about some business firm I use the regular commercial-agency figures, of course; but unless I order a special report, the information which I get from the credit agency is possibly six months and often a year old. Many things can happen to a business in six months or a year. It can change from a perfectly safe risk to a very dubious one. Or in many cases a business which would be prudent to sell only a thousand dollars' worth now, in a year will be a desirable customer for ten times that amount.

"But the traveling man is in a position to know. He has a fresh viewpoint every time he visits the town. If the business is a retail one, he notices whether the show windows are being kept up to date and snappy in comparison with its competitors, and whether the clerks inside are on the job in a businesslike, competent fashion. A five-minute talk with the proprietor will give a better idea of his business ability than all the typewritten reports we could get in a year.

"A pretty good example of what I mean turned up within the past month," continued the credit executive, "and showed the wisdom of having good traveling men and listening to their advice.

"In one of the larger Southern cities two young men started a rather large retail business about three years ago. They did not have a great deal of capital, but had a good following in the town, and it looked like a promising venture. One of the partners had a relative who was cashier in one of the local banks and extended the new firm a liberal bank credit. On the strength of the statement issued through the credit agencies the concern had a desirable rating. Everyone in the wholesale trade was anxious to sell them.

"Our traveler called on them shortly after they had opened up and sold them a good bill, which was promptly paid at the end of thirty days. Other firms did the same thing with similar result. The two partners were evidently making good. During the two years in which our business relations continued they did not fail to discount every bill we sold them.

"On one trip, however, our traveler did not send in an order from them, and when he came into the house I called attention to it.

"'What's the matter you didn't get an order from the Enterprise this trip, Bill?' I asked. 'Did someone else beat you to it?'

"Bill didn't treat the question lightly. 'I want to talk to you about that account,' he said. 'I don't believe I am going to call on them any more.'

"Bill is one of our best men, and his judgment has always been good, but the best of us get temperamental sometimes. I thought perhaps some personal dislike was influencing his decision. I asked him if he wasn't satisfied with the color of the stenographer's hair or something, that he didn't want to call on the Enterprise any more.

"'Go on kidding all you want to,' Bill came back at me, 'but wait until I tell my little story. After that, if you still want to do business with the Enterprise I'll sell them all the goods they'll buy. I haven't forgotten that you're the boss of the credit department.

"'The trouble with the Enterprise,' continued Bill, 'is that the two partners seem to be having a contest to prove which of them can do the least work. One of them is an enthusiastic golf player and likes to slip off from business on nice afternoons to tear off a few holes. The other partner enjoys playing in city politics, which also means neglecting business a good deal.'"

Signs of Trouble

"'I have watched the two men pretty closely on my various trips to their city. At first they used to joke each other good-naturedly about their fads, and agree that business men ought to have some healthy interests outside of their offices. But recently I could see where they were getting on each other's nerves. They have an agreement which they have stuck to that only one shall be away from the office at a time, but the one who stays at his desk invariably is in bad humor. If the golfer takes two hours off to-day, the politician takes three hours to-morrow to show that he isn't going to be imposed upon. A little undercurrent of jealousy pervades the place. The last bill I sold them was changed half a dozen times in the selling, because each partner was finding fault with the other's judgment.

"'There isn't any open quarreling yet, but there is going to be one of these days.

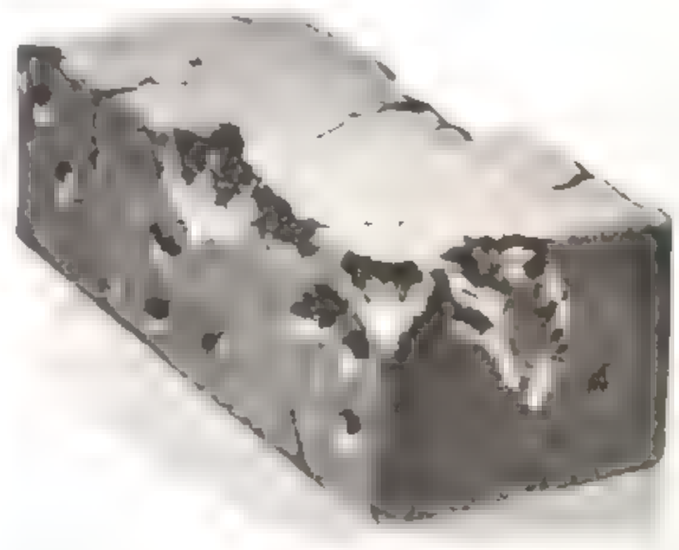
(Continued on Page 48)

Exterminating the Fire Rat!

UP until a few years ago, no method had been devised to protect furnace walls from the gnawing teeth of the great heats that modern boilers generate.

The most fire-resistant clays, brick and tile, succumb prematurely to this action, so that boiler plants were forced too frequently into idleness, while the chewed and broken walls of their fire boxes were torn out and replaced by still more food for the fire rat.

To the rectification of these fire clay failures, Johns-Manville has contributed largely, for by research and experiment it has made the science of refractories of practical service to man—an important contribution to conservation and an interesting story as well. The findings are applicable alike to the fire pot in the kitchen stove or to an industrial process of the obscurest sort.

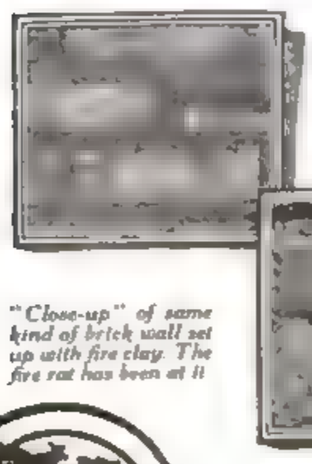


Fire Brick chewed out and cracked after exposure to heat. This means shutting down a boiler for days while new Bricks are set up in place of the old ones. Johns-Manville Heat Treatment reduces this shut-down and replacement expense.

TEMPERATURES run very high in boiler furnaces, sometimes exceeding 3,000 degrees F. Even the best materials commercially usable will stand such heat but temporarily.

Fire brick, built into walls and archways, becomes furnace masonry, which is expected to withstand such heats.

But as soon as the "bond" between the bricks begins to disintegrate, crumble or melt, the life of the fire bricks themselves is immediately threatened.



"Close-up" of fire brick work set up with No. 31 High Temperature Cement—Note that the heat has not harmed it—in the least

"Close-up" of same kind of brick wall set up with fire clay. The fire rat has been at it

What happens in a boiler fire box

The great weakness, then, in all furnace masonry occurs at these joints between the fire brick. They may disintegrate, due to contraction and expansion, or melt or crumble due to direct action of the heat.

Any of these reactions removes the fire clay from the brick joints. It is at the open joints thus formed that heat gets in its damage. Concentrating there, its effects pile up as more and more gnawing—either shaling off portions of the brick, deforming it by melting, or permitting the adhesion of clinker—results, an expensive piece of masonry ruined in a few weeks and a boiler idle for repairs.

The Remedy

By ingenious mixtures and treatments of clays and minerals in combination with asbestos, Johns-Manville has devised a series of cements. One general class to be used as binders between fire bricks and another class as over-all surface coatings.

Of great elasticity, these materials accept brick expansion and contraction without damage. They are resistant to high temperatures and retard the adhesion of clinkers. It is this treatment that has improved the life of boiler settings many fold.

View of a boiler furnace, grates removed, treated with Johns-Manville High Temperature Cements. This setting will resist heat, prevent premature checking or spawling and will retard the adhesion of clinker.

So successful has Johns-Manville heat treatment been in boiler practice that the application of its materials and principles has extended rapidly in the last few years, and today includes similar treatments for many types of furnaces and processes where high heats are employed.

A list of these materials is given below, together with other heat saving materials that combine to effect the conservation of power, fuel and equipment.

Johns-Manville High Temperature Cements: Retort Cement No. 20; High Temperature Cements Nos. 31 and 26 for use between bricks; No. 32 for use as coating; Monolithic Refractory Baffle Wall; Aertite Boiler Wall Coating. INSULATIONS: Asbesto-Sponge Felted, 85% Magnesia, Asbestocel, Zero, Anti-Sweat and Ammonia Insulation, Underground Conduit Insulation and Insulating Cements.

JOHNS-MANVILLE, INC., Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City
Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Never gets on your nerves

Mental Sunshine

YES, you can work on a cloudy, gloomy day. You can force the task through if you have to. But what a difference when the sky is clear and all is cheerful sunshine! A difference not only in your feelings but in your output.

Every brainy business man or professional worker who smokes while he works finds a sort of mental sunshine in the enjoyment of a fragrant mild cigar. And the Girard is accepted throughout the nation as the foremost example of this type.

It unites the true Havana quality and flavor with a perfect mellow mildness which yields only pleasure and satisfaction down to the last fragrant puff.

Broker Size
(Actual)

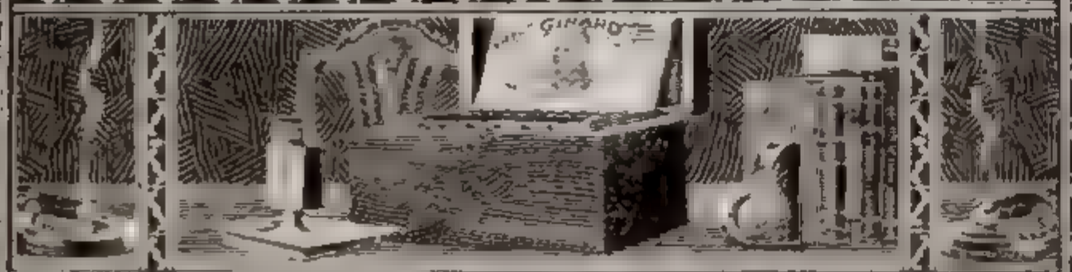
GIRARD

America's foremost cigar

"Broker" size for business hours. "Educator" size, the big after-dinner luxury smoke.
Sold by dealers from coast to coast.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 50 years Philadelphia



(Continued from Page 46)

I have been on the road long enough to see the finish of many such cases. It is having a bad effect on their business already. Their stock isn't kept quite so trim as it used to be, and the sales force is getting lax. The last time I was there I saw half a dozen customers walk out without getting waited on, while clerks stood talking among themselves.

"'Of course the Enterprise is still paying its bills promptly,' concluded Bill, 'and according to the rating books their credit is perfectly good. But take it from me, something is going to blow up one of these days, and when that time comes somebody is going to get stuck for a lot of money.'

"I took Bill's advice, and told him he had better not call on the Enterprise if he felt that way about them. And, sure enough, something did blow up. The local banker who was lending the partners money to discount their bills with evidently sized the situation up about as Bill did, for he told them that his directors had instructed him to collect their notes in full as they fell due.

"This meant that the partners had to use their cash receipts to pay off the bank loan, and naturally they could not settle their merchandise bills every thirty days, as had been their practice. But their credit with the manufacturers was still good, and they had no trouble in getting all the merchandise they wanted on longer terms. The business went along as usual. The partners placed orders with the traveling men who called on them and the manufacturers shipped the goods without question.

"But, as Bill predicted, the small jealousies of the partners grew to be serious as their business problems became harder. It finally wound up in a lawsuit between them, with the usual results when two men get so mad at each other that they don't want to listen to reason. When the smoke of battle cleared away both partners were broke, the assets of the business dissipated and the creditors were holding the bag for more than ninety thousand dollars."

Recently I had a first-hand demonstration of the way a high-class traveling man looks after the interests of his house, even though his decision may cost him money.

I was walking down the main retail street of a big Pacific Coast city in company with a traveling-man friend. Merchants in the coast cities seem to specialize on elaborate window displays. As we went along we stopped casually to comment on the offerings of clothing merchants, department stores, ladies' ready-to-wear and jewelers. People on the Coast seem to pawn more things than elsewhere. The pawnshop displays were most elaborate. Even the butchers seemed to have caught the spirit, fixing lamb chops into pleasing geometric designs and placing bouquets of paper flowers in the curl of little pigs' tails.

Playing Safe in Selling

We came in front of one particularly handsome specialty house with plate glass and marble front, the goods on display backed up with heavy velvet and shiny mirrors. I slowed up to look, but my traveling-man friend pushed me along.

"Not now," he said. "Come back and look at it as long as you want to, but let me get by first."

He had edged me in between himself and the handsome store front to serve as a screen as we passed. There was only one deduction to be made from his peculiar actions, and I voiced it.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you owing those people money and afraid they will come out and dun you for it?"

It was a harmless joke, because he doesn't owe money to anyone. He was quite serious in his reply.

"That establishment has been a good customer of mine in the past," he explained, "but I am not going to call on them now. I want to do a little detective work first."

He went on to explain. For the past five years the traveling man had been selling the handsome specialty house an average of two thousand dollars every time he came to town. On his commission of five per cent this meant a hundred dollars each trip for himself. But he had heard recently that the merchant had been going a faster pace than became a man who was buying goods on credit, and he did not propose to let his firm in on anything shaky.

"Maybe it is only a false alarm," the traveling man told me, "and I hope it is. But I heard through another traveler yesterday that this merchant is spending a good many of his evenings at a private club where the poker game runs into big money. If that is the case he isn't a good credit risk.

"But at the same time," the traveling man continued, "I don't want to lose a good customer if the story isn't true. I am going up to the credit agency this afternoon to see if they have anything on him about the way he is paying his bills recently, and I am also going to make some private inquiries around town. I may find the whole thing is a mere rumor started by someone who has a grudge against the merchant, in which case I will march in to see him to-morrow and ask him to look at my line.

"Now you know," the traveling man concluded, "why I didn't care to have the merchant see me standing in front of his place. If everything proves to be all right it might be embarrassing to explain to him why I didn't come in at once to make an engagement to show my line."

One bad feature of the traveling business is that a man is apt to contract habits while on the road which are too expensive for home life. First-class houses do not want their traveling representatives to live cheap on the road. They must invariably stop at the best hotels, because it would never do to take a customer to a sample room in a second-rate place. Most traveling men use taxicabs to and from railroad stations. Unless it is a very short jump, they invariably ride in Pullman cars. Tips and entertainment of customers are recognized in every traveling man's expense account.

The Habit of Spending Freely

When a man spends twelve or fifteen dollars a day for personal expenses on his trips, it is sometimes hard to come down to earth during the time he stays at home as a private citizen. Recently I got into conversation with a very bright-appearing young man who represents an Eastern factory, covering the country from Coast to Coast. He was complaining that picture shows offer about the only theatrical entertainment nowadays for commercial men, inasmuch as the traveling dramatic organizations can no longer stand the expense of making one-night stands. Knowing that he lives in New York when at home, I replied that he ought not to worry, as there are more than fifty places in the metropolis where the spoken drama may be heard. I suggested that he could fill up on shows between trips.

"I can't afford to go to shows much in New York," he replied. "It costs too much money; twenty or thirty dollars for an evening's amusement counts up too fast."

I agreed that thirty dollars is quite a tidy sum, but said I had not heard of any show in New York which charged that much for a couple of tickets.

"Oh, it isn't the price of admission that counts," he said carelessly. "That doesn't amount to anything. But, you know, I live quite a way out in Brooklyn, and the taxicab fare for the wife and myself over to Broadway and back eats up a ten-dollar bill. Then there is a supper afterward at some good hotel, which spoils another ten. Then there are the tickets and the speculator's commission and the tips—yes, it costs thirty dollars easy."

He is a sensible young man about most things, but his years on the road have given him some false ideas about spending money. It probably never occurred to him that the Broadway dramas are just as enjoyable to people who buy their tickets at the box office, go and come on the street cars and have a little supper in their own dining rooms after they get home.

The life of a traveling man would be a good deal pleasanter if the buyers all made an effort to be courteous. Perhaps it relieves one's feelings to be irritable toward salesmen when business is dull, but it doesn't do any real good. Besides, the salesman may be having troubles enough already.

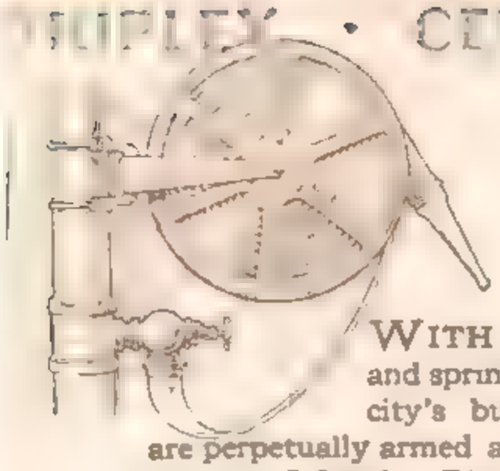
Recently a traveling man told me what a time he had when he first went out on the road. He has been successful at it, and can afford to talk about it as an interesting experience now; but it was no joke then.

"I was past thirty-five years of age, with a wife and two children," he told me, "before I ever sold a dollar's worth of goods on the road. I had been in business in my home town, and had done very well until a panic came along and wiped me out. An Eastern house, from which I had formerly

(Concluded on Page 51)

PUMPS

DUPLEX · CENTRIFUGAL · ROTARY · DEEP WELL · HAND



Water *vs.* Fire

WITH miles of fire hose and sprinkler lines, a great city's business buildings are perpetually armed against the arch-enemy, FIRE. The ammunition, WATER, in reservoirs, aqueducts, in stout mains and lofty tanks, stands ready to be hurled against the foe.

Now comes the alarm! The enemies are about to grapple. In the deep sub-cellar—far below the sidewalk—the fire pump has been waiting; waiting perhaps for years. How many workers in the building have ever seen it? Yet the fate of all the people and property in that building hangs largely on that fire pump's response.

Whenever you enter a tall building or a theatre, think of that silent sentinel. You don't see it—but it is there. In many cities its specifications are prescribed by law.

What happens when fire attacks the town hall, the church, the schoolhouse, the factory, the farm? If a fire pump has been installed, a high-pressure stream is instantly available at the turn of an electric switch—more effective at that moment than a whole fire department ten minutes later.

The fire losses in this country are appalling—most of them due to carelessness in providing protection. Many people seem to think that fire insurance is protection. Fire insurance *does* partially protect the money investment in property; but it falls far short of paying present replacement costs.

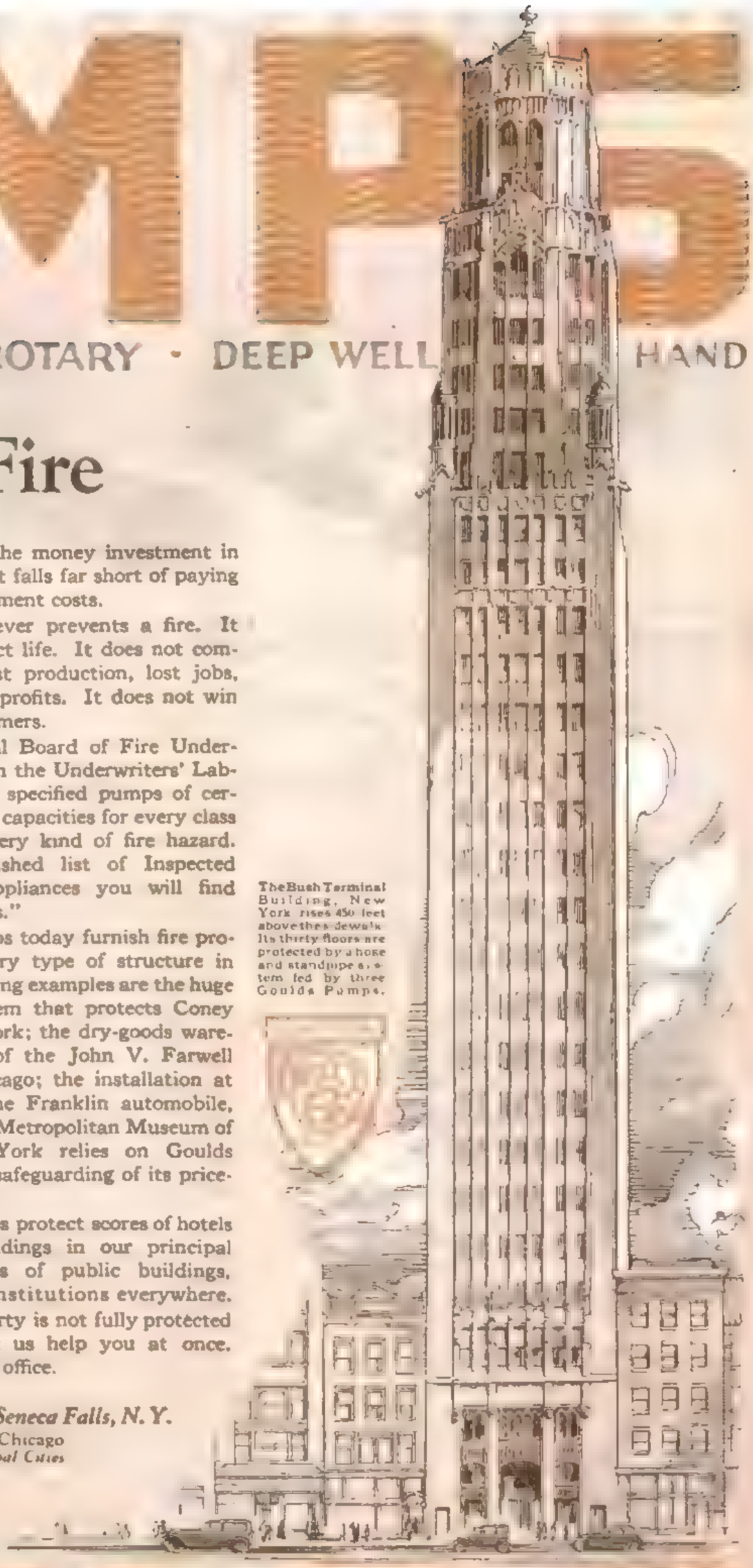
Insurance never prevents a fire. It does not protect life. It does not compensate for lost production, lost jobs, lost sales, lost profits. It does not win back lost customers.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters, through the Underwriters' Laboratories, have specified pumps of certain makes and capacities for every class of building, every kind of fire hazard. In their published list of Inspected Mechanical Appliances you will find "Goulds Pumps."

Goulds Pumps today furnish fire protection for every type of structure in America. Striking examples are the huge salt-water system that protects Coney Island, New York; the dry-goods warehouse system of the John V. Farwell Company, Chicago; the installation at the plant of the Franklin automobile, Syracuse. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York relies on Goulds Pumps for the safeguarding of its priceless treasures.

Goulds Pumps protect scores of hotels and office buildings in our principal cities, hundreds of public buildings, hospitals and institutions everywhere.

If your property is not fully protected against fire, let us help you at once. Address nearest office.



The Bush Terminal Building, New York rises 450 feet above the sidewalk. Its thirty floors are protected by a hose and standpipe system fed by three Goulds Pumps.

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Seneca Falls, N. Y.*
Boston · New York · Philadelphia · Pittsburgh · Chicago
Detroit · Atlanta · Houston · *Agencies in All Principal Cities*

GOULDS

847

DURHAM HOSIERY

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

Famous Durable-DURHAM Quality at the Good Old Prices of Years Ago

THINK of getting Durable-DURHAM sturdy cotton and fine mercerized hosiery at 20c to 50c per pair!

Here are the reasons why this is possible: When the price of raw cotton reached its high mark last Fall—and then dropped—we were not caught, as many manufacturers were, with a large stock of high-priced cotton on hand. We had purposely let our stocks run low, and after the drop we bought new stocks at the *low* figure.

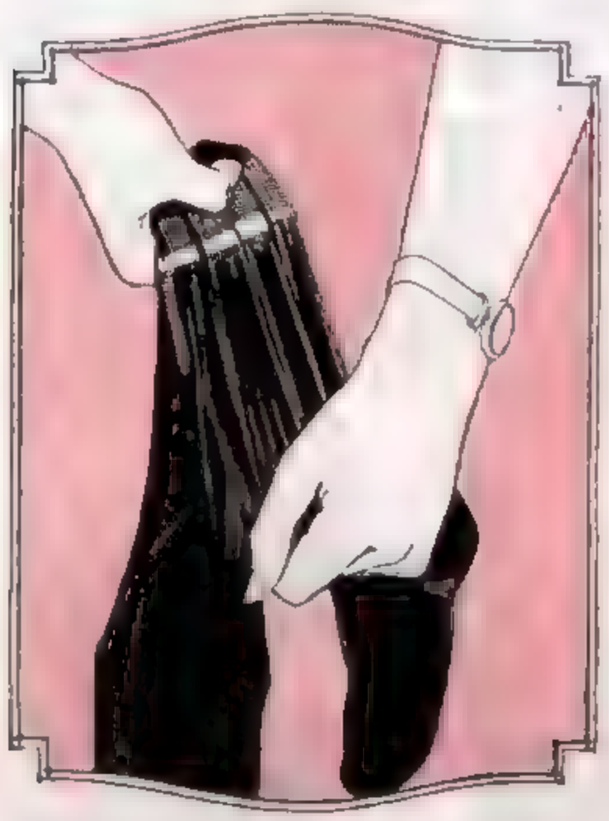
Further, our mills are situated in the heart of the cotton belt. We buy our raw cotton direct from the growers and we spin our own yarns. Other manufacturers do not do these things. Consequently, we are always able to make and sell hosiery for less money than other makers.

Starting with a small business we have become within a few years the largest manufacturers of hosiery in the world. The reason is simply the fact that Durable-DURHAM wears longer and costs less than other hosiery which competes with it.

One of the main reasons for the extra wear in Durable-DURHAM is the way it is dyed. Read about the exclusive Durham dyeing process lower down on this page.

Another thing—all hosiery is reinforced in places. Durable-DURHAM is *doubly* reinforced. You need only wear a pair of Durable-DURHAM stockings or socks and you will realize why it is the largest selling brand of hosiery in the world.

Note the prices quoted here. Get Durable-DURHAM for the whole family. **If your merchant does not have it he can get it from the Durham wholesaler in his city.**



Try this test of hosiery strength

This test proves that Durham dyes put wear in hosiery

There are two methods of dyeing hosiery. The usual method breaks down the strength of the fabric to such an extent that decay starts before you have worn the hosiery at all. But we have perfected and are using a process which preserves the full original strength of the fabric and greatly increases the wearing quality of hosiery.

Take hold of a single thickness of a Durable-DURHAM stocking or sock. Pull it with all the strength of your two hands. You cannot rip or tear it any place. Even where the top is knit to the rest of the leg it will withstand your hardest tugs.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, DURHAM, N. C.

Sales Offices, 88 Leonard St., New York

Export Agents: Amory, Browne & Co., New York, London, Paris, Sydney, N. S. W.

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

GUARANTEE

Every pair of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery bears a ticket with the following guarantee:

If, for any reason, this stocking is not satisfactory, return to your dealer (with this ticket), and he will give you a new pair in exchange.

Prices that carry you back to the good old days

Below are a few samples of the low prices at which you can now buy Durable-DURHAM in mercerized and cotton styles:

For Women

BO-PEEP. A medium weight stocking with wide elastic top. Made of soft cotton yarn. Doubly reinforced heels and toes. Black, white and cordovan. **20¢**

QUEEN NAN. A fine light weight gauze lisle stocking. Fashioned seam; special anti-run stitch. Strongly reinforced at heels and toes, with complete double soles. Black, white and cordovan. **35¢** 3 prs. for $1

LADY DURHAM. A fine mercerized stocking, fashioned with seam. Special anti-run stitch. Full fashion marks in back. Double soles with high spliced heels. Black, white and cordovan. **50¢**

For Men

TAR HEEL. A strong and good-looking cotton sock. Medium weight; reinforced in the Durable-DURHAM way. Has a reputation for extra long wear. Black, white, cordovan and navy. **20¢**

DIPLOMAT. A medium weight sock of soft combed yarn. Strongly reinforced at heels and toes, with a complete double sole. Black, white, cordovan and navy. **25¢**

CAVALIER. An exceptionally excellent mercerized sock of fine selected yarn; light weight. Doubly reinforced at toes, heels and soles. Black, white, cordovan and navy. **50¢**

For Children

RED RIDING HOOD. A sturdy stocking for active children. Strong enough to stand the hard everyday wear. Black only. **20¢**

ROVER LAD. A good play and school stocking. Made strongest where the wear is hardest. Triple reinforced heels and toes. Black only. **25¢**

POLLY PRIM. A superfine gauge combed yarn stocking. Strongly reinforced to stand the hardest wear. Double heels and toes. Elastic tops and legs. Black, white and cordovan. **35¢** 3 prs. for $1

If you cannot get Durable-DURHAM through your dealer, write our Sales Office, 88 Leonard Street, New York City.

(Concluded from Page 48)

bought goods, offered me a job to represent them in the South. I did not like the idea of being away from my family, but there seemed nothing else I could do to earn a living, and so I accepted the offer.

"I went to New York and spent a week with the house getting my samples ready and going over the details of my new job with the sales manager. I was given a book which contained the names of prospective customers on my territory, a list of the hotels in the various towns where I should receive mail, and instructed as to the preferences of some of the larger buyers. Thus equipped, I was ready to start for my territory, which was a strip of the South extending from Georgia to Texas.

"My first experiences were not cheering. The country was going through a period of readjustment. Business was dull everywhere, and a lot of the executives I called on seemed to find relief for their nerves by being abrupt toward traveling men. As I was a stranger, there was a tendency to be especially chilly to me. In several cases executives looked at my card, and at once recalled that they had a grudge against my house, which they proceeded to tell me about at length, looking at me resentfully meanwhile, as if they held me personally responsible. In one small city I visited there was but a single firm listed in my book to call on. The proprietor, who looked as though he had trouble of his own, would not even let me tell him who I represented, but shoved my card back at me and stated heatedly that he did not need anything, did not expect to need anything, and wished to heaven that he did not have to be pestered by traveling men.

"At the end of a week I was a licked man. During that time I had not opened my order book. It seemed to me that no one in the world wanted to buy anything. I was still going through the motions of salesmanship, but weakly. I would go into a place of business and timidly lay my card before the buyer. When he said there was nothing doing I would turn away without further discussion, feeling relieved that the ordeal was over. Then I would go out on the streets to wander about until I could get up enough courage to tackle someone else.

"Toward the last I did not always make that much effort. Several times I got as far as the front door of a business house, and after taking a look inside would conclude there was no use for me to try, and would pass it up altogether.

"I became obsessed with the desire to get myself into some kind of a sheltered position in life, no matter what it was. I figured on scraps of paper just how little I would have to earn to take care of my family, and thought how safe it would seem to own a little place somewhere and go to work every morning for some solid concern on a sure twenty dollars a week. I would have done anything to get the feeling that there was something strong and dependable between me and the world."

Inviting a Turndown

"New Orleans was the biggest city on my territory, and I particularly dreaded it. I had sold absolutely nothing in my ten days on the road, and I felt that if I had made such a fizzle in the smaller places I surely had no chance in the Southern metropolis. I rather expected a message from my firm there calling me in as a failure; but none came, and so I had to keep on going through the motions.

"The city looked so formidable that I did not even try to do anything all the first morning, but just walked around and worried. I looked in through windows and envied the men I saw working at desks or benches, safe in their steady jobs and sure of their salaries on Saturday nights. It was almost evening when I finally got my courage up to try and do some business.

"I hunted up the location of a concern that was on my list of prospects and went to call on them. It was a long, narrow establishment, away from the congested business district. I asked a clerk where I might find a buyer, and was directed to a small room in the rear. The man who did the buying was seated at a table writing.

"I laid my card on the table in front of him and spoke my piece. These were my precise words: 'I suppose there is nothing in our line that you need, is there?'

"My salesmanship had actually got so bad as that! I had invited him to turn me down, and he did.

"'No,' he answered pleasantly, 'I reckon there is nothing in your line that we need at present.'

"I spoke the rest of my piece.

"'Remember us when you do need something,' I said. 'I'll leave my card with you.'

"Then I turned to go out of the office, relieved that the ordeal was over and that I was free to go out on the streets and worry about myself. I knew without looking that my card would be in the wastebasket before I got out the door, but it was an easy get-away speech.

"The man at the desk happened to be the proprietor of the establishment as well as the buyer. Just as I was getting away he called me back. His hand was poised in the act of throwing away my card, but he had evidently changed his mind, for he read my name aloud as I returned to him. It was the first time anyone had spoken my name since I had left the office of my firm.

"'On second thought, there may be a few things we can use,' he said cheerfully. 'Sit down a few minutes. I'll see about it.'"

A New Perspective

"After a while he sat down to face me, pleasantly serious.

"'You're new to the road, aren't you?' he asked.

"I had tried everywhere to conceal that fact, but under his direct question I had to confess that it was my first trip.

"'Not having much luck?' he persisted.

"Thinking of my unopened order book, I admitted that trade had been a little quiet.

"'Business is dull,' he said reflectively. 'It is a hard time for a man to be making his first trip when a lot of the old-timers are getting hardly enough business to pay their traveling expenses. But let me ask you a question.

"'Have you approached all the buyers the way you did me?' he said. 'Did you invite each of them to turn you down by telling them you supposed there was nothing in your line that they needed?'

"It came over me with shame how I had been gradually losing my morale. In my first interviews I had been nervous, perhaps, but not negative. The discouragements of ten days on the road had brought me to the point where I was not even suggesting to any buyer that he might use some of my goods with profit. I was a quitter, inviting defeat.

"'I know just how you feel,' the merchant went on with easy friendliness. 'The job of making a place for yourself among strangers seems too big for you. Right now you would give almost anything to get yourself in a good safe niche where you wouldn't have to face responsibilities. Isn't that so?'

"I told him that was about it.

"'Suppose you try to get a different viewpoint,' he suggested. 'Don't let yourself feel apologetic when you go into a place to offer your merchandise. Remember that you represent a good house, and that as a traveling man you are a member of a profession which is doing its full share in the development of our country. When you show a buyer your line you are saving him the expense of going to market. If it were not for the salesmen, people here in New Orleans would dress and live differently from the people in New York or Salt Lake City, which would be an unfortunate thing.

"'So far as you yourself are concerned,' he concluded, 'don't get scared of the world because you have to sleep in hotels instead of going home, and because you don't know any of the people you meet on the streets. You don't need any sheltered niche in life. It would be bad for you if you had one.'

"In addition to his constructive advice, the merchant gave me a little order for merchandise and telephoned a couple of other firms to make engagements for me. I went out of his office an entirely different kind of a salesman than I had entered it. The merchant had given me a new perspective. I felt that I belonged to a useful calling; that the favor was not entirely on the buyer's side.

"I have covered the Southern territory for more than twelve years now, and have sold many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise; but never since have I approached a buyer by saying that I supposed he did not need anything; nor have I ever got over being grateful to the fine gentleman who took the time to talk with me in his back office in New Orleans."

Greater Ford Economy

—how secured through Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

THIS is about saving dollars and cents on your Ford car.

You bought your Ford car for service and economy. Are you getting both in the fullest possible measure?

Do you want better service and greater economy? Draw off your old oil and refill with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Then you will find

—new freedom from carbon. For the carbon of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a light, dry ash, practically all of which is expelled through the exhaust.

—new freedom from overheating. Yes, even on hot summer days, even after free use of low gear, even through a hard day on heavy roads.

—new economy of gasoline and oil consumption. Engineering tests show that the body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" forms the proper seal for the pistons, maintaining compression and increasing power. First-time users are repeatedly surprised at the longer lasting qualities of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," and its ability to conserve gasoline.

When changing to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" do not flush the engine with kerosene. A part of the kerosene will remain in the splash troughs and tend to destroy the lubricating qualities of the new oil.

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

Send for our booklet, "Your Ford —Four Economies in its Operation." In writing address our nearest branch.

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our Booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

Domestic Branches:

New York	Philadelphia	Detroit	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Boston	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Indianapolis	Des Moines

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

LAFAYETTE

Seeing the LaFayette, one knows intuitively that it will serve capably for many, many years ✦ ✦ ✦ He senses likewise its superb activity and almost unbounded power ✦ ✦ ✦ He is sure also of its unhurried workmanship ✦ ✦ ✦ The guaranty of these is eminent engineering, for which no car is more notable than LaFayette

LaFayette Open Car, $5625 at Indianapolis

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

THE MATTER OF YIELD

(Continued from Page 15)

its yielding power by the addition of fertilizer he is confronted at once by a series of complicated agricultural and economic facts.

For example: If the manufacturer doubles his plant he may reasonably expect to double his output; indeed, he may even work his organization to better advantage than before, and by correspondingly reducing his overhead thereby increase his profits. Not so the farmer. In long-continued experiments upon the effect of adding different amounts of fertilizer it was found that the law of diminishing returns begins to operate at a surprisingly early stage in the attempts to increase yields by the addition of expense.

The most notable of all these experiments was conducted in England. For a period of a dozen years in these experiments it was found, for example, that a certain amount of effective fertilizer was capable of increasing the wheat yield by ten bushels an acre. But if the amount was doubled the second dose brought but a little more than eight bushels over the first. The effect of trebling the amount—and, of course, the expense also—added but three and a half bushels; and when it was quadrupled the additional expense was answered with but a half bushel of gain, showing that the yield had then been pushed to what was substantially the climactic limit.

The same inevitable law follows the bestowal of extra labor beyond the amount that is necessary to secure a moderate yield, and that is why the farmer is both blind and deaf to all appeals to practice intensive agriculture as a means of relief when prices are not satisfactory or when labor is scarce and costly.

There is another reason, and it is this: The farmer cannot afford to produce as high yields when prices are low as when they are high; all of which is fortunate, else we should never readjust our supply to our demands.

The reason is clear: In the experiment cited it would cost now about fifteen dollars to add the amount of fertilizer necessary to raise the yield ten bushels an acre. Manifestly this would pay when wheat is two dollars a bushel, but it is equally manifest that it would not pay when the price falls to a dollar and a half, and that is why the public may now expect a considerable falling off in wheat yields in response to the tremendous drop in price.

If it would cost fifteen dollars to add enough fertilizer to increase the yield ten bushels, when shall the farmer invest a second fifteen dollars and raise it another eight bushels? Manifestly not even with two-dollar wheat, for nobody would advance fifteen dollars, lie out of the use of his money for a year, and run the risk of season, for the bare hope of raising sixteen dollars more of wheat; and we cannot imagine a price large enough to justify the addition of the third and fourth increments to push the yield to the climactic limit. It would make the last half bushel cost no less than fifteen dollars, or at the rate of thirty dollars a bushel.

Why Average Yields are Low

This is why no country pushes its average yield much above two-thirds of its climactic possibility, and it is why under low prices no exporting country, especially if it be large, will push its average much above one-half its possible yield. England can raise about thirty-eight bushels to the acre if she does it regardless of expense, but she does raise about twenty-nine. The United States might reach about thirty or thirty-two perhaps, but she stops at twelve or fifteen because the farmer cannot go up against the law of diminishing returns under the low prices that must prevail as long as he is competing in a crop which, like wheat, is produced mainly on virgin lands, where fertilizer costs nothing.

The reader then cannot fail to see the futility of urging the farmer into intensive methods, either as to fertility or as to labor. For his own interest he will add all that is profitable under the price, but he will retire into his hole like a frightened mouse when prices drop, and if he doesn't resort to this method of protection he will soon have no hole to crawl into.

It is often true that the farmer gets more money for a small yield than for a large one, and that has led the public to feel that the farmer might intentionally curtail production for the purpose of raising prices.

The public may rest easy on this point. The only time when the farmer gets more for a small crop than for a large one is when the season has been bad, the total yield reduced, and the price is correspondingly high. Under these conditions the increased price due to a short yield is often sufficient to bring the farmer a larger gross and a larger net income from a moderate yield in a poor season than he will realize at another time from a very much larger yield in a bountiful season with its attendant lower prices.

Even so, the individual farmer is always best off with all he can produce under the conditions—that is to say, there is never any advantage in a low individual yield *per se*, and so it is that, after the farmer has made up his mind about how much expense the prospects will warrant, he produces all he can by the methods he has chosen.

Accidental Factors of Farming

And that is why the public need never fear a conspiracy to hold yields down; but it must always expect that the farmer will not undertake additional expense on a falling market or even attempt to maintain the same degree of operating intensity that he was practicing when prices began to decline. Of course his economies will lower yields, and that is the way in which prices are led to adjust themselves somewhat automatically.

What goes before deals rather with the general principles governing yield, but there remain a number of accidental factors that enter into the problem of the individual farmer.

FITTING THE SEED BED. Taking wheat again as an example, because it is the crop about which the public feels most concern, the winter variety is sown in late summer or early autumn. It is the dry time of the year, and the problem is to get a seed bed sufficiently firm at the bottom to stand undisturbed when the rains shall come, sufficiently fine on top to afford good conditions for the reception of the small seed, and with sufficient moisture to sprout the crop.

On clay land—and much of our best soils is clay—the ground often, if not generally, breaks up in great lumps when plowed at this season, as it must be in many, if not most, rotations in the Middle and Eastern States. These lumps can seldom be broken by the roller, or, if the top is so reduced, the lumps at the bottom remain only to make sprouting impossible or to break down after the rains come, thereby tearing the roots of the young seedlings away from the soil on which the new plants depend not only for food but for moisture.

In the attempt to reduce these lumps an inordinate amount of labor is often bestowed in a dry time, and sometimes before this can be completely done the surface is broken up into such a finely divided powder that it runs together in a solid mass when the rains finally descend, producing almost a rocklike surface, not good for any crop. This requires years of good farming to undo.

SEEDING. Shall the farmer sow early in order to secure a good growth to cover the ground in winter and prevent winterkilling, or shall he sow late to beat the Hessian fly? Whichever he does he will hit it wrong part of the time. For example, the writer did everything properly last year to secure a thousand bushels of wheat. Did he get it? No; he got five hundred, and the fly got the rest. Profits? H'm! Don't mention it! The near neighbors got thirty bushels to the acre, and he got twelve. Should he have sown early or late this fall? Who knows? Nobody; but what any farmer does know is that "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

WINTERKILLING. Many a fine crop has gone into winter quarters in excellent condition, only to lie bare and dry week after week, to be swept by wind and burned by the intense light of the winter sun, unrelieved by moisture of any kind. This may affect only the knolls or it may destroy the entire field. The one will lead to a spotted crop, and the other will mean plowing up for a spring sowing, losing seed and labor and the use of the land, as well as causing a break in the rotation.

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Many another crop has safely passed this ordeal, only to be heaved out of the ground by the successive thawing and freezing of the early spring. The ground rises slightly in freezing and takes everything with it, not only crops but even fence posts, if not set well below frost. The sun will thaw out the south side of every little plant or clod and the soil on that side settles slightly, only to rise again at freezing, lifting everything with it, until after the process has gone on week after week the farmer finds his wheat and his clover, too, standing well out of the ground on legs, only to be killed outright by sun and drying winds later on. He may charge it up to the will of God or to the risks of the business, as he will, but in either case the farmer is powerless to do anything but pocket the loss.

MOISTURE. In irrigated sections the farmer can regulate his moisture—at a price—but over most wheat-growing regions we are dependent upon rainfall, and often the new seedling in fall lies dormant week after week, even until winter, and many a field comes out in the spring practically as bare as the fall before, whereas under ideal conditions wheat should grow under the snow all winter. That is the way for a fifty or sixty bushel yield, but if all the growing is to be done in the spring a low yield is inevitable. The only question with the farmer is whether to let it stand or plow it up.

WINDS. Anybody who has ever seen a Western duststorm will not need to be told that often the crop is blown out—that is, the soil that has been fitted as a seed bed is picked up bodily and not scattered to the four winds of heaven but blown straight away across country, leaving the seed where it may chance to fall; and even the young plants are not infrequently in this way uprooted and killed, leaving the farmer to break up the next layer below of his fine loess soil—fertile, but inconstant as the wind.

Storms are ever the terror of the wheat grower. After filling—that is, when the heads have grown heavy by the developing grain and before the stalk has ripened enough to gain a reasonable degree of stiffness—a windstorm will almost certainly lay the grain upon the ground and sometimes so tangle or flatten it that no machine can get more than a fraction of the crop. This accident may happen immediately after heading and while in flower, in which case the crop will not fill—that is, it will not pollinize successfully.

The time of flowering is one of the sensitive periods in the growth of any crop, especially corn. The layman may not know it, but for every grain of corn a slender and hairlike thread known as the silk must push its way out between the husks, and within a few hours after emerging a wandering pollen grain from some neighboring plant must fall upon it and make its way four or even six or eight inches down the tube, else the silk will wither and die, no grain will form at its base, and that spot in the ear will be a blank.

The Function of Corn Silk

There are a thousand of these silks in a good ear, and with every one of them there are several chances to go wrong. The silk is a very tender thing and it can stand but little of the hot sun and no drying wind at all. So it is that if a hot wave strikes the fields from the southwest at the time of pollination, then that side of most ears will never fill.

That is not all. If the week or ten days during pollination chance to be extremely windy the pollen is borne off in clouds, to waste itself on neighboring fields and even in the near-by forests, while the silks are left behind unfertilized. Or if perchance it is a period of continuous rain the matter is not much better, for then the pollen grains are hammered off, to fall to the ground in little balls and pellets without doing their work.

Like wheat, the stalk of corn is subject to being tangled, even driven to the ground, never to rise again, by heavy winds. So it is that storms are constant menaces to grain men, as they are to orchardists, who live in terror as the fruit ripens lest a sudden wind arise and send to the ground in a few minutes the full results of twelve months' hard labor and anxious waiting.

The final hazard in the wheat crop is the harvest, and a wet season is the farmer's special dread. In shock the grain is certain to grow if the weather stays wet, and even in stack or bin the mildew and the mold are ever at work unless and until the crop is dried to a ten or twelve per cent moisture basis. Nobody who has never been through a wet harvest has any conception of what it means to the man who has his year's effort and investment all but in his grasp. It is not strange that the young farmer, in debt for his home, finds it difficult to sleep nights with the rain pouring on the roof and his crop outside, knowing that on the morrow the sun will come out, not to dry the grain but to sprout it, only to hide its face behind another rain cloud. Such are some of the trials of the farmer when his friend the weather suddenly turns against him.

DISEASE. Plants, like animals, have diseases, and like them the worst ones are infectious, often sweeping over a great section of country like a plague, and sometimes destroying the crop at the last moment. The whole fraternity of rusts, scabs, smuts, rots, molds and mildews live and thrive at the expense of the farmer.

The farmer can treat his seed wheat and oats successfully against smut, but not his corn. There is no known protection against rust except the eradication of the barberry, on which it lives between times, so to speak, and the barberry grows wild by the millions. The crop may be ever so promising with harvest only two weeks away when a few hot moist days may give the rust the opportunity it is always waiting for—and the farmer harvests mostly dirty straw. The corn-root rot, a new pest, is working untold and mostly unsuspected damage, with no known remedy as yet.

Disease and Insect Losses

Is all this of small or of large consequence? Mr. O'Brien, in a recent number of *The Country Gentleman*, is responsible for the statement that these parasitic invaders, commonly but erroneously known as plant diseases, were responsible for destroying in 1920 as much wheat as was grown in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois plus most of the Texas crop; as much corn as was produced in Indiana and Maryland, and the full oat crop of Ohio and New York. The same causes destroyed the full equivalent of the potato crop of Maine, Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, Colorado and Missouri, besides half the lettuce and from ten per cent to a full third of the fruit crop of the country, besides timber, flowers and grasses.

The aggregate loss to the country from these only partially preventable ravages is, of course, enormous, and their general average is bad enough for the farmer, but what is dreaded most is the fact that these pirates take their toll not uniformly off the land as a whole, but rather they clean up entire farms and generally absorb all the profits, even in light invasions, throwing the loss not upon the general public or evenly upon any class, but rather the toll comes as a smashing disaster upon individual farmers, who are seldom prepared to endure the loss without more or less financial embarrassment and often forced bankruptcy.

INSECTS. The havoc wrought by these creeping, crawling, flying pests differs but little in effect from that left behind by the lower organisms known as plant diseases. Besides this, their power of rapid multiplication makes them little else than a menace. Dr. S. A. Forbes, state entomologist for Illinois, is responsible for the statement that a single rose aphid might give origin, at its normal rate of unchecked multiplication, to over thirty-three quintillions of plant lice in a single season, equal in weight to more than a billion and a half of men.

The fact that they absorb the juices of plant and animal means that no profit can accrue where lice are found. Other insects, like beetles and worms, gnaw the tissues of root or stem or leaf, cutting off the very source of growth. A bunch of canker-worms, for example, will destroy an orchard in a few days, while the army worm and the grasshopper will clean up a field of grain or grass in a few hours.

No wonder insects are a constant and dangerous menace to the individual farmer, for even in these days of improved and scientific methods we have not yet solved all the questions that are attached to the problem of preserving our crops for the feeding of the nations instead of the ravaging army of insect and fungous life.

By this we mean the most favorable conditions for producing the best results. The author trusts he has made clear the reasons why they seldom occur.

Besides all this some of the combinations of conditions controlling yield are so delicate and so subtle as thus far to escape analysis, much less permit remedies. For example, it is a common experience that when half of a fitted field is sown one day and the remainder the day following, the one portion may yield a maximum crop and the other prove a practical failure, even though nothing like a storm had intervened. Why? Who knows?

One fact must stand out clear in the mind of the thoughtful reader, and this is that only rarely can any crop enjoy the most favorable conditions throughout its entire growth, and that is the only instance in which bumper yields are possible.

By this we see that the public must not be swept off its feet by the occasional bumper yields, which are the only ones that ordinarily get into the papers. Farming is not a bumper business, nor is it done upon bumper yields. When they come it is all well and good, but no sane farmer counts upon this kind of yield. He undertakes instead to raise as large yields as he believes the price will warrant, and then he takes what comes and thanks the Lord, be it much or little—or nothing.

When the aggregate comes in, however, we lose sight of all those fields that came short of their proper yield. The damages and shortcomings are swallowed up in the general aggregate and lost sight of by the statistician, who prints large figures showing what the American farmer has produced that year, and the farmer himself is pictured with ample proportions standing in the midst of swollen livestock and bursting cribs and barns—as if there really were such an individual!

But there is no such man as the American farmer. He is a conglomerate, even a polyglot collection of humanity, good, bad and indifferent, rich, poor and comfortable, as any such mass must be that represents a full third of our population.

Nor will it answer any very useful purpose to strike a mathematical average by dividing the mass production either by the number of farmers or even by the number of acres. Where land is costly and labor abundant and cheap, the acre is the unit of production and men do not count. Where, on the other hand, land is cheap and labor scarce and costly, the unit of production is the man and not the acre.

This latter has been our condition through all the pioneer days and until near the present, and no race on earth has ever produced so much per man as has the American farmer. But now we have reached a unique position, new to the world. Our lands have become costly without our labor becoming either plentiful or cheap, and we are confronted by the problem of new units of production, in which both the man and his capital must be considered.

The Plight of the Poor Farmer

Even so, we get nowhere by these mass divisions and these gross averages. The farmer is an individual, and whether rich or poor his problem is not that of the aggregate or even of the average, but it is that of what he can do on his own particular farm in this and every particular year.

It is only the well-to-do farmer who can operate upon averages, either as to yield or as to price. The farmer of means can and will raise those varieties that will in the long run produce the highest yields—corn, for example, even though he may lose part or all of a crop, say, once in twenty years. It is final results that concern him.

Not so the poor man on a small piece of ground, or even the young college graduate paying for his farm. With these a crop failure or two at a critical time will be sufficient to close up the business and send the family out to begin over again as renters or as hired laborers.

It is the same with prices. Granted for the sake of argument that the bulls and bears in the wheat pit are but playing a game of tug-of-war, in which prices vary from day to day, only to maintain after all the same general average. Granted all this; and the reply is that though the man of means who markets his crop on a bad day can stand the loss, upon the principle that next time luck will be in his favor, yet the poor man cannot do this, for his very family life and business existence depend upon his being able to realize as he goes along, year by year, the fruits of his labors and investments.

Lying before the writer now is the letter of one who had been a renter for fifteen years. He had been hard working, and his family had been frugal to an extreme, saving everything for a home. He had bought a small farm, and a payment was due in the fall. He got his wheat to the market at the earliest possible moment, but not soon enough to escape the heavy drop.

He was forced to sell because the banks would not lend to farmers, fearing they might speculate, even as others speculate, or else because their funds were exhausted. And here is a hard-working, self-denying family flat on its back again, and it will do it no good if wheat should recover its former price or even go to four dollars a bushel within thirty days or even a week, for the year's crop is gone, and with it not only all the profits but much of the daily toil of both the farmer and his family. The question of the bulls and bears is, therefore, whether they exaggerate market fluctuations.

Evils of Violent Fluctuations

And this is why the individual farmer cannot, unless he be a man of means, endure the risks of season, rust and beetle, and at the same time meet the ups and downs of markets. Many a farmer has seen the price of his cattle, after they were loaded on the train, go down to a figure that took away all the profits not only of the corn crop he had fed but of the stock he had been two years or more in raising. Only the man of means can stand smashing losses such as this, and that is why the question of markets is not one of averages but of steadiness. That is why the farmer is not interested in high prices, for he knows that there is no such thing—all things being relative—but it is every reason for his being deeply interested in the problem of holding his commodities at as even a price as possible. And when he is told that somebody must furnish the capital to hold these crops while they are being doled out over a twelve-month period, he is inclined to ask if it is any more in the interest of public welfare than in that of the small grower that violent fluctuations in values should be attendant upon that distribution.

The thinking farmer knows that distribution and farming are two entirely different occupations. He knows, too, that distribution requires large capital and that wherever capital is invested speculation inheres in the situation. He knows all this, but he objects to a financial system that gives the distributor credit on warehouse certificates while refusing it to the producer, that he may market with deliberation what he has grown with his own labor and capital; and he calls upon our system of distribution to find ways of procedure that shall reduce to a minimum, if it cannot eradicate entirely, those violent fluctuations in prices that put farmers right and left out of the business of producing food that is worth just as much for purposes of sustaining life on Monday, let us say, as it could possibly be on Tuesday or on any other day of the week.

Neither is the consumer benefited by these erratic drops in the market, because the small savings are swallowed up in the general total and offset by corresponding advances upon other days. Such erratic drops, therefore, do infinite damage without accomplishing corresponding good, and the principal reason for the fact that beef is relatively costly lies in the fact that its production is reckoned as an extra-hazardous occupation, financially speaking.

Of course, when a bumper crop chances to occur in connection with extremely favorable market conditions, then unusual, even spectacular results may follow. This is especially true in the fruit business. These are the instances that get into the public press. They are accepted by the reader as normal, if not easily attainable, and when the farmer attempts to show that they are realized but rarely and are practically unattainable as a business proposition, then the reader is inclined to say, "Oh, but the farmers are always finding fault. They are the greatest grumblers in the world." It is extremely necessary, however, that the public generally should develop a conception of farming that is somewhere near the facts, rather than inspired by the spectacular. Hence the foregoing attempt to exhibit not the hardest side of farming, but rather the normal risks and hazards to which every farmer is constantly subjected.

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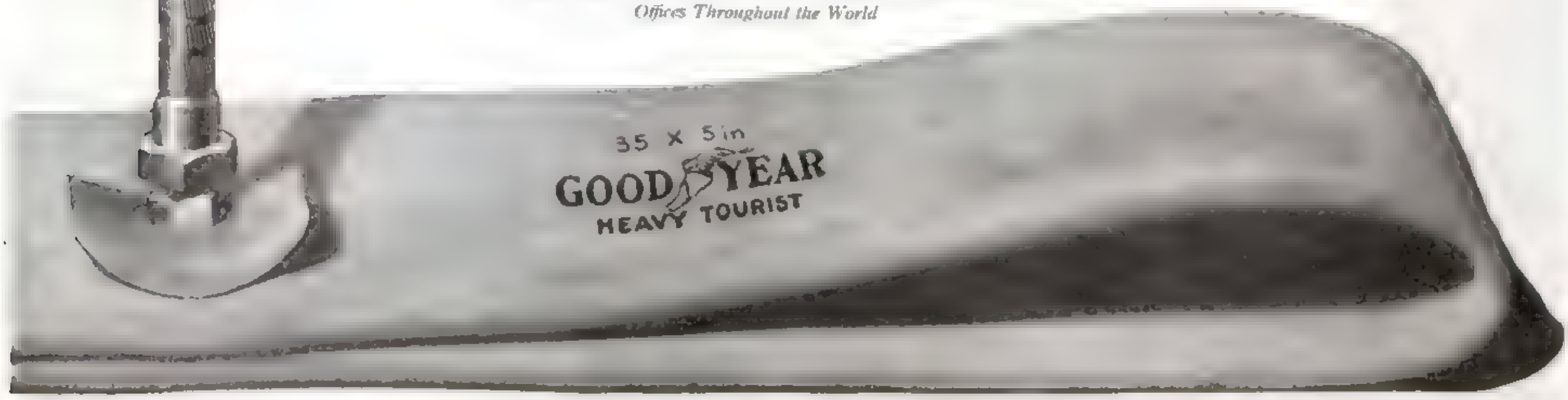

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SMOTHERS FIRE

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

Continued from Page 13)

detention of the four-thousand-share certificate was going to affect the situation, or whether it would, in fact, affect it at all, he was clever enough to see that in any case it was a hostage to time, and that delay was the only thing which could prevent the disclosure of his infamy. At all events, delay was bound to militate in his favor, as it always does in favor of the wrongdoer and against his victim.

Now if Magna Charta be, as it is called, the corner stone of Anglo-Saxon liberty, it was their belief in law as the guaranty of liberty that gave the barons courage to demand it of King John at Runnymede. Protection of their persons and of their property from physical interference on the part of officers of the crown, save by due process of law, was what they were after; and they got it—guaranteed to them under the royal sign manual and seal. Thus it was established for all time in England that though the king might be above the barons, the law was above the king.

John had always acknowledged this freely as between himself and the law ecclesiastical, and he had never presumed—and had never thought of presuming—to pass through the great arch which still stands at Beaulieu into the consecrated ground of the abbey. He could enter into and under the arch—yea, verily!—but beyond it, being but a lay prince, he might not and dared not go. And now the barons had successfully demanded an equal respect on the king's part for the common law of the country under the written guaranty of Magna Charta, in which John was forced to declare that "No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any way harmed, save by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land." The same was true of that freeman's property. In the words of Edmund Burke, an Englishman's house was his castle, which "the wind may enter, the rain may enter, but the King of England may not enter!"

Mark those famous words! The King of England may not enter—without lawful right—upon the land of his subject. The King of England may not take anything belonging to a subject, save by due process of law. And if the king may not, so may not another. Now, though it is quite a jump from King John at Runnymede to the rusty iron safe in the office of Williams & Farnwell in the town of Springfield, U. S. A., in 1920, nevertheless, what King John did on Salisbury Plain in 1215 was going to prove of considerable importance to Helen Rathom and her adviser, Mr. Tutt. For out of the deep respect for property rights inspired by Magna Charta in us Anglo-Saxons grew our statutes respecting trespass, detainer, trespass *ab initio*, and so on, which guarantee to us the private sanctity of our lands and dwellings. If it had not been for Magna Charta a deputy sheriff could today walk into one's house and carry off the ice-cream freezer without even a warrant of attachment. Sometimes, to be sure, he does so anyway; only now, in that case, we are enabled to sue him for the damages which otherwise we would have had to inflict upon him in person.

Anyhow—to cut all this law talk down to reasonable proportions—Ebenezer Williams' certificate was in the office safe of Williams & Farnwell. The safe was partnership property; and nobody, until Ebenezer Williams' estate was settled—including the partnership accounting—had any right of access to that safe save by the surviving partner's permission or by an order which he might be sufficiently ingenious to procure from a court of competent jurisdiction.

So now let the cat of adventure walk forth from the sack of legal technicality. We have sprung our trap for Mr. Tutt; and the question is, will he be caught in it or wriggle out? Let us hark back to his advent, in the company of Willie Toothaker, at the offices of Williams & Farnwell, where the latter, to his great discomfiture, had just learned from Mr. Tutt of the deed of the old gentleman's stock to Helen Rathom. The old lawyer had gone there for the purpose of taking possession of all his friend's papers, most of which had been kept in his high, old-fashioned mahogany desk; but the four-thousand-share certificate was in the safe, the safe was locked and Farnwell had a fairly good excuse for not turning it over, at any rate until he should have time to consult his lawyer.

"Now, as regards the certificate representing Mr. Williams' four thousand shares of stock in our company," said he with an air of charming frankness, "it seems to me—in view of the fact that it was deeded direct by him to Miss Rathom—that I ought to deliver it to her personally. Don't you agree with me?"

Like many another wily person, he always tried to get his opponents to agree with him in theory in order to put them in the position of asking something which was technically improper, though in fact it was wholly reasonable.

"No," answered Mr. Tutt, quite unsuspecting what was behind the objection, "I don't agree with you. I'm Mr. Williams' executor, and I'm entitled to the custody of everything—no matter what—that was in his physical possession at the time of his death."

"But I'm not so sure of that," returned Farnwell. "I'm sorry, but ——"

"In addition to which I represent Miss Rathom as her attorney."

Farnwell smiled politely.

It's quite embarrassing," he said, almost with naïveté, "and I hope you won't think me a pettifogger; but, you see, I'm responsible for what's in the safe, and that certificate represents an awful lot of money. Now first you come here as my partner's executor; and then you say you represent a legatee, which is an inconsistent position, it appears to me. If I give you the certificate on the theory that it belongs to Miss Rathom, and the estate turns out insolvent, I might be liable in some way if the gift weren't valid; and if it is valid, then it's just as easy to have her come here for it as to hand it to you, particularly as there's a question in my mind whether you can represent her legally and at the same time be the attorney for the estate."

"You ought to have been a lawyer yourself, my young friend," thought Mr. Tutt, but he only smiled back at Farnwell, and said, "I dare say you're right. If you'd feel any better to do it that way I'll bring Miss Rathom in after lunch. Have a stogy?"

"No, thanks," answered Farnwell. "I don't smoke."

Mr. Tutt registered the cerebral note that Uriah must be one of those perfect men who are apt to loot the village bank or seek to escape the trammels of domestic existence with some operatic vamp.

"I suppose Mr. Williams' interest in the Oriental Company was a controlling one, wasn't it?" he asked generally.

Farnwell looked vague.

"I don't know," he answered—"I don't think so. I shouldn't say there was any controlling interest. Anyhow, there's always been complete harmony of action among the stockholders."

"The company's done very well, hasn't it?" went on Mr. Tutt, unaware that the subject was a distasteful one to the plump, blond young man whose pale blue-green eyes gazed so innocently at him.

"So-so," admitted Farnwell unenthusiastically. "At the present moment it's sort of marking time."

"Declared cash dividends right along?"

"Oh, yes!"

"At what rate?"

"Two per cent quarterly."

Farnwell did not see fit to disclose at that particular moment that two months before, in addition to the regular cash dividend, the directors had declared a stock dividend of one hundred per cent—one share of new stock for each share of old—distributable at the opening of the annual meeting. Yet before Mr. Tutt got through with Mr. Farnwell that fact was destined to play an important, if not vital, part in the *dénouement*.

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

He Had, After Several False Starts, Attempted to Convey to Her the Delicate Suggestion That if She So Willed She Could Become Mrs. Uriah Farnwell

Mr. Tutt had no sooner left the office than Farnwell sought his attorney, Kirtland, who besides being a lawyer and local politician was also one of those esteemed citizens who encourage wrongdoers in order later on to exact tribute in return for silence.

"Well,"—shortly remarked the latter when his client entered his office a few moments later, "what's your trouble?"

Farnwell eyed him gloomily.

"It's not mine alone!" he returned significantly. "You know where the money came from to pay for those securities that are standing in your name in my safe-deposit box at the Springfield Trust Company."

"Sure," answered Kirtland calmly. "They're safe, aren't they?"

"And you know I had enough proxies to swing the annual meeting of the Oriental if Williams hadn't up and died just at this time, and to vote to cancel the whole indebtedness in exchange for our stock in the Oklahoma Homestake and Development Company."

Kirtland nodded amiably. He was convinced that Farnwell's position was impregnable, and had so advised him.

"Well," replied his client irritably, "you needn't be so damn jovial about it! Williams deeded his stock to his granddaughter three days before he died, and she's coming over to the office at two o'clock to get it."

Kirtland started.

"You mean you won't be able to control the meeting? That she'll block you?"

"Of course she will—with old man Tutt at her elbow!"

Kirtland mentally reviewed the situation.

"When's the meeting?"

"June fifth."

"That's only eleven days off."

"Time enough for me to be everlastingly ruined."

Kirtland compressed his lips.

"She mustn't get the stock—that's all!"

"But how can I prevent her?" snapped Farnwell.

"Where is it?"

"In the office safe."

A look of relief flashed over Kirtland's sallow face.

"That safe is partnership property. Nobody—not even Williams' executor—has any right of access to it or control over it. You must refuse to open it or to have it opened. Tutt can't open it. You won't open it. Pretend you've lost the combination. Stall him any old way until after the annual meeting. Then it will be too late for him to do anything."

"But hasn't he a right to the certificate as part of Williams' estate?" queried Farnwell doubtfully.

"Absolutely not!" answered Kirtland. "An executor has no right to a chattel donated directly *causa mortis*."

"That may fix Tutt as executor," retorted Farnwell, "but how about the Rathom girl? If she, and not the estate, is the legal owner of the stock, hasn't she a right to it which the courts will enforce?"

"Of course, the owner of a chattel can replevy it by giving a bond if it is wrongfully converted," answered Kirtland slowly, but thinking hard. "But first there's got to be a proper demand by the owner and a refusal on the part of the wrongful possessor to return it. Now of course you won't refuse. You simply will do nothing. They can't make you liable for simply standing pat and keeping your hands still. Your cue is to say to Tutt, 'There's the safe. If you can't get in, it isn't my fault.' If you can keep out of the way—or pass the buck somehow—you ought to be able to stall the girl off for ten days. Luck's your way, and you're on the windward side of the law—this time. In fact, no one can charge you with being the wrongful possessor, anyhow, as the certificate is in a safe that belongs just as much to Tutt, as executor, as it does to you as surviving partner."

"Do you actually mean to say that I can put anything over like that?" demanded Farnwell incredulously.

"Sure! That's what the law is for, isn't it? You're only availing yourself of your legal rights!"

Farnwell grinned. The same thought came to him as had occurred to Mr. Tutt.

"I ought to have been a lawyer!" he asserted.

"You don't need to," said Kirtland, "if you split fifty-fifty with one!"

"Helen," asked Mr. Tutt as they sat at lunch at the old mahogany dining-room table, "what sort of a young man is this Mr. Farnwell?"

The girl hesitated.

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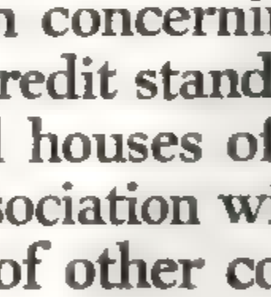

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"Grandpa thought everything of him," she replied. "I've never liked him."

"Why not?"

"Just a personal antipathy. He asked me to marry him once."

Mr. Tutt, lighting a stogy, paused solemnly.

"I hope an offer of marriage does not always have that result."

"No, but the antipathy had a very definite result upon the offer," she laughed. "Don't let's talk about him."

"I don't want to talk about him. I don't like him much myself," Mr. Tutt assured her.

But they were, in spite of themselves, preordained to talk about Mr. Farnwell most of the time during the next week, and in much less vague and uncertain terms; for when half an hour later they called at the office, as arranged with Farnwell, in order that Helen might personally receive and receipt for her certificate, he was not there. He had had, they were informed by Mr. Curran, the head clerk, a sudden call to New York, and would be gone several days. There was no reason why Farnwell's unexpected departure should have aroused any suspicion in Mr. Tutt's mind, and it did not definitely do so; but it, nevertheless, produced an unpleasant and annoying effect.

The *status quo* would probably have been maintained even until after the annual meeting, however, had it not been for Mr. Willie Toothaker, who while indulging his natural infant curiosity by snooping around what he called "this hick town"—though by comparison with his native village in the Mohawk Valley it was a howling metropolis—made several important discoveries within a couple of days of the annual meeting, to wit: That Mr. Uriah Farnwell was not in New York at all, but on the contrary was secretly sojourning at the Sunset Hotel in the neighboring resort of Saffron Springs, six miles away; that Mr. Theobald Kirtland, of Kirtland, Thompson & Kirtland, was daily in his company; that Farnwell and Kirtland were both regarded with disapproval by several excellent citizens of Springfield who had suspected them for a long time of being engaged in some sort of a game to do old Ebenezer Williams out of his property; that the Oriental Trading Company had, as aforesaid, recently declared a one hundred per cent stock dividend; and finally, that it numbered among its minor stockholders the local barber, butcher and tinsmith, all of whom hated Uriah Farnwell with a deadly and vindictive passion, for the reason that at one time or another in his career he had done them dirt.

And all these things, as was his wont, Willie without delay confided to his guide, counselor, friend, employer and hero, Mr. Ephraim Tutt, who thereupon awoke, took notice and sat up, instantly realizing that he had been hard and fast asleep.

Some day, when paper is less expensive, we propose to print a small book containing, in addition to Mr. Ephraim Tutt's general philosophy of life, a few of his practical conclusions with respect to the conduct of it. Now he had discovered early in his career that if you buy a horse with a limp you must expect him to continue to limp, even if his original owner has assured you that his disability is but temporary and nearly cured. In other words, you must not purchase a horse with a limp unless you want a horse with a limp. You buy your plug *de facto* and not *de jure*. Taking it backward, a horse that is perfectly strong in the legs won't limp, even out of pure cussedness, when being exhibited for sale. Therefore, Q. E. D. and ergo, don't buy a horse with a limp or trust a man with one—even if it be slight. The Thoroughbred will run true to form every time; the honest man will be honest in every piece of business that he undertakes; the gentleman is always a gentleman, as Jim Foley says, drunk or sober. A lie, a sharp trick, a bit of heartlessness or cruelty—any sort of moral limp—is the outward, visible sign of inward spiritual obliquity.

Hence it did not require much shrewdness on his part to conclude in this particular instance that Friend Farnwell was a crook, for the evidence conclusively proved him to be a liar. But he had lied with a smile; and Mr. Tutt knew that when a man takes the trouble to lie with a smile, though part of his villainy may be already accomplished there is more of it to come. Gentle as a sucking dove, genial and generous in his daily intercourse with his fellow man, Mr. Tutt inevitably became a roaring lion when he discovered that his confidence had been abused—a lion with the cunning of a fox. Like the chess player, he could tell what was in his opponent's mind only by his latest move upon the board. There was villainy afoot; but Mr. Tutt had no means of ascertaining what it was. Yet by a simple process of ratiocination his trained mind jumped to a conclusion sufficiently accurate—save in its minor details—to enable him to act in opposition. Mine—countermine! Farnwell had moved out a knight—Tutt would move a castle! There could not be a more obvious opening or a more obvious defense.

POINT ONE: If the Oriental Trading Company had declared a one hundred per cent stock dividend it must be a gold mine, for the million-dollar surplus—not having been distributed in cash—was probably still in liquid assets.

POINT TWO: Farnwell was treasurer; hence the cash was at his disposal; and there were a thousand safe ways of milking a corporation if you could control a majority of the stock.

POINT THREE: As Farnwell obviously wished to prevent Helen from getting possession of her grandfather's certificate, and was resorting to the most barefaced deceptions to avoid surrendering it, it followed that he intended to perpetrate, or at least to conceal, some fraud at the annual meeting.

POINT FOUR: This fraud probably involved an enormous sum of money, the loss of which would seriously affect the value of the stock, since otherwise it would not be worth while for Farnwell to jeopardize his reputation and his position with the company to which he owed his livelihood and his prosperity.

CONCLUSION: Farnwell would undoubtedly attempt some hocus-pocus at the coming meeting, which could be prevented only by procuring possession of the certificate inside the safe and voting the four thousand shares it represented.

Then suddenly Mr. Tutt saw a great light. What an old dullard he had been! Yes, the certificate was in the safe—right behind him—but how the devil was he going to get it out in forty-eight hours?

A ridiculous situation, doubtless. Yet no more ridiculous than will inevitably arise in the inviolable application of any general principles of either law or ethics.

Mr. Tutt was up against one of these anomalous situations where the technical requirements of the law created an almost farcical predicament. Within reach of his hand, protected only by what in effect was no protection at all—a fraction of an inch of cast iron reënforced by a few inches of concrete—was a piece of paper that absolutely belonged either to him as executor of Ebenezer Williams or to Helen Rathom as the latter's donee, or at any rate his devisee and next of kin. It couldn't possibly belong to anybody else in the whole world, and no one could for an instant pretend that it did. Yet it was as much out of the legal reach of both of them as if it were in the center of the terrestrial sphere or upon the planet Mars.

Why, the reader may ask, didn't Mr. Tutt merely force the combination and remove his client's property? What was inside was not Farnwell's and was his. Why didn't he, just this once, used as he was to skating on the thinnest sort of legal ice, cut the Gordian knot by simply taking what belonged to him?

The answer is simple enough.

It was not a fraction of iron sheathing and a gob of mortar that intervened between Mr. Tutt and the four-thousand-share certificate to the possession of which he was entitled by every legal right; it was his respect for the law of the land, inherited through nearly a thousand years from the days of King John and Magna Charta, that stayed his hand; the law which protected him every moment of the day from violence and in the enjoyment of his life, liberty, happiness and property.

We are wont to talk about evading the law. But there is no such thing as an evasion of the law. The law either is or it isn't. We may be able to do things with entire legality which nobody suspected, but they are not strictly evasions of the law at all. They are merely unexpected applications of or exceptions to the law as it is, though doubtless unpleasant surprises for the lawmakers. You may break the law, but you can't evade it. As Mr. Justice Holmes has so pertinently said: "We do not speak of evasion, because when the law draws a line a case is on one side of it or

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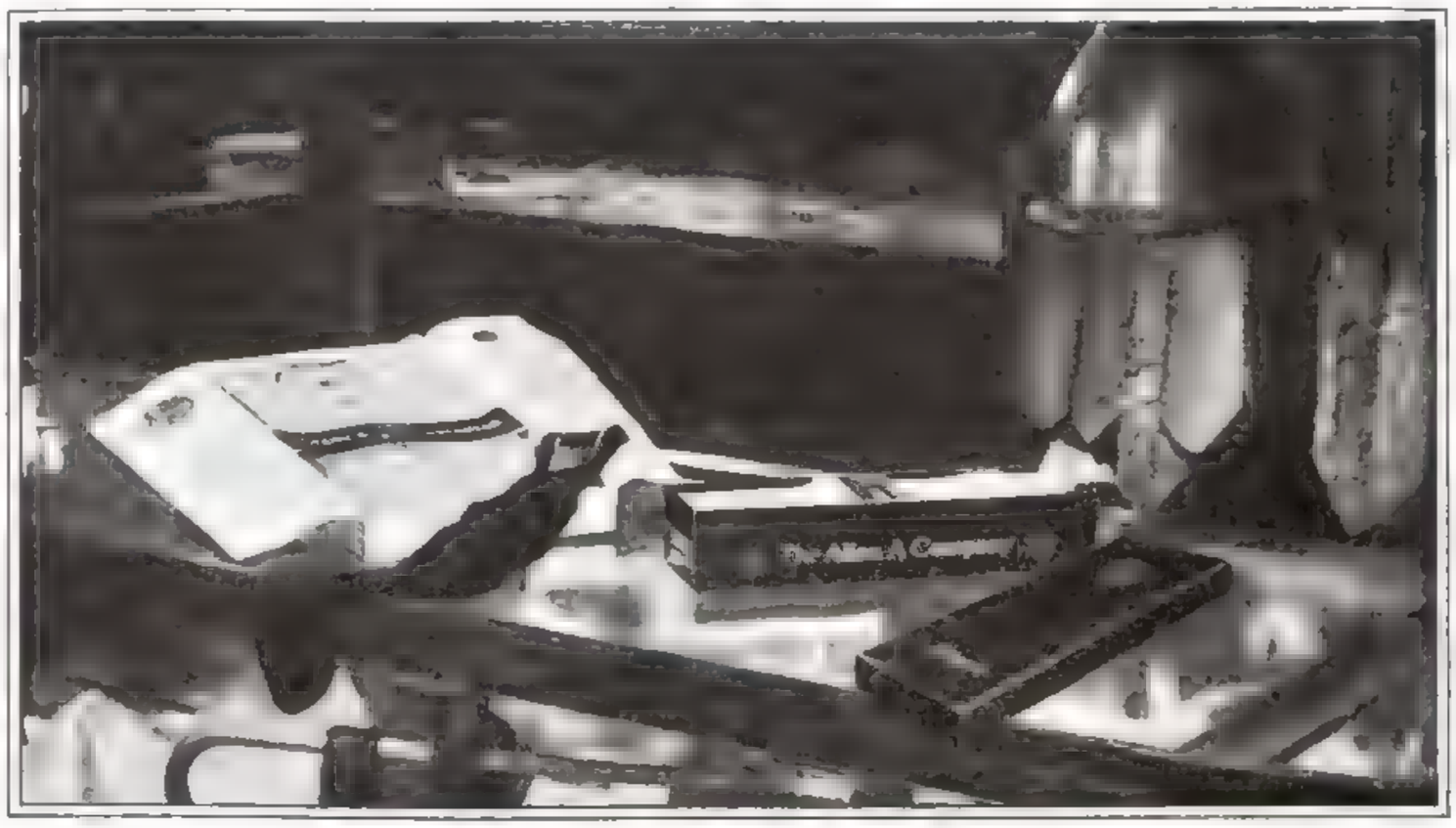

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(Continued from Page 60)

the other, and if on the safe side is none the worse legally that a party has availed himself to the full extent of what the law permits.

"When an act is condemned as an evasion, what is meant is that it is on the wrong side of the line indicated by the policy if not by the mere letter of the law."

Poor old Mr. Tutt was in very much of a muddle, but be it said for him that he never for an instant considered the possibility of violating the rules of his own profession, any more than he would have surreptitiously altered the position of a chessman when his opponent was not looking. Moreover, had he been Farnwell and had Farnwell been Tutt, though Farnwell might have acted differently, Tutt would not have hesitated to avail himself of every legal technicality, just as he foresaw that Farnwell would now probably do.

He was sitting in Ebenezer Williams' office the day before the meeting, engaged in figuring out how he could gain access to the safe, when there was a sound of footsteps upon the wooden stairs outside. The door banged and Farnwell entered, accompanied by a thickset, plug-ugly person with an undershot jaw above which protruded the butt of a dead cigar. Instantly Mr. Tutt gathered himself together. He and Farnwell had parted on the friendliest terms.

All his suspicions might prove to be unfounded. Farnwell had not as yet declined to surrender the certificate; he might not refuse to do so; and he was probably unaware that Mr. Tutt knew anything in his disfavor.

"Ah, Mr. Tutt!" he exclaimed, with a show of cordiality as he came in, "delighted to see you again! I had to run down to New York on business, and have only just got back. This is my friend and attorney, Mr. Theobald Kirtland, a member of your own honorable profession."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Kirtland," said Mr. Tutt with equal geniality. "Won't you gentlemen try one of my Wheeling perfectos? I've been hoping you would come back, Mr. Farnwell, so that you could deliver that stock certificate to Miss Rathom."

"Oh, yes, of course!" replied Farnwell easily. "It slipped my mind entirely. Where is she?"

"I'll telephone for her," said Mr. Tutt. "We might as well dispose of the matter here and now."

"By all means," assented Farnwell. "Meantime, if you'll excuse us, Mr. Kirtland and I will adjourn to my room for a chat about something else."

Helen Rathom arrived at the offices of Williams & Farnwell within twenty minutes, and before notifying the others of her arrival Mr. Tutt took occasion to explain the situation to her so far as it had already developed and as it appeared to him in prospect.

"My dear," he said, laying his blue-veined old hand encouragingly upon hers, "I'm afraid that your grandfather was mistaken about his partner, Mr. Farnwell. He has lied to me and tried to conceal from me the true financial condition of the trading company. The chances are that he will refuse to allow us to open the safe for the purpose of taking out the certificate representing the four thousand shares given you by your grandfather, for I am confident that he intends to perpetrate some knavery at the meeting if he can control a majority of the stockholders. If we can get possession of the certificate we can probably block him. If not—I don't know yet what we can do. The main thing is to keep on good terms with our adversary and prevent his having any suspicion of what we know about him."

Helen Rathom paled.

"Do you mean that Mr. Farnwell is dishonest?" she asked incredulously.

"Exactly that," nodded the lawyer.

"But my grandfather trusted him absolutely," she whispered.

"Many a man has been ruined by a similar confidence," he returned. "I may be entirely wrong. I hope so. If he gives you the certificate I shall begin to think that I have misjudged him, but if he refuses—the fight is on! Anyhow, I must have a witness to your demand for the stock. Willie, come in here!"

From a window at the rear of the outer office, where he had ensconced himself to observe the antics of a colt in a neighboring stable yard, came William Toothaker, Esquire, erstwhile office boy, now handy man in ordinary to Ephraim Tutt—chewing as usual the succulent product of the wintergreen leaf and the rubber tree, and grinning.

"Willie," admonished Mr. Tutt, "throw away that gum and come in here. I want you to listen to everything that is said—and what's more, to remember it!"

Willie protruded his head for an instant beyond the jamb of the door, and then withdrew it again, his jaws ostentatiously motionless.

"Sure!" he said laconically. "What's the idea?"

"Never you mind!" retorted Mr. Tutt. "Ask Mr. Farnwell to come in here for a moment."

And now, Farnwell and Kirtland having accepted Mr. Tutt's invitation to return, the baffled old lawyer pushed out his own first knight upon the legal chessboard.

"Mr. Farnwell," he said with the utmost politeness, "on behalf of my client, Miss Helen Rathom, I demand from you the certificate of stock standing in the name of Ebenezer Williams and deeded by him to her on May eighth last, which is at the present moment in this safe."

"Why, certainly," answered Farnwell. "There's no need to make any demand. It's there whenever you want it."

"Well, we'd like it now," returned Mr. Tutt shortly.

"There it is, waiting for you," countered Farnwell.

Instantly Mr. Tutt's worst fears were realized.

"But," he replied gently, "we do not know the combination of the safe."

At this Mr. Farnwell appeared deeply shocked.

"Why," he exclaimed in a puzzled manner, "didn't you find it there in the drawer of Mr. Williams' desk? He was the only one who had it."

"No," replied Mr. Tutt, "I haven't found it."

"Then we'll have to look for it!" remarked Kirtland with a leer which he tried to distort into a smile.

Mr. Tutt's demeanor changed. There was nothing in being trifled with. If it was to be war, let it be war—to the death!

"Mr. Farnwell," said he sternly, throwing off the mask of good nature, "there is no use in a stranger like myself playing button-button with you for the combination of your own office safe. I want that certificate and I purpose to have it. Will you surrender it or not?"

Farnwell glanced at Kirtland, neither of whom could suppress a grin.

"Why certainly I'll give it to you if you can open the safe. I'm not keeping it from you."

Mr. Tutt stepped over to the door of the old-fashioned thing and gave the handle a twist.

"Willie," said he quietly, "go down the street to Perkins' Hardware Store and ask them to send their locksmith up here."

Willie obediently slid down from the window sill and pulled his cap from his pocket.

"Look here," ejaculated Kirtland, "you might as well know now as any time—first as last—there ain't goin' to be any safe-crackin' party in this office. That safe is firm property. It belongs to Williams & Farnwell.

"My client is the surviving partner and entitled to exclusive possession of the firm assets. You may be the old man's executor, but so long as my client legally controls that safe nobody is going to be allowed to damage it. Get me?"

"I get you, as you call it," replied Mr. Tutt. "But you haven't got me yet, young man. I'll have a deputy sheriff here inside of half an hour."

Kirtland laughed cynically.

"You know perfectly well," he retorted, "that there ain't any way under the law for you to get into that safe. You can't attach it, because there isn't any action you could bring except in trover, and you can't bring an action in trover without proving a demand and refusal. Your client has made a demand all right—yes, but there's been no refusal to deliver. We simply say, 'Go ahead! Take your property! Only don't damage what don't belong to you!'"

"Very well!" retorted Mr. Tutt. "Then I'll replevy the safe and its contents and give a bond for it."

"You talk like a first-year law student!" scoffed Kirtland. "If that's all the law you need to know to practice in New York State you better go back home. You can't replevy that safe, because it's partnership property; and you can't replevy the certificate without opening the safe. We've got you coming and going. Not that we'd have the slightest objection if you could open the safe—oh, no, of course not! Not at all!" He made a low bow and a sweeping gesture. "Help yourselves!"

Now Mr. Tutt did not enjoy being jeered at, particularly when he was on the wrong side of the law. Kirtland had sized the situation up quite correctly. He could not replevy the certificate, and he could not attach the safe; and at that moment he could not for the life of him think of any way to prevent the certificate from remaining inside it until after the meeting.

"Miss Rathom," said he, getting up and ceremoniously removing his old stovepipe hat from the hook behind the door, "there is nothing to detain us here any longer."

Then in the moment of his going he paused. A light seemed to break over his wrinkled old face, and he burst into such a hearty chuckle that both Farnwell and Kirtland experienced a shiver of nervousness.

"It's all right, Helen, my girl!" he exclaimed exultantly. "Come along! We've got 'em!"

"The hell you have!" snarled Kirtland. "The shoe's on the other foot!"

"Wait and see! Wait and see!" commented the old lawyer mysteriously. "Certificate or no certificate, I warn you right now, Mr. Felonious Farnwell, that you'll never put anything over at that meeting."

Now it had not entered Farnwell's mind that Mr. Tutt, however angry with him the latter might be on account of his refusal to open the safe, could have any knowledge of what he had done or what he purposed to do at the stockholders' meeting; and the old lawyer's warning sent a shiver down his spine. Indeed Mr. Tutt had delivered it much in the manner of a witch delivering a root-and-branch curse—complete in three volumes. Yet, in point of fact, it was nothing but a grand-stand play. Mr. Tutt had no idea whatever as to what his next move was going to be. But "conscience doth make cowards of us all," and Farnwell was frightened; and his anxiety was not reduced when as a parting shot—delivered over the stern rail, as it were—the old lawyer looked back over his shoulder and remarked, merely for good measure, "Yes, my friend, the law is on our side!"

Unexpectedly he drew fire. Kirtland's face had become a curious study.

"That isn't the law," snapped the Springfield politician.

Mr. Tutt instantly sensed something.

"Yes, that is the law, my friend!" he asserted with conviction. "If you doubt it, look it up. If that's all you need to practice with in Springfield, you'd better stay right here. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"What did you mean, Mr. Tutt," asked Helen as they descended the stairs to the street, "about that being the law? What law did you refer to?"

"I don't know," he answered with an affectionate, whimsical glance at her puzzled face—"yet!"

Now the reason for the perturbation evidenced by Farnwell's legal adviser, which reason he had refrained from communicating to his client in the hope that his fears would prove to be unfounded, was this: Though the certificate belonging to her grandfather had not been transferred to Helen Rathom's name, this might by law not prevent the distribution to her of the share per share stock dividend at the opening of the meeting, as the equitable owner of four thousand shares, and if Farnwell's debt to the corporation to the extent of four hundred thousand dollars might by law extinguish the stock dividend of like amount which would otherwise be distributable to him, and if these two mights were realities in law, then Farnwell would fail of his majority. For in that case, of the twenty thousand shares—represented by the original ten thousand capital plus the new ten thousand stock dividend—Helen would have four thousand new stock, Farnwell would have only four thousand old stock his new stock dividend being canceled and set off against his indebtedness—and the other stockholders would have remaining four thousand; for the balance of eight thousand would be out of play, so to speak, being made up of the four thousand old shares buried in Mr. Williams' name in the safe and the four thousand new which went to extinguish Farnwell's debt. Under these circumstances Farnwell could not hope to accomplish his purpose, for he had no voting majority—thus:

OLD SITUATION
BEFORE STOCK-DIVIDEND DISTRIBUTION

	SHARES
Ebenezer Williams (in safe)	*4,000
Uriah Farnwell	4,000
Other stockholders	2,000
Total	10,000
Balance in favor of Farnwell	2,000

NEW SITUATION
AFTER STOCK-DIVIDEND DISTRIBUTION

	SHARES
Ebenezer Williams (in safe)	*4,000
Helen Rathom (stock dividend)	4,000
Uriah Farnwell	4,000
Other stockholders	4,000
Treasury of Trading Co.	4,000
Total	20,000
Balance in favor of Farnwell	0

*Not votable

Kirtland, though realizing this possible eventuality, had not taken it very seriously; but he now jumped to the conclusion that old Tutt had looked the whole thing up and, as he said, had got 'em. If so, everything was over but the shouting, and Farnwell had better run to cover as fast as possible and try to conceal the traces of his dishonesty.

"Look here, Farnwell!" exclaimed his legal accomplice toward eight o'clock that evening. "I didn't tell you before because I didn't think old Tutt was wise, but I'm afraid you're a gone coon. I advise you to go over to the bank and arrange with them, if so directed to-morrow morning before the meeting, to pay off your loans. You've got enough government certificates to fix everything up all right. All the same, we may win out yet. Anyhow, you'd better put someone on guard over the safe to-night. We don't want any amateur burglary at this particular juncture."

And at just about the same moment in the library of the old house on Main Street Mr. Tutt was saying, "Helen, unless I can devise some new expedient, it looks now as if Farnwell would be in a position to control the meeting. We can only hope that he's not planning to take advantage of the situation. However, I am going to try one more bluff. I'll call here for you to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

So while Mr. Uriah Farnwell, a pistol in his pocket, made himself as comfortable as he could on his office lounge, Mr. Tutt, ignorant of the legal possibilities with which the situation was pregnant, hastened first to the barber, the butcher and the tinsmith, and then to the house of the sheriff, who was sound asleep, but who was duly placated by a handful of stogies. The old lawyer did not take off his clothes at all that night, yet he exhibited no fatigue or early morning depression when he called for his client, accompanied by a sheriff's deputy and the faithful Willie, at the appointed hour. Then with a sheaf of papers in his hand he conducted the party to the offices of Williams & Farnwell, where Uriah was still dozing, fully armed, upon the sofa.

A loud official rap brought him to his feet with a start, and he sullenly unlocked the door of the outer office.

"Good morning, Uriah," the deputy greeted him. "I've got a writ of attachment against your firm, and I'm here to execute it," he added as he put his foot in the crack of the door and forced it steadily open with his knee.

Farnwell, quite taken aback, and unfortified by the presence of his attorney, reluctantly permitted the party to enter.

"What are you talking about?" he blustered feebly. "The firm hasn't any debts. You can't attach anything here!"

"I can't, can't I?" retorted the deputy. "Well, here's a summons and complaint in an action against Williams & Farnwell for sixty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents for work, labor and material, brought by Moses Millbank, the tinsmith, for repairs on your office safe."

Farnwell bit his lips. He had forgotten that Millbank's account was outstanding, but he had no reason to doubt it.

"And I guess I'll attach the safe," concluded the deputy with a wink, gradually backing Farnwell toward the innocent object of the whole rumpus. "That's sort of poetic justice, ain't it?"

"Just wait a minute until I call up Mr. Kirtland," protested Uriah.

"Call him up all you want," grinned the officer of the law as he laid his hand on the

(Concluded on Page 66)

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The offices and dining-rooms of this big modern manufacturing plant in Philadelphia are floored with Blabon Art Linoleum. These well-known makers of "Exide" Batteries required floors that, while beautiful, would withstand the wear of daily service.

They sought floors also that are sanitary and economical to maintain. And they chose Blabon floors of Art Linoleum in plain brown, as pictured above.

Blabon floors are ideal for business institutions, public halls, auditoriums, libraries, and all buildings where the frequent tread of feet makes unusual demand for resistance to wear. Their inlaid patterns and plain colors go through to the burlap back and last as long as the linoleum endures.

Blabon Linoleums are quiet, resilient, and easy to keep clean. When cemented to wood or concrete bases they become an integral part of the building. We will be glad to furnish to architects specifications for laying. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon.

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleums, and to describe, advertise, or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

Look for this label on all Blabon Art Linoleums

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia

Established 69 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Concluded from Page 62)

bone of their contention. "But this here safe is here an' now, an' from this time forth, attached an' in my custody as deputy sheriff of Buckminster County. Now you can call up anybody in the hull of creation."

"But you can't take it away!" warned Farnwell.

"Course I can! Why not?" retorted the deputy. "I'm going to bring a truck here right off and take it over to our office."

"You can't if I pay the sixty-eight dollars," answered Farnwell with a flash of inspiration.

"True enough!" agreed the officer. "Have you got the money?"

Now, though Uriah Farnwell had a pistol in his pocket—which made him feel a little foolish—he did not happen to have sixty-eight dollars, and as he distrusted the deputy not a little and Mr. Tutt a great deal, he was loath to leave the office for fear between them something might happen to the safe. On the other hand, he was strongly averse to having the safe with its contents removed from his own office to that of the sheriff, where it would be equally beyond his vigilance. So hurrying to the telephone in his own private room, he called up Kirtland at his house, returning in a few minutes to the outer office, where Mr. Tutt and the deputy, having followed him, had seated themselves.

"Listen here, sheriff!" he declared aggressively. "My attorneys wish me to tell you that though you may take custody of the safe on the ground that it is firm property and this is a suit brought against the firm, you are not entitled to remove it, open it or take out its contents. Moreover, I am going to pay Millbank's bill as soon as Mr. Kirtland can bring over the money."

"Why can't I remove the safe?" inquired the deputy argumentatively.

"Because it's a fixture."

The deputy spat disdainfully.

"It ain't made fast to the real estate," said he.

"Yes, it is!" quickly countered Farnwell. "It's got an iron brace screwed into the wall."

"That don't make it no fixture!" replied the sheriff tartly. "It won't hinder me none!"

"But whether it's a fixture or not," went on Farnwell, "you have no right to touch the contents."

"I think I am entitled to a word here," interjected Mr. Tutt. "We are not interested in having the safe removed. That is up to the sheriff. But though the safe is in his custody, he is not entitled to take control of any of its contents which may belong to a third person, and must allow such third person to withdraw it. My client, Miss Rathom, owns a certificate of stock which is inside that safe, and she is here to withdraw her property. I now demand that the sheriff open the safe and deliver the certificate to her."

"That's all right," sneered Farnwell, "only he can't damage the firm's property. If he so much as puts a chisel to it I'll have him removed for malfeasance in office and sue him for trespass."

"I guess that what Mr. Tutt says is the law," affirmed the deputy sagely. "An' maybe what you say is the law too. I dunno. Anyways ——"

He got up, stretched himself and walked slowly into the office where the old safe stood between the two dingy windows, out of one of which Willie Toothaker was gazing innocently at the antics of his friend, the neighboring colt.

"As I was sayin'," mused the deputy. Then he stopped short and uttered a guffaw. "Well, I'll be gol-binged!" he ejaculated. "What d' y' say to that?"

The door of the old safe was open wide, and Helen Rathom stood in front of it with a paper in her hand, her face bright with excitement. At the same instant Kirtland came running up the stairs and dashed breathlessly into the room.

"Here's your sixty-eight dollars!" he cried to the sheriff. Then he quickly turned color.

"This is a wholly illegal proceeding!" he shouted angrily. "You can't break into safes that way!"

"I ain't broken into no safe!" contradicted the sheriff. "I ain't touched the blame safe! I follered Mr. Farnwell out into the other room, and when I come back just this very minute the safe was open. Anyway, if nothin' has happened 'cept that Miss Rathom has took out her own stock I guess there ain't no great harm been done."

"*Damnum absque injuria*," remarked Mr. Tutt airily, lighting a stogy. "*Damnum absque injuria!*"

Farnwell, purple with fury, stood speechless, glaring at Helen.

"The game's up!" Kirtland whispered to him. "Better beat it over to the bank." Then he turned with a snarl to Mr. Tutt. "I must say, the law doesn't seem to bother you much!"

"My dear friend," replied the latter with a slight tinge of reproof, "I have never in my entire life countenanced or connived at an infraction of the law. Helen, my dear, it is now a few minutes before ten. We have just time enough to go over and get your grandfather's stock transferred into your name before the meeting."

As they entered the bank for that purpose Mr. Uriah Farnwell pushed a package of securities through an opening in a wire wicket and received in return a bundle of notes, each indorsed:

"Paid June 5, 1920."

"Why do you suppose Mr. Farnwell acted so impolitely about grandpa's safe?" queried Helen.

"I don't know, my child," answered the lawyer, adding to himself as Farnwell hurriedly backed away from the counter, stuffing the notes into his pocket, "but I can guess."

Indeed from the very beginning it had all been a matter of guesswork so far as Mr. Tutt was concerned.

As happens to every lawyer over and over again, he had been playing the game blindfolded, in utter ignorance of the ultimate design of his antagonist. But, like the chess player's, his agile mind had leaped ahead, foreseen the inevitable danger and blocked each move until at last, without ever having discovered his opponent's real plan of campaign, he had silently checkmated him.

Over at the offices of Williams & Farnwell the stockholders of the Oriental Trading Company were gathering, one by one, for the annual meeting. In the private office of Ebenezer Williams sat Willie Toothaker and the deputy.

"Son," remarked the officer of the law as he pulled pleasurably upon one of Mr. Tutt's fragrant substitutes for tobacco, "just between ourselves—an' strictly confidential—how'd you get that safe open?"

Willie studied his questioner for a moment with an expression in which suspicion struggled with an altruistic eagerness to impart information. Then he gave the deputy a fraternal grin.

"Aw, it's a cinch!" he asserted, illustrating the ease of it.

"A rat could get into one o' them old tin boxes! You take the knob this way an' turn it real slow until you hear the tumbler go kind o' kerplunk, and then you just keep on turnin' ——"

At almost the same moment Mr. Tutt, accompanied by Helen, who held a fresh certificate for the four thousand shares of stock which had just been transferred to her name and which would give her control, slowly climbed up the narrow stairway. On the landing they nearly collided with Farnwell, who was sneaking down, a suitcase in his hand, but he did not look at them.

That's the end of the story, except that on the same evening when Mr. Tutt and Willie were sitting in the smoker of the New York Express the latter bashfully drew a crumpled paper from his trousers pocket with the remark, "Say, Mr. Tutt, I forgot to show you this. It fell out of the safe when I opened the door, and I put it in my pocket. Mebbe it's worth keeping. Is it?"

The old lawyer adjusted his spectacles and then looked quizzically over them at Mr. Toothaker.

"So you opened the safe, did you? Dear me!" Then he sat up with a jerk and slapped his knee. "Holy cats!" he exclaimed in a tone of mingled amusement and disgust.

The paper was a bill of sale dated 1879 for one safe sold to Ebenezer Williams by the Holbird Safe and Lock Company, and signed, "Joshua Holbird, Pres."

"And to think," sighed Mr. Tutt, "that that confounded old safe—as now clearly appears from the paper—belonged to Ebenezer Williams all the time—his own private, personal property—and that I, as his executor, could have taken it away and blown it open three weeks ago! Well, it's all the same in the end; and—the law is the law!"

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Preserve—Conserve" urges Senator Capper of Kansas

"Those two words are weighty with meaning to every citizen of the nation. It is necessary that we save and take care of what we already have.

Senator Arthur Capper

"This is especially true of the lumber resources of the nation. Our timbered areas are being rapidly depleted. We must replenish them. But first it is important that we make the best use of the timber we already have. Not a stick of it should be wasted.

"Wood is so closely linked with every activity of modern life that it would seem impossible to get along without it. Yet we face that possibility. Much wood is allowed to decay needlessly, on farms, in cities, in every industry.

"There are many methods of preserving wood, practically doubling its life and service. These methods are not expensive when the good they accomplish is considered. They should be employed by every person using wood, not only for the benefit of the individual but for the good of every citizen."

Startling Facts

More than sixty per cent of our original forests have disappeared! Four times as much timber as is grown, is cut every year! At the present rate of consumption, the next generation faces the disaster of a timber famine!

Sills and posts of cotton gin, showing decay and destruction caused by white ants. Carbosoting protects against this condition.

Fortunately, progress is being made toward a national program of conservation and reforestation, but the benefits will not be felt for years to come.

Meanwhile, the lumber user is not helpless; nor must he resort to costly substitutes, often difficult to obtain. He has, in wood preservation, a very practical weapon with which to combat high wood construction cost and to immediately aid timber conservation.

How to Lower Mine Timbering Costs

"In the bituminous coal fields, timbering has become a vital problem. With local timber supplies depleted, and in many cases entirely exhausted, the cost of material has advanced 200% to 350% during the last four years, and the labor cost of placing has easily doubled."

"A conservative estimate, based upon careful examination of all factors involved, places the saving in timbering costs possible through preservative treatment with Carbosota of wood used underground and for surface construction at 30% to 50% annually."

Common type of tipple.

The quotations are from the report of a careful survey of the bituminous coal fields made last summer by our technical staff.

Carbosota, applied by the Open Tank process, is an effective method of preservative treatment and perfectly adapted to mine conditions. The plant required is simple and inexpensive, and should be included in every coal mine equipment.

Address our nearest office for folder No. 409, "Longer Life for Mine Timbers." The service and advice of our experts are free.

"Pit Mouth"—entrance to a coal mine.

Carbosota to the Rescue

Preservative treatment lowers the per year cost of structural timber by increasing its durability. It makes possible the satisfactory use, in so-called permanent construction, of less durable woods which are otherwise unsuited for the purpose.

Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil—a highly refined creosote, for non-pressure treatments—places the economy of wood preservation within easy reach of every lumber user.

On the Plantation

In warm humid climates, such as prevail throughout the cotton and sugar producing sections of the South, wood decay is especially active, and the economy of wood preservation correspondingly great.

Fence posts; sills, foundation posts and floor joists of buildings; derricks, cane cars and wagons; sap-pine and cypress shingles—if these and other structural wood used on the plantation are treated with Carbosota, repairs and replacements will be reduced by half.

Our folder No. 407, "Creosoted Wood for Sugar Plantations," sent free on request.

Replacing decayed cedar post, after 10 years' service, with creosoted 3"x6" southern yellow pine post. Creosoting makes the less durable woods available for permanent construction.

Conservation of Lumber on the Farm

About 46% of all lumber produced in the United States is used on the farm. Much of this is required for repairs and replacements made necessary by wood decay, which could easily be prevented, or materially retarded.

Take fence posts for example: Open Tank treatment with Carbosota will double—often quadruple—their life.

Farmers may reap the great benefit of wood preservation at a minimum cost, by installing a community Open Tank treating plant at a convenient point near a railroad.

Our experts will gladly co-operate with any farmers' organization, or with the County Agent, in developing such a project.

Send for free booklet, "How to Make Farm Timbers Rot-Proof."

Economical Poles

The wasteful practice of past years in setting untreated poles, is making itself generally felt by expensive reconstruction and replacements. In view of existing and increasing pole shortage, to set untreated poles is hardly less than an economic crime. This is particularly true as Carbosota now makes effective preservative treatment available to every consumer of chestnut or cedar poles, wherever located. Send for free folder, "Creosoted Poles are Economical."

Treatments

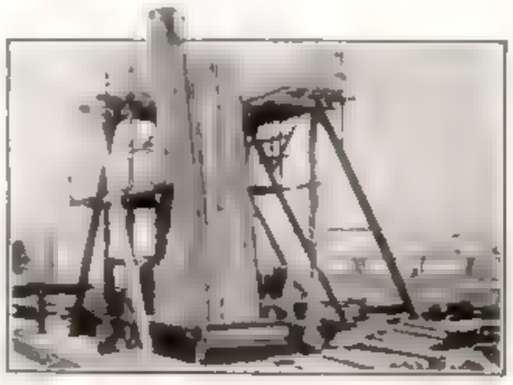
The standard "Pressure" processes of creosoting approach most nearly the ideal, and should usually be recommended where timber is exposed to severe mechanical abrasion, and for salt water piling. Timber so treated, however, is seldom obtainable for ordinary construction and the vast majority of lumber users must of necessity use the "non-pressure" processes.

Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil, applied by "non-pressure" processes, provides an effective check to wood decay, and can be employed by lumber users everywhere.

In town or on the farm, owners, engineers, contractors and industrial plants can now, *at once*, aid timber conservation and save labor and material through non-pressure treatments with Carbosota. Of these, the Open Tank process (hot and cold bath treatment) is most effective and should be employed wherever possible. Surface treatments (brushing, spraying, dipping) retard decay sufficiently to more than warrant employment, and should be used when Open Tank treatment is not practicable.

Your Lumber Dealer Sells Carbosota

Most of the better class lumber dealers carry Carbosota. If you cannot obtain it, write our nearest branch and we will see that you are supplied. Ask us for free bulletin, "Long Life for Wood."



Consumer's Open Tank process (hot and cold bath treatment) pole treating plant; 15,000 poles can be creosoted annually. Smaller consumers can use Carbosota just as effectively with more simple equipment.

Put up in 1 and 5 gallon cans, also metal drums and tank cars

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal-tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping), and the Open Tank process (hot and cold, or hot and cooling treatment). It conforms to standard specifications.

Barrett B Carbosota Grade-One Liquid Creosote Oil

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis
Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Detroit	New Orleans
Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Dallas	Nashville
Syracuse	Seattle	Peoria	Atlanta	Duluth
Salt Lake City	Bangor	Washington	Johnstown	Lebanon
Youngstown	Milwaukee	Toledo	Columbus	Richmond
Latrobe	Bethlehem	Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore
Omaha	Houston	Denver	Jacksonville	

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

The FRANKLIN

The exceptional results obtained by Franklin owners come from the time and care we have devoted to light weight, flexibility and direct air cooling.

These three principles, together with the finest of materials and workmanship, deliver comfort, economy and long car life.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

FRANKLIN
AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DREGS OF WAR

(Continued from Page 4)

Such was their eagerness to get back home that hundreds of soldiers were killed in the tunnels by riding on the tops of trains or clinging to the running boards.

The Rumanians invaded Hungary in harvest time. They encountered no resistance, and pillaged at will; and when they retired they took with them all they could carry, and three thousand railroad cars and one hundred twenty locomotives to carry it. As this is written there are scores of these cars standing, unloaded, on sidings in Rumania. Is it conceivable that Hungary will forget this?

Military enterprises are costly ventures and a lot of money which ought to have gone toward the restoration of the devastated areas in France has been diverted to Poland, Syria and other corners of the world. On the other hand, as an offset to steadily mounting debts, the French can show tremendous gains in the control of industries throughout Europe. For while their indebtedness has been piling up, French bankers and business groups have been busily acquiring vast properties everywhere in the defeated countries. Their task has been rendered easier by the strong position they are in as conquerors and by the collapse of German, Austrian and Hungarian exchange; compared with the money of those countries, the French franc is still sky-high.

According to Le Matin of Paris, "During the past few months, a certain number of huge European industries have come, one after another, under French control." And it cites the following: The famous Skoda works of Czecho-Slovakia; in Upper Silesia, the great Kattowitz industries; the powerful Société de Huta-Bankowa, in Poland; in Rumania, gigantic locomotive and car plants; in Jugo-Slavia, control of an important part of the rivers and ports systems; and in Hungary, control of the state railroads and the vital industries of the entire country, including the celebrated Raab munitions establishments. The French have also acquired control of the big Credit Bank of Hungary, of the river systems, the port of Budapest. And in case of military necessity, France is pledged to join Hungary in protecting the navigation of the Danube. This latter arrangement does not harmonize with British attempts at domination there.

Those are sizable achievements, requiring an enormous expenditure of money. Almost any one of these prizes will compare in magnitude with most of our largest enterprises—and we know the immense amount of capital represented in those.

The Favorite Solution

One is puzzled as to how it is done and how the various military establishments are to be maintained, in view of the distressing plight of Europe as revealed at the recent financial conference. The reports made there ought still to be fresh in our memories. One after the other the representatives of each country got up to recite a tale of woe, with the single exception of the British. In the case of certain neutrals this was probably to establish an alibi lest they should be approached for help; as regards the recent belligerents it is doubtful if the pictures were much overdrawn.

A number of schemes were offered with the object of lightening the war burdens. Some of them sounded fantastic enough to satisfy a movie director, but all worked round to the same solution, if by different routes—every plan had the same objective. That solution was to let Uncle Sam pay. Every scheme that has come under my notice is akin to a bankrupt's proposing to Mr. Rockefeller that they should pool their fortunes to pay their debts.

While France has been reaching out for economic domination, John Bull has had his hands full with domestic worries. Ireland and labor troubles, revolt and disaffection in the East have kept the British pretty well occupied. But they have not been idle, and anyone familiar with British enterprise and methods will be surprised if they do not overcome the apparent lead the French have obtained in Europe during the past twelve months. John Bull has been at this game for generations and possesses the organization and sinews for it. Another factor in his favor is his willingness to forgo present advantage for the ultimate gain.

Moreover, John has a way of making friends even while reaching out for markets and control. He keeps a sharp eye peeled for reactions, and where the goal compels him to make enemies he is quick to placate them, once it is won. Even now the British are cultivating the Germans in numerous ways, the while their press maintains a stout front of exacting the last ounce of retribution and subjecting the Hun to eternal ostracism. Without really abating the rigor of the peace terms to Germany, the odium of their rigid enforcement has been shifted to French shoulders, so that the majority of their late enemies are about persuaded that French malice and hate are alone responsible for each fresh tightening of the pressure, and that John Bull would willingly lighten their load if he could. It may be they are right. The English have far too much common sense to cripple an impotent adversary to their own eventual loss.

Similarly, they are now dickering with the Bolsheviks, after military campaigns against them and a propaganda that shouted "No compromise!" and a fight to the finish. They have sedulously cultivated the friendship of Italy, and on all general questions the two countries appear to be in accord. The British stand well with the neutrals, too, and their close understanding with Japan is general knowledge. In short, when it comes to international relations and world politics, British statesmanship and diplomacy make all others look crude.

Foch the Final Arbiter

It would be too strong a statement to say that the militarists are in control in France. They still dread The Man on Horseback, and the lack of popular demand for Foch as a candidate for president and the failure of several of his recommendations to win acceptance, such as occupation of the Ruhr, would indicate that the militarists are not supreme in French councils. All the same, Foch is the final arbiter in emergency, and France is emphatically a military power, employing the methods of one. Her present state differs from the Napoleonic era to the extent that one-man rule differs from a government dominated by the reactionaries and big business.

The military influence is clearly discernible in many French coups during the past eighteen months. The occupation of the city of Frankfort in Germany, independently of the other Allies except Belgium, is an instance. So, too, is the recognition of the ill-fated Wrangel.

In attempting to develop France's opportunity and extend her power and influence the militarists have not been overly careful about rousing the hostility of other peoples, with the natural result that the entire Continent is resentful. Neutral countries like Switzerland hotly denounce her, because, both by propaganda and governmental restrictions, she has shut out travelers and business from them. The ancient antipathy between the French and Italians survives and has been fanned by the peace settlement, the Italians contending that their interests were sacrificed in Paris. They are especially sore over the coal allotments, coal imports being the lifeblood of Italian industry.

In fact, France has supplanted the United States as the theme of the anvil choruses. We were in bad odor a year and a half ago, especially when the uproar was shrillest that the United States should swallow the league covenant without so much as changing a comma, but our unpopularity in the early part of 1919 may be largely explained by the active propaganda directed against us after the armistice with the object of lessening American prestige in the peace councils.

In the six countries of Continental Europe I visited last summer and autumn I could not discover that we were disliked more than any other nation. Over there every people distrusts every other, except when a common peril or circumstances that render their interests identical happen to unite them temporarily.

They are in process now of understanding us. Things they cannot reconcile with our avowed purposes they explain to themselves by a sharp differentiation between

(Concluded on Page 71)

And Oh, how different are *Corn Flakes* with the *Three Good Spirits* in them!

DEAR Boys and Girls: Here are the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth, who have again come to you, as they used to come to the Indian boys and girls long ago. In the center is Chitani-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Strength. To his right, Ilau-wa ganit, Good Spirit of Courage, and to his left, Wula-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Truth.

Just as the Indians used to call these Three Good Spirits, on summer nights when corn was ripening on the stalks, so we have called them for you—called them into a fairy box of a new kind of corn flakes named *Quaker Quakies*.

And Oh, how different are corn flakes with the Three Good Spirits in them.

What strength for little bodies Chitani-wa-ganit has put into each crisp, firm flake!

What a brave color for little cheeks Ilau-wa-ganit has put in the ruddy brown he has colored them!

And what true thoughts for little hearts and minds Wula-wa-ganit has hidden in their sweet deliciousness!

Just ask your grocer for the fairy box of *Quaker Quakies* in which these Three Good Spirits dwell. And from it heap high your breakfast bowl with all their goodness. Then close your eyes and eat—and you, too, like the little Indian boys and girls of long ago will become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth.

A large, richly colored picture of The Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth, ready for framing, sent for 10c and top of a Quakies package.

Address The Quaker Oats Company,
1616-K Railway Exchange Bldg.,
Chicago, U. S. A.

You certainly put joy in your language when you call for Prince Albert!

No matter in what direction you travel—deep into the bushes, to the cross-roads or in the big burgs—you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your commands everywhere tobacco is sold. It is universally smoked! Tidy red tins, toppy red bags, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical crystal glass pound humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

FOR, P. A. is tobacco that men smoke and get happy about; tobacco that men *keep on smoking* and telling other smokers about and filling them with smokesunshine year-in-year-out! For, when the quality of Prince Albert gets to the innershrine of your smoke-appetite through a friendly old jimmy—well, there's just *o-n-e* answer to the pipe-smoke-question—*and that's P. A.!*

Tell you for a fact—you and Prince Albert will team-up something great! Because, P. A.'s made to fit your pipe and your smoke-disposition, as well as your fancy, in the realest "he" fashion! P. A.'s flavor and fragrance beat anything you ever laid a smokebet on; P. A.'s coolness tops the smokelimit! And, nail this down tight—*P. A. can't bite or parch* because both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

For your smokesake, go back and read over this bunch of go-to-it smokefacts! Then, take the shortest cut to the nearest place that sells tobacco, get some P. A.—*and fire up*—if you're keen and open-minded for smoke-action! Talk about treating yourself right—man, man, what there is stocked up in smoke-sport waiting for you will furnish a scuttle of material for that book you'll declare you must write about "The joys of a jimmy pipe packed with P. A.!"

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1921 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

(Concluded from Page 68)

the American Government and the American people. One encounters that differentiation everywhere. Mr. Wilson started the fashion by distinguishing between the rulers and peoples of the Central Powers, and Europeans have turned it against him.

The masses over there were as bitterly disappointed in the peace treaties and the league as were we. At first they laid the blame on the United States. Now they are coming round to the view that America sensed the faults and weaknesses before they did, and showed admirable judgment in holding aloof.

They have one rankling grievance against us, however, and that is exchange. The European watches his money hit the toboggan and go shooting down until a franc will hardly buy a shoe lace, and lire or kronen have about the value of expired street-car transfers, and he cannot understand it. He blames it all on American bankers. To the machinations of perfidious Wall Street Europe attributes most of its financial woes and high living costs. The economic laws automatically governing exchange fluctuations seem entirely beyond their ken. When it comes to that, they are beyond the comprehension of many experienced bankers. Sometimes it does seem to the layman as though exchange defied the natural laws and the limit of possibilities.

Recent loans have especially antagonized the French, who persist in the notion that American bankers took advantage of their helplessness. Else why should they have to pay eight per cent to America, when the best of the domestic issues bear only six?

Many critics have laid the blame for the European mess at the doors of the technical and financial advisers who worked out details for the diplomats in Paris, quoting the familiar adage that there are three kinds of fools—plain fools, darned fools and experts. But the onus is more widely distributed than that. Mistakes of ignorance were bound to occur in such a gigantic task, but the most serious mistakes were those of intention.

Times of Greed and Violence

When the smoke of battle cleared, Greed got her great chance. She had been frowned on during the war, had been compelled to lurk in the background while the peoples were uplifted by a spirit of sacrifice; nobody would tolerate her known presence then. But when the statesmen sat down in Paris she started in to use her wiles. Sometimes robed and accoutered to resemble Justice, sometimes aspiring to the rôle of Altruism, occasionally disguised as Miss Mandate, she was much of the time the dominant factor of the peace conference. And since the treaty went into effect she has been steadily gaining strength in the application of its terms.

It has always been so in every war. Men may go forth to fight and give their lives in the holiest of causes, but when the guns are hushed and the hour strikes for an accounting, the camp followers and all the hosts of greed that infest business and politics rush in to seize whatever their claws can reach.

To all those Americans who lent a sympathetic ear during the past two years to the champions of Bolshevism and direct action and overthrow by force the pitiable state of Europe to-day ought to be an eye opener. I am well persuaded that when masses of men start out to gain their ends by violence they fail of their purpose ninety-nine times in a hundred. Even when their object is the laudable one of ousting a vicious system those who make the sacrifices in the effort reap no real benefits. They merely topple one set of exploiters to install a worse, for violence is ever the rascal's opportunity.

This is not the preamble to an argument for pacifism or patient submission to established order. On the contrary, I am strong for the under dog's struggle to get his share of what the earth offers, and am far from believing that he has yet realized it; but I cannot find where he has ever won his objective through violence and cannot believe that he ever will. Indeed, violence is precisely the chance Greed is looking for to cheat him out of his dues.

In the competition of everyday peaceful life the majority of men find their proper level. It is true that rascals often attain to affluence and temporary eminence, and able men employ their great talents for the exploitation of the weaker; but at least limits are placed on their activities by law and public opinion. Once violence gains sway, all restraints are removed and the ruthless, the scalawags and crooks have a free hand. Consider some of the flotsam cast up by the war, the upheaval in Russia and the crime wave.

The only effective champion on which people of honest intent can rely is peaceful evolution. It is the greatest leveler of all. The blatant protagonists of anarchy and Bolshevism want to tear everything down to a common level, to reduce the successful to the plane of the failures, and impose arbitrary standards of condition. Wherein the lot of the average man would be improved by this revolutionary redistribution has always been a mystery to me, inasmuch as what he has now would probably constitute the common level; and, of course, by the average man I mean the bulk of the population. Leaving that puzzle aside, I should like to draw the attention of those large numbers of honest, earnest people who lent strength to the movement by half-hearted moral support, through despair of any other remedy for the wrongs they smarted under—I would like to draw their attention to what happened in Europe and Russia.

Seeds of Future Wars

The old order there was outworn, illogical, absurd, vicious—and had to go. It was doomed before the war ever flamed. Birth and wealth and greed had preyed on the peoples of Europe for centuries and seemed strongly perched, but in the peace of everyday life and competition new forces were gaining strength. Democracy was lifting its head in autocracies where formerly the very word spelled treason. New, vigorous blood was changing the complexion of the well-to-do classes and even the aristocracy; new ideas were taking root and threatening the overthrow of the moss-grown battlements of medieval thought.

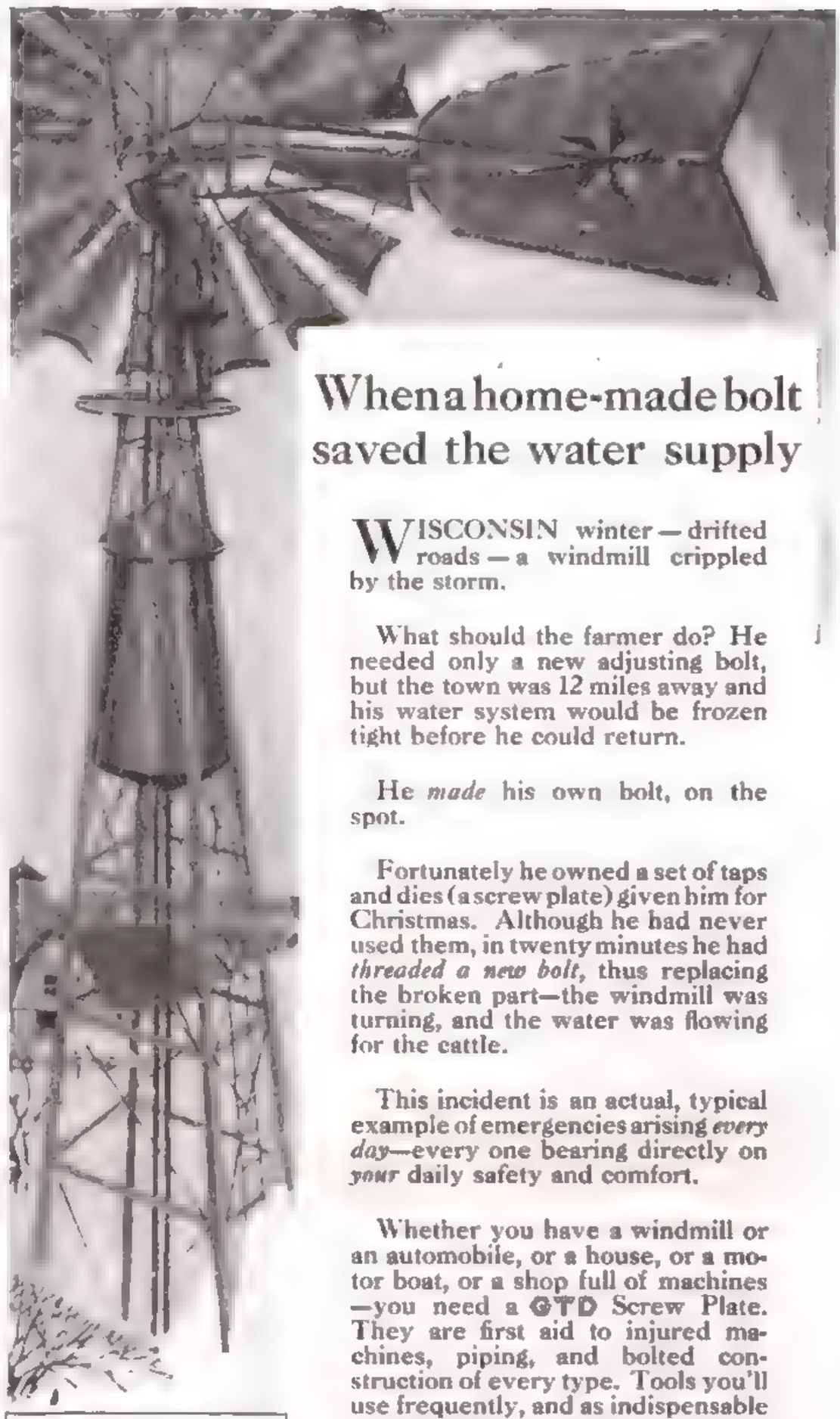
And what has befallen? The old monarchies are gone, but in the welter of ruin which was Europe no sane man would contend that the lot of the under dog has been bettered. His condition was never so hopeless. Any visitor from this side cannot spend a month on the Continent without thanking God every day of it that he lives in North America.

Even democracy has received a black eye since its banner ceased to be necessary for a rallying point. The forces of reaction are in the saddle again despite socialism's loud to-do, and they have actually started in to revive the king business in places where very recently no kingling dared show his face. Nobody need be surprised to hear any day of the ex-Emperor Charles being summoned to the throne of Hungary, Greece has recalled Constantine; and we may expect Bavaria to follow suit with its royal house.

Whatever path an investigator follows in Europe—whether it be the trail of the powers' mighty schemes of aggrandizement, their jockeying for advantage, the setting of one nation against another, the maneuvering to play both ends against the middle, or the efforts to grab anything they can get away with—it leads him back to the dire necessity of an effective league of nations. The prospect without a league is appalling, for the seeds of future wars have been sown broadcast in Europe since the armistice.

To obtain a league with teeth, to which all the nations can affix their signatures in good faith, seems a superhuman undertaking, when the terrific conflict of interests is considered. But it can be done, and the heartbreaking need of it should act as spur. Time will shape the structure.

As an American with some knowledge of Europe and an acquaintance with European methods of diplomacy, I entertain a prayerful hope that when the United States does set out to get this league her representatives will be the ablest and most astute the country can produce.



When a home-made bolt saved the water supply

WISCONSIN winter — drifted roads — a windmill crippled by the storm.

What should the farmer do? He needed only a new adjusting bolt, but the town was 12 miles away and his water system would be frozen tight before he could return.

He *made* his own bolt, on the spot.

Fortunately he owned a set of taps and dies (a screw plate) given him for Christmas. Although he had never used them, in twenty minutes he had *threaded a new bolt*, thus replacing the broken part—the windmill was turning, and the water was flowing for the cattle.

This incident is an actual, typical example of emergencies arising *every day*—every one bearing directly on *your* daily safety and comfort.

Whether you have a windmill or an automobile, or a house, or a motor boat, or a shop full of machines—you need a GTD Screw Plate. They are first aid to injured machines, piping, and bolted construction of every type. Tools you'll use frequently, and as indispensable as a fire extinguisher in an emergency.

See if you are one of those who should read the GTD booklets on making screw-thread repairs

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200,000	Motor truck owners
50,000	Auto repair shop owners
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*See opposite page

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SAMPLE books of Warren's Standard Printing Papers are carefully printed. We know the value of good printing, and buy no other kind.

But the reason the Warren sample books often amaze a buyer of printing, by the beauty of their typography and press work, is simple and worth knowing.

If we start out to prepare a sample of printing on Warren's Lustro, for example, we know in advance one extremely valuable fact.

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You will never get the best printing results by laying out your dummy, making your engravings, and then saying, "Now, let's see, what paper shall we use?"

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How much farther away will you be from the best if you produce your printing upon a paper that has no known standards of printing quality—where the printer himself cannot be sure, until his presses have started, just how creditable a job he is going to produce?

To give you an idea of what a standard, unvarying printing surface means to a printer, we quote from a letter written by the head of a large printing house:

> *"We have run very largely on Warren's Lustro, and printing produced upon it has become more or less automatic, due to our knowledge of just what it will do in taking ink and make-ready requirements."*

There, without flattery or meaningless praise, is the reason why Warren's Standard Printing Papers are Better Papers and produce Better Printing.

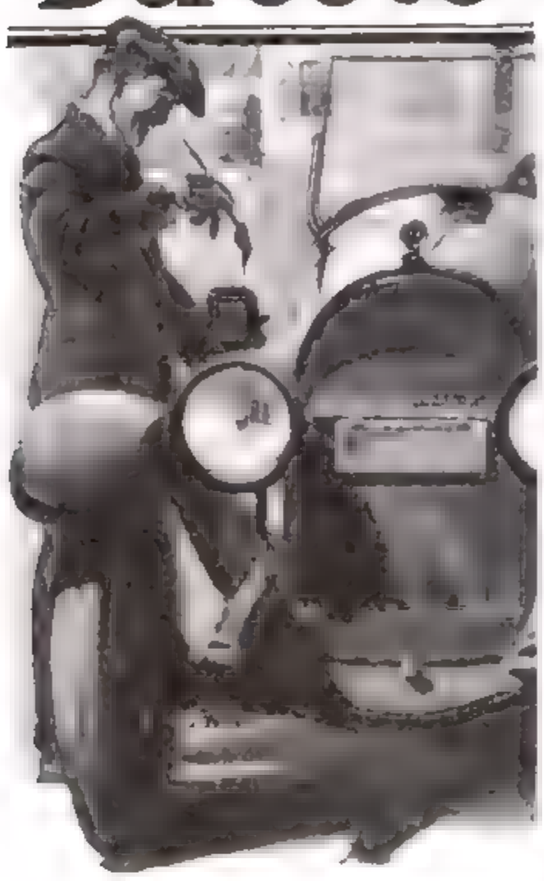
WE spoke of Warren's Lustro. It is a glossy-coated paper intended for the finest kind of half-tone and color printing. It is strong, and folds well, but paper of this quality should not be used in a book where the need for light weight and the probability of much handling is more to be considered than the need for printing fine detail or difficult color reproduction.

This month we have issued to all paper merchants selling Warren's Standard Printing Papers a book on Warren's Lustro, which you should have if you are planning any printing where fine-screen half-tones play a part. The book is now in the hands of Warren merchants, who will distribute copies to printers, engravers, advertising managers, artists, and designers. If you do not know the Warren Distributor in your city, write us for his name.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON

REN'S PRINTING PAPERS

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote



A million men have had that fun already

A million men have home painted their cars with Murphy Da-cote Motor Car Enamel. Some were doubtful of their painting ability; some were certain of success; ALL of them are now boasting cheerfully of their skill as wielders of the brush.

But, frankly, anyone can make a car sparkle like new by using Murphy Da-cote. Here's the formula for home painting if you can't afford the superb perfection of a professional painter's job:

Give the car a good cleaning and let it dry thoroughly. Then flow on a coat of Da-cote with a soft varnish brush. Start any place and keep going until finished. It takes about two hours. Next day look in the garage and find a new car! Da-cote means—a coat today—dry tomorrow.

Now, here's the secret. Murphy Da-cote is an enamel of creamy smoothness. It *flows* the least bit after each brush-stroke. This runs all laps and brush-strokes into one glass-smooth surface. No great brush skill is required. A million amateur car painters will admit it if you press them a little.

Da-cote is furnished in black and white and ten popular colors. Write for a Da-cote color card or study your dealer's color chart, pick out a pleasing combination and make your car look its worth.

Murphy Varnish Company

Newark Chicago

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal
Canadian Associate

PROSPECTORS

(Continued from Page 7)

with them had continued to make the camp his headquarters.

Out into the hills with pack-burdened burros went these two young searchers after the hidden wealth they believed lay awaiting them somewhere; and out in the hills they stayed, digging and prying and searching, until their supplies were gone and hunger and need drove them in. Then back to the mines and the underground dungeons to make and save another stake. For the lure of the hills had gripped them, never to release its clutch, and the lust for the hidden gold buried out there in the big, bare hills would consume them as with a burning fire all their lives to come.

III

"YOU see, Wink, states are like people—they grow bigger and better or they stand still and stagnate; or, again, they may go backward. Now that's where Indiana and Illinoy has acted different—Indiana has gone ahead, Illinoy has stagnated—in the perduction of great men."

The two prospectors sat in front of a little tunnel they were driving into the depths of a great mountain of black rock of lava formation in the silent vastness of the Mount Grant country. Down on the sagebrush flat, a thousand feet below them, were two small, torn and dirty tents, set two or three hundred feet apart. One of them was the flimsy residence of Bunny Nash, the other the ragged domicile of Wink Rossiter. It was the middle of a hot September afternoon, and they had come out of the tunnel to wait until the smoke from a double shot which they had placed and fired could clear away.

They were not the two young men who had set out from the Comstock in 1869 on their first real prospecting trip. But little resemblance could be traced between these two gnarled and twisted and weather-beaten veterans of the desert hills and that pair of lithe, muscular, smooth-faced youngsters of a far-away day. Forty years had passed since they had started out to find their own mine; forty years of wandering and searching and striving and hoping and believing; forty years of faith in their dreams that out there somewhere they would find the piers of the rainbow's arch, a faith that was still firm and strong and unbroken within them.

"Now Indiana," went on Bunny, settling himself more comfortably in a concavity of the rock against which he leaned—"now Indiana has been perducin' some mighty big men for the past twenty-five years and better. But who is the big man that Illinoy has perduced?"

"Well, how about Abe Lincoln?" demanded Wink.

"Wink, if you ever put that brainless, lunatickal question to me again I'll bust up this here pardnership of our'n and go it alone, dang me if I don't, Wink!"

"But how about Abe Lincoln?" repeated Wink, smoking contentedly.

His companion spat noisily, snorted angrily and spoke loudly.

"You hog-jowled, lunk-headed loon! I tell you, as I've told you a million times already, that Abe Lincoln don't belong to Illinoy no more'n he belongs to Indiana—not so much! Now take old Ben Harrison, old Lew Wallace, old Bill English ——"

"Bunny, don't you reckon that smoke's about blowed out by now?"

"Shouldn't wonder, Wink, if it has. Let's go in. I'm keen to see if that last shot opened up that black streak any."

They found the smoke cleared away, and the two old men crowded close together in the end of the little tunnel which they were driving into the hillside, and by the dim light shed by their pieces of candles examined the fresh rock that had been torn away and shattered by the last blast.

"By George, Wink, it's openin' up—it sure is openin' up!" cried Bunny as he ran his candle back and forth in front of the vein of mineralized rock.

"I should say it is openin' up, Bunny!" returned Wink. "Look at this piece, Bunny, look at this piece!"

"Let's get a few chunks and take 'em outside where the light is good so we can look 'em over careful."

They went outside, each carrying a handful of the new rock, and there in the sunlight that was striking down full upon the western slope of their mountain they stood turning their specimens over and over, examining them from every angle, noting and studying every little spot of color, every tiny glitter, every hint of foreign value. How many times before, through the long stretch of years they had been roaming among these desolate hills, had they done this same thing! How many times before had their eyes sparkled and their pulses quickened just as their aged eyes were sparkling now, and just as their old pulses were quickening now! How many times before had they believed, just as they were believing now, that at last they were beginning to undermine a pier of the rainbow's arch!

"Wink, it's the stuff!" whispered Bunny excitedly.

"I believe it is, Bunny, I honestly believe it is!" And Wink Rossiter's voice trembled with eagerness.

They sat down on the ground and gloated in silence over their find. Several minutes passed, then Bunny spoke:

"What'll you do, Wink, if we have hit it big?"

"What d'ye mean, Bunny?"

"Why, if we make a whale of a strike, of course. What're you goin' to do with your share of the rhino?"

"Just exactly what I've always been tellin' you, Bunny—I'm goin' back to old Illinoy, and I'm goin' to take you along with me."

"Not much you won't, Wink, not much you won't! Not by a derned long shot you won't take me back to no Illinoy!"

"Why not?"

"Why not? 'Cause I don't want none of your Illinoy in mine!"

"Oh, you don't, eh? And what're you goin' to do with your half of the cush?"

"Me? Just what I've always been tellin' you. I'm goin' to go back to old Virginia City and buy that old Callson mansion up on A Street, fix it up and live like a movin'-picture actor—that's what I'm goin' to do!"

"But you're always talkin' about old Indiana, sayin' what a rip-snorter of a state it is ——"

"Sure, I am! And it is a rip-snorter of a state, you bet! And you know it, too, just as well as I do! But what'd I be wantin' to go back there for with everybody dead or else growed up into uninterestin' old dubs, and everything changed so much I wouldn't know anybody or anything? Right here in old Nevada I'll stay, and I guess you'll stay too!"

"No, sir; I'm goin' back to old Illinoy just as soon as we clean up big—straight back to old Mattoon. That's where I come from. My family didn't amount to much in Mattoon in them days when I lived there, and there was some families there that had it in their heads that they was some awful punkins. I just want to go back there and show them stiffs a few tricks! I'll make 'em set up and take notice, you bet! Yes, sir-ee, Bunny, it's me for old Illinoy if this proves to be a strike!"

"But dern it, Wink, how about me? We been hookin' it up so long together that I'd be kinder lonesomelike if you'd go and leave me."

"Then come and go to Illinoy with me—lots of room there."

"No!" roared Bunny. "I'll not go to Illinoy!"

"Why?"

"It's no good, that's why! And I've heard enough about Illinoy durin' the past forty years I've been hooked up with you without goin' there. If I was goin' to go to any place back there in that country I'd go to old Indiana, some state worth goin' to; but I'm fixin' to stay right in old Nevada where I belong, and where you belong too!"

"Stay and be damned then!" yelled Wink, hurling his handful of specimens to the ground and starting down the hill toward his tent on the sagebrush flat. "Illinoy don't need no old skunks like you nohow!"

"Ya, ya, ya!" jeered Bunny. "G'wan, you bobtailed Sucker!"

Wink went on down the hill, walking rapidly, dodging in and out among the sagebrush with which it was thickly covered, and disappeared in his tent. After a moment or two Bunny dropped the rock he was holding and slowly made his way toward his own little hump of soiled canvas. It was early in the afternoon yet, too early to prepare and eat his frugal evening meal of bacon, potatoes and coffee, and he sat down upon his roll of blankets, fished out a large, leather-bound book from beneath their folds and settled himself to read. The book he read from was a History of Indiana

Wink Rossiter in his own tent lay down, filled his pipe and began to smoke, staring gloomily at the great gray ocean of sagebrush that spread out before him over the broad flat. Anger and disgust and unhappiness looked out of his old and weary eyes. His partner's words had roused his wrath to the boiling point. He would break up the partnership! He would do it now! He would pack up to-night and go back over the range to another claim, fifty miles away—a claim he owned privately! Bunny Nash was becoming unbearable—he was insulting. He would endure the fellow's slurs no longer! Why had he stood it so long as this? He had been a fool!

It was not the first time by many that he had been brought to this stage of revolt. For forty years almost, from the very beginnings of their association, indeed, he and Bunny had had their quarrels, their separations, and always—their reconciliations. But now—this would be their last separation!

That claim of his down there to the south fifty miles had been a most promising one. He would open it up a little more and sell it, and then he would go back to his old home state, even if he didn't have as much wealth to take with him as he had hoped to have when he returned

Bunny was impossible! Wink did not forget that he had found him impossible a score of times, innumerable times, in fact, before this. But now—this was the last time he would ever be jeered at, hooted at and insulted by that arrogant, proud, stuck-up Hoosier! Early in their career as prospectors they had discovered that they could not live together, and whenever they started to work a claim which they had staked off they had built themselves separate cabins or erected separate tents. Came periods when even this arrangement was not satisfactory; when they could not work together on their claim; and then they had gone, each his own way, each locating and working a private claim, with several miles between them, neither of them venturing into the danger zone so long as they were angry with each other. But after a week or two they would in some manner come together, return to one of their joint claims, there to join efforts again, and again to work and fight and quarrel and argue, and hate each other and love each other, and build their dream castles just as they had always been doing ever since they first started out to scour the hills for hidden gold and silver.

"No more of him for me!" muttered Wink over and over as he lay in his little tent, smoking gloomily and staring out at the unruffled expanse of gray sagebrush. "No more for me! I'm done!" At last he rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe and went out to prepare his supper. Glancing over toward the other tent, he saw the tall, slim form of his partner stooping over a tiny fire. He, too, was making ready his evening meal.

"Comin' over for a spell after supper, Wink?" called Bunny as he straightened up, a smoking frying pan dropping from his right hand.

"No!" shouted Wink.

"Better come! I want to read you a chapter about all the big preachers that Indiana has perduced. I never happened to read that chapter before to-day."

No answer from Wink.

"By golly, Wink, I actually believe we've hit somethin' big up there! I never seen any more promisin' rock than that is!"

Again silence at the little tent to the west.

"Maybe you'll get to go back to that grand and glorious old Sucker State quicker'n you expected to, Wink!" There was sarcasm in Bunny's voice now.

No reply from Wink.

"Got a reg'lar old woman's grouch on, eh?" snarled Bunny. "Go to the devil then!" And he crawled into his little hump of canvas and sat down to eat his fried potatoes and bacon, and to drink his black and bitter coffee. That finished, he pitched his cooking utensils into a corner of the tent, filled his pipe and made himself comfortable for a long smoke.

(Continued on Page 77)

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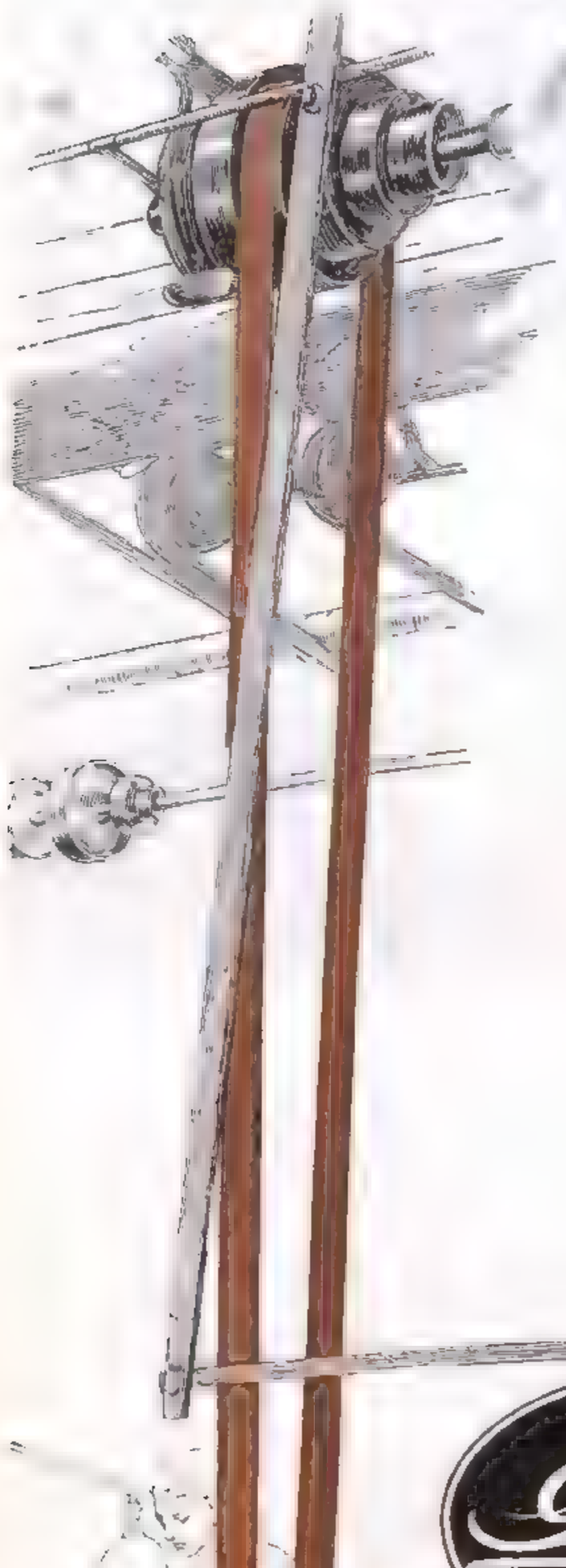

What Kind of Belt Should You Use in a Machine Shop?

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The choice of belting for lathe work in the machine shop depends upon whether the work is light, medium or heavy, and whether or not there are special conditions, such as the use of cutting fluid.

The answer to this belt question—or any other—is in the Graton & Knight Standardized Series. Practically every kind and condition of power transmission has been classified by G & K engineers and belts made that are right for the job, whatever it is. In this installation, 3" Heart Brand was the right belt for the drive.

Graton & Knight Belts are standardized from the selection of the hide and through all the processes of manufacture. The leather is chosen for the kind of belt it must make. This is possible only because we operate our own tanneries and always have quantities of hides from which to choose. This is important, for hides are as different as thumb-prints.

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WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

The JORDAN Playboy

Somewhere in this land of great mothers and happy fathers there is a wonderful girl who is looking forward to one day of days.

On that magic day, when June comes over the hill to fill the world with joy as old as time, a laughing queen will come home from school, to make the summer days fly by.

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Give her a Jordan Playboy, strong, sinewy, light-footed, fleet and free. In this car of personality and charm there lies the thrill that goes at a gallop with a thoroughbred horse.

Give her a car which typifies pride of ownership—distinctive—economical—easy to drive—a happy companion for the most delightful hours she will ever know.

Give her three hours in the hills, and a stirring journey home in a motor car to dinner, and the whole family will know there is life enough within the hour, and all the world is truly young.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

(Continued from Page 74)

"Gosh-a-mighty, what'd I do if we should happen to strike it rich, and Wink'd go headin' off for Illinoy and leave me!" he muttered after he had been smoking for several minutes. "I simply couldn't get along without Wink! He's different from me -more cheerful-like, and sees things in a brighter light than I do, and he wouldn't miss me like I'd miss him! Why, I wouldn't know how to live without him! And he'll go, too—he'll go straight to Illinoy if we ever do hit it! He's sure stuck on old Illinoy, the old fool! By heavens, I hope we never do strike it, blast me if I don't!"

Along such lines of thought did his mind run until his pipe was smoked out. Then he refilled its black bowl and smoked again, now letting his mind loaf, devoting himself to nothing whatsoever except to watching the stars come breaking out through the velvet curtain of night, and to gazing at the disk of the yellow moon climbing up slowly over the treeless mountains. This was the old man's hour of solemn worship, and this his way of worship—watching the falling of night and the bursting out of the stars and the climbing up into the heavens of the moon. Here in this solemn, awful silence of the night lay a portion of that mysterious lure of the desert that gripped him and held him.

Just before he was ready to roll himself into his blankets he looked over toward his partner's tent. He could see that Wink sat at the opening in the canvas pile, half hidden in the shadow, and by the light of the moon he saw two dark forms standing apart a little distance from the tent.

"Did the burros come up, Wink?" he called.

No reply came to his question.

"Sore as a b'il!" he muttered as he crawled into his blankets.

When he woke next morning a little after daylight and walked out into the open his first glance went to where he had seen his partner's tent the night before. It was not there!

"Well, I'll be derned!" he ejaculated. "Well, I certainly will be derned!"

He walked hastily across the intervening two or three hundred feet that had lain between the two tents. There was the spot where it had stood, with the sagebrush cut away, and there were the black coals and ashes of the fire that had been kindled every day for the many days they had been camped there. He turned and looked toward the spring, a quarter of a mile distant, from which they had obtained their water supply. There were two or three scrubby cottonwoods growing there, and close to one of them he saw a burro standing.

"Gone!" he exclaimed aloud. "Dug out! Tied up my jackass to the tree over there at the spring and beat it! Why, the dog-goned, ornery Illinoy scroot! The coyote! The rattlesnake! He never done this way before, and neither did I. We always told one another when we'd got tired of one another, and when we got ready to vamose we always said good-by. Dern him! This ain't like Wink!"

He was turning to go back to his own tent when his eye caught sight of a piece of paper lying on a stone, a smaller stone holding the white fragment down. He picked it up. It was a note from Wink. He read it over slowly:

"*Bunny Nash, sir:* I'm done. I'm leevin' you for keeps this time. I hav had enuf insuls from you. Yur a sower pill no man can take. WINK ROSSITER."

Bunny stared at the note a minute or two, then crumpled it up and threw it to the ground.

"He's off his feed a little bit, that's all," he muttered. "Guess I'd better go up the hill and cover up that vein so nobody won't happen to see it, and then I'll light out from here too. I'll go up north to that little prospect of mine by Black Ridge. Wink'll be all right in a week or ten days."

He climbed the hill to the tunnel, went inside and worked there industriously for a half hour or so, carrying in and throwing a lot of waste stone up against the little ledge until every sign of the mineralized rock which their last blast had uncovered was hidden from sight. Then he took his pick and shovel and the half of their other tools, together with the half the powder which his fleeing partner had left behind him, and carried them down to his tent, where he packed them for taking away. That night found him several miles to the north of their claim, and two days later he was at work in a tunnel which he had started to drive into a mountainside ten years before, and in which he had worked a half dozen times since, always alone and always half-heartedly—he had no faith in it, no interest; it was merely a place where he could pass the time until he and Wink could again dwell together in harmony and brotherly love.

A week passed, and he became restless and uneasy. One day he packed all his belongings on his burro and traveled back south over his trail for twenty-five miles, and for two days moved slowly about on the ridge of a long range of hills, gazing off toward the south, in the direction from which he expected his partner to approach. He was not waiting for him to come there to join him—he knew he would have to go halfway to meet him. He would catch sight of him somewhere over yonder in the distance, moving aimlessly about as he himself was moving aimlessly about. Once he had sighted him, he would go down into the flat and start across it; and Wink, catching sight of him, would come forward, and they would meet, grin at each other, and then resume their old relations as if nothing had occurred between them. It had happened in that way many and many a time before.

But there was no sign of his partner to be seen off there in the south, either on top of the distant range or down in the great sagebrush plain—there was no living thing in sight, turn his eyes where he would. On the third day he started back to his prospect at Black Ridge, lonesome, sad and angry.

"Let him stay away if he wants to!" he yelled as he resumed his work in the semidarkness of the little tunnel. "What do I care? I can get along without him!"

He worked with furious haste, using all his old strength at breaking and prying and working out the pieces of rock from the tunnel's walls—worked steadily for one hour, for two hours, talking to himself, muttering, cursing. Then he threw down his pick.

"Maybe he might have got hurt some way," he told himself. "I wonder if I hadn't ought to go to look for him. No, by Jacks, I won't! Wink's too old and too cute a hillman to get caught in any kind of a hole or trap and get hurt in this country. It's his hard-headedness, that's what it is! Let him work it off! Let him stay out there, wherever he is, until he's dog sick of himself and wants me, needs me! He'll come runnin' after me pretty soon now!"

Again he took up his work, but in a very little while he was again leaning against the wall communing with himself.

"Bunny Nash, you've simply got to have Wink!" he said aloud and with emphasis. "Got to! Got to! Good gosh-a-mighty, what'd I ever do if Wink'd go way and leave me out here? I'd die—I'd die quicker'n scat! And he'll go, too, if we should happen to strike it big! He's always talked about goin' back to old Illinoy! I don't like the looks of that vein we left over there by Pony Spring. It's too derned good! I'm goin' to try to steer him away from it when we get together again. I'll tell him I worked it for a few days after he went away, and that the vein petered out. That's the trick! I'll work it like that!

"But he may strike it out there by himself—or I might find it some place or other! What then? He'll light out for Illinoy! I can't go back to that country—wouldn't dare to! It's a long time since I done that, I know, but they'd get me—there's always somebody remembers! I killed him—yes, and I'd do it over again!"

For some moments his voice as he talked to himself had been lowered to a whisper, but now it suddenly leaped up to a shriek.

"I'd kill him again! The black-hearted scoundrel! A man's only sister! Yes, I'd kill—I'd shoot him down like I'd shoot a coyote! I might get a jury that'd free me, and then I mightn't—juries are tricky squads. I don't want to take no chances. I'm too old to go to the pen, and I'm too old to want to be hung! I won't go, that's all there is to it—neither to Indiana or to Illinoy! If we should hit it big and Wink does go—why, I'll just stay on out here and die of lonesomeness—I'm nearly dead of it now!"

Again he returned to his work with pick and shovel, gouging out and shoveling out the rock in the tunnel. He would stay there another week, or maybe ten days, then he would go and hunt up his partner.

One day he stooped and picked up a glittering piece of the rock he had been taking out of his prospect hole. He gasped as his old, experienced eyes ran over it. How many years had those old eyes been looking for just that kind of rock—rock of that color, of that stain, of that character! It was rotten quartz carrying free gold; gold in lumpy veins and knotty strings and little nuggets; gold in little flakes and tiny threads and minute specks.

"Struck it!" he whispered. "Oh, Lord, I've found it at last, and Wink ain't here with me! Look at the yellow stuff!"

He glanced over the ground at his feet. The queer-colored rock was scattered all about the mouth of the tunnel in small quantities. He had been carrying it out and throwing it away, paying no heed to what he was doing, for he had been working there just to kill time. He lighted a candle and went in to the face of the drift where he had been working. It was there, too, that rotten quartz. He saw the vein was a big one.

"Lousy with gold!" he chuckled. "Gosh, what'll old Wink say when I fetch him up here and show him this stuff? What'll the old Sucker ——"

He stopped suddenly in his mutterings; the piece of gold-bearing quartz he was holding fell from his hand, and he turned about and walked out of the tunnel. He sat down near its mouth. There, almost without moving a muscle, he remained for an hour, for two hours, for three, gazing off toward the distant ranges to the south, somewhere behind which he knew his partner wandered. Finally he rose, took his coat and spread it carefully out, and then began going over the ground inch by inch, picking up each piece of the stained quartz he could find, however tiny it might be. When he had worked the ground over a number of times and was satisfied that none of the gold-bearing rock was left there he folded up the coat, carried it inside and dumped its contents near the end of the tunnel. As he had done in the other tunnel near Pony Spring, he now covered up the last workings with a lot of waste. He then carried out his tools and the few sticks of blasting powder he had left.

Near the mouth of the tunnel, where he had first started to drive in, he set to work with hammer and drill. The rock was crumbly and soft there, and he made rapid progress, sinking as many holes in the hillside over the entry as he had sticks of powder. These he loaded as they were finished, connected them up with his fuses and set them off. He went away a short distance to await the blast. When it came and the cloud of smoke and dust had cleared away the mouth of the tunnel was no longer to be seen. A fresh pile of broken rock had taken its place. One passing that way and glancing at the spot would have said a slide or cave-in had occurred there.

He climbed up the hill and looked it over; went up a little higher and loosened a number of rocks and rolled them down into the depression. Then he went away from the place, first picking up and dropping into his pocket a small piece of the gold-veined quartz which he had laid to one side.

That night he was camping several miles to the south of the wrecked tunnel, and all the next day he traveled as rapidly as he could, bearing always to the south. The second day, in the middle of the afternoon, he came out of a little gorge running down between two mighty hills and saw Wink Rossiter and his burro standing near a spring, the spring toward which he had been laying his course.

"'Lo, Wink, you old Sucker!" he yelled, switching his burro with the piece of limb he carried and quickening his own pace.

"'Lo, Bunny, you old skeleton of a Hoosier!" shouted Wink in return. "Look like you're dry!"

"Dry as plaster, Wink! How are you, anyhow?"

"Fine as a fiddle, Bunny! How're you?"

"O. K. in every respeck! Gosh, this water tastes good! Well, Wink, did you strike anything?"

"Didn't get the shadow of a hint of nothin'. You?"

"Not a color, not a color! Where'll we head for from here?"

"Oh, I don't care! How about that last hole we left?"

"That's no good, Wink. I pecked round in there for a couple of days after you left me, and that there little vein we uncovered just nacherally petered plumb out. No use

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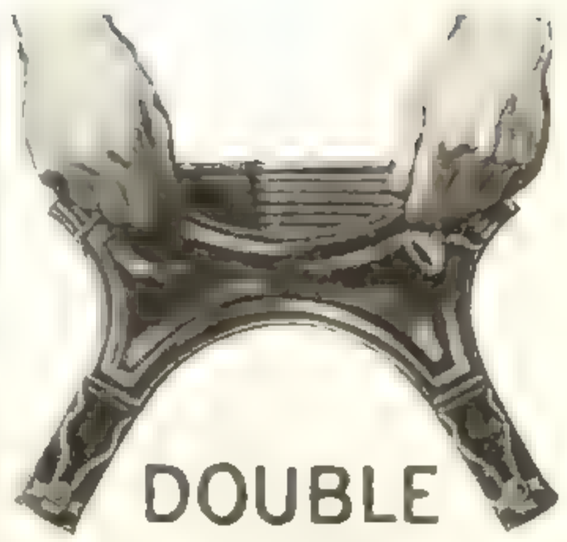

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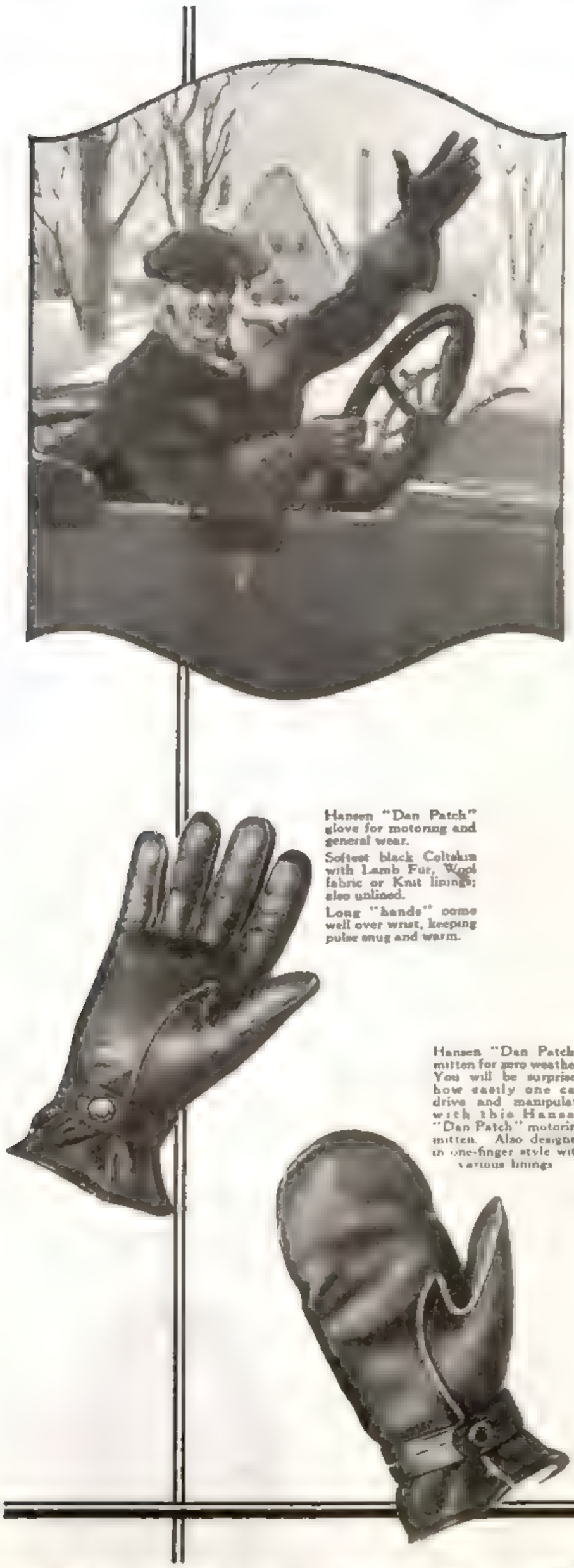

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The relation between coal and beer may seem far-fetched, indeed, but these same coal chemists were able a few years ago to eliminate from a well-known brand of beer a taint of arsenic. They found that arsenic from the furnace fumes had been absorbed into the brewery water system and thus had found its way into the beverage product. A mechanical method of eliminating the trouble was then easily devised. This same laboratory is the center of a public health service for Consolidation Coal Company families.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
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us goin' up there no more. How about that hole over by Emigrant Pass, the one we opened up four or five years ago? That looked kind of likely, didn't it?"

"Guess that'll be all right, Bunny. And it'll be on our way back to Virginia, too. We ain't good for more'n two months more, and then we'll have to go in for another stake. Camp here to-night, won't we?"

"Sure we will! I'm good and ready to camp, you bet! I been travelin' like a Pony Express rider yesterday and to-day."

IV

THE years had continued to pile up and pile up—another decade had passed since that day when Bunny Nash had blasted down his tunnel and hidden the evidence of his big strike at Black Ridge, and now again the old prospectors found themselves in camp, the first camp of a new hegira, out on the sagebrush flat a few miles east of Six-Mile Cañon, with faces turned toward the distant Mount Grant country. And back in Virginia City, Burnes Skilling of the Climax Mill was still wondering how many more times he would watch Bunny Nash and Wink Rossiter start out on their search for the hidden gold of the hills. All that day he had been thinking about them. Not many more trips would they make they were getting old. And Burnes Skilling worried not a little that night as he lay in his bed still thinking about the aged pair. They were too old to be out there, wandering about alone. If anything should happen to them, if they should be taken sick or meet with accidents—he fell asleep, envisioning them, aged and gray and bent, plodding here and there among the cold and cheerless hills.

"Well, Wink, where do we head for on this jaunt?" demanded Bunny as they sat before their little fire of sagebrush limbs after eating their first meal on their new trip. They were in the best of humor and spirits that evening. Barring the little bit of friction in front of Hank Leconey's grocery store, the day had been a most pleasant one—indeed it had been a perfect one for them. They were unusually friendly in their regard for each other, and each was secretly hoping that this good feeling would continue until they had established a permanent camp and their individual tents had been set up. It was nice to keep together in this way for a while; and, anyway, it was too much trouble to put up two tents every evening and pull two tents down and pack them every morning before setting out.

"Oh, I don't care, Bunny, where we head for," returned Wink. "Any place over there in the Mount Grant country will do. We're just as liable to hit it one place as another. I don't know but what we ought to take a look at the Black Ridge country on this trip, eh?"

"No, Wink; I'd rather not go over there," said Bunny quickly. "I don't like that country—it's too dry. Water is always hard to find over there, and this summer it's goin' to be scarcer'n ever on account of the light snowfall last winter. Why can't we go over and poke round in your neck of the woods—down there where you used to go sometimes alone?"

"Not a bit of use of wastin' our time there, Bunny, not a bit of use!" replied Wink with surprising promptness. "Now I'd say let's take a look at that hole we was workin' on some ten years ago and never went back to again—that one over there by Pony Spring. Remember it? We seen some good signs in there, didn't we?"

"But I worked that vein until it petered out, Wink. Don't you remember I told you?"

"Come to think of it, I guess you did. Well, any place then. One's as good as another, isn't it?"

A score of times in the past six months they had discussed this question which they were now mulling over—where should they go on the next trip?—and again they must take it up and again thresh it out, as if it were brand new and never before proposed.

"You're right, Wink—any place is just as good as another place," agreed Bunny pleasantly. "That's what makes the prospectin' game so interestin'—no matter where you happen to be you're li'ble to strike it big. Now if you had a broom-corn ranch in Illinoy, say, you wouldn't expect to get much of anything off of it but broom corn, and you could figger pretty close how much that would amount to. And if you had a spud farm in old Indiana you'd expect spuds and not much of nothin' else, and again you'd figger just about what spuds you'd raise. But in our trade—why, we might turn in and cultivate this here very ground we're settin' on and raise a million dollars in silver; or we might ramble out that way ten or fifteen miles and plow round a bit with a pick and shovel and dig up a million in gold. It's excitin' every minute. You still thinkin' of goin' back to old Illinoy if we strike it big?"

"Oh, sure thing! You still plannin' on gettin' that old Callson mansion in Virginia?"

"I sure am!"

"Yes, sir, I want to go back to Mattoon and show them stiffs there a few things. And I reckon we ought to be humpin' ourselves and gettin' the jack in our jeans, eh? Them stiffs'll all be dyin' off if I wait too long, and that old Callson house is fallin' to pieces fast."

"I'll fix it up. I won't give a dern for costs, you know. What d'ye say, then, that we go over through the Big Bull Mountains and prognosticate round there a few weeks?"

"Suits me. As I said before, one place is as good as another when you're in a state like Nevada, where there's mineral everywhere."

They smoked another pipe, and then as their gathered sagebrush was all consumed, they rolled themselves up in their blankets, lay down side by side beneath the shelter tent they had propped up and slept as sound as two youngsters of twenty. Early the next morning they were up and away, their course laid for the snow-capped range they could see far away to the east, seventy-five or perhaps a hundred miles distant.

A week later they had set up their two tents near the mouth of Cold Cañon and were at work in an old prospect hole which they had once started to open up there years before, but which they had abandoned to go searching for more promising ground. Now the appearance of the rock suited them, and there they stayed and worked. And that summer was but a repetition of many other summers they had spent far back in the depths of the silent hills—picking and drilling and blasting and shoveling. But the work went more slowly this summer than it had ever gone before. They accomplished less, their muscles tired more easily, they found their searching less interesting, marked by fewer thrills, and their tools were laid aside oftener now and their resting spells were numerous.

Summer wore into fall, and still they stayed at the mouth of Cold Cañon, pecking away at the hard rock in the prospect hole, wondering if the tiny vein of mineral that showed in its walls would develop into something worth their while. They still had their daily quarrels and bickerings, their arguments and their disputes, and there would come periods of two and three days when they would not speak to each other. But on the whole it had been one of their most successful seasons in the hills, as regarded their relations one with another.

"Reckon we'll ever strike it, Wink?" asked Bunny one day as they lay stretched out in the sun on the hillside near their prospect. Their picks and shovels were beside them—they had not been using them for hours.

"Why, of course, Bunny!" replied Wink promptly. "We're bound to find it! Everybody strikes it that sticks to it long enough! Not gettin' cold feet, are you?"

"Cold feet!" snorted Bunny. "Of course I ain't gettin' cold feet!" A gleam of anger broke out in the old man's steely gray eyes. Wink saw it and he spoke soothingly.

"I knowed you wasn't, Bunny—of course not! But strike it? We're certain sure to strike it if we keep on! Look at old Jank Moon! He prospected till he was past eighty—eighty-three, wasn't he?—and then hit it big down there at Tuttown, and cashed in for two hundred thousand! And didn't Jank cut some high old capers with his coin durin' the rest of his days? He sure did!"

"Oh, I guess we'll uncover it sooner or later, but what d'ye say we get a owjay board, Wink, and try a crack at that?"

"A what?"

"A owjay board."

"Oh, a owjay board! One of them things you ask questions of, eh?"

"Yes. They say you can ask them anything you want to, and you'll get an answer.

(Continued on Page 83)

TINY ROMPERS OF PINK AND BLUE, Mistress Betty's cunning little smocks and underthings—all are treated with a fine disregard by little people who love to play with all their might!

BUT Mother-Who-Is-Wise views the rumpled mussy clothes with unruffled calm. Into the shiny copper tub of her 1900 Cataract Electric Washer she pops them, and turns on the electric current. Back and forth smoothly rocks the tub, swishing the warm soapy water through the clothes in a figure 8 motion—that famous, exclusive movement which makes the 1900 the peer among washing machines!

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VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

(Continued from Page 80)

Why, I've been told that lots of big men are usin' 'em in their business right smart now'days, findin' out how to run their business, and so forth. Now me and you could get one and ask it where would be the best place for us to go and prognosticate, couldn't we? What say?"

"Good little idee, Bunny. Where can we get one?"

"Reno, I s'pose."

"I s'pose so. You can get everything in Reno."

"Well, what say, then, Wink, that you go over and get one, and some other things we're needin', and fetch 'em out?"

"Me? Why not you, or why not both of us?"

"I can't go—I got to stay here. That place on my foot where I stuck that pick in the other day is kinder bad—not doin' well."

"Let's see that place, Bunny. You want to watch that."

An old and much worn shoe was pulled off and a heavy woolen sock removed from a big and clumsy foot. There was a cruel wound on one side of the foot, with the flesh about it discolored to a greenish black.

"That don't look good to me, Bunny. Tell you what—I'd better light out for Reno to-morrow mornin' first thing. It'll take me two days to make the railroad, two days to come and go to Reno and two days to get back here from the railroad. That'll bring me back next Tuesday. I can get the owjay board and them other things we've got to have, and I'll get you a bottle of medicine for that sore foot. I don't like the looks of it—it ain't healin' up proper."

"All right, Wink, just as you say. But I don't mind a little sore like that. I've had 'em look worse than that—heaps worse."

The next morning Wink Rossiter started off on his two-day journey over the hills to the railroad station, driving his burro before him. Practically all of his personal belongings, with the exception of his tools, he took with him. But one little tent now stood on the hillside, and Bunny Nash sat in front of that, watching his partner off.

"So long, Bunny!" Wink called as he moved down the hill. "Watch that foot of yours! Better not use it very much! I'll see you Tuesday!"

"So long!" returned Bunny. "You want to keep an eye on yourself over there at Reno or somebody might steal you! Don't forget that owjay board!"

All that day the old man left behind tried to keep himself busied in the prospect hole. But he found he was unable to continue at his work for any length of time—he must frequently sit down to rest. And more and more as the day wore through the injured foot pained him.

That night he was wakened from his sleep by the agony that was pouring through the muscles of his foot, and there were sharp twinges of pain, too, farther up his limb now, in the ankle and calf and knee. He rose and lighted a candle. The discoloration had spread, and there was a swelling in the foot that had not been there before.

"I'll start soakin' it in a pail of b'ilin' water in the mornin'," he told himself as he returned to his blankets.

But the hot water applications the next day did not appear to help it; they did not bring any great relief, and the swelling was creeping up from the foot into the leg.

"Looks to me like it might be blood p'ison," he whispered several times as he sat regarding the injured foot. "Blood p'ison is mighty bad stuff. Four days after to-day before Wink'll get back here too! Guess I'd better tote up all the water I got place for here from the spring to-day so I won't have to go dry in case I get so I can't walk."

Carrying the several pails of water up the hill from the spring in the cañon exhausted him, and he went to his blankets after the task was done in physical collapse. He was a sick old man—he was sick in every part of his body.

The next day he did not go outside his tent because of the sickness and the pain that was now racking and tearing his whole system.

"Three more days after to-day!" he kept muttering. "Wish I'd cut some more of that sagebrush and piled it in close for fires. Seems like it's growin' colder. Why, dang me, if it doesn't look like it's comin' on to snow!" He had dragged himself to the opening in the tent and thrown back the flap, and was kneeling there looking out.

It was late October. He and Wink had planned to go down to lower altitudes the next week. No need to hurry though. If an early snowstorm should come, which wasn't probable, they could anticipate it, familiar as they were with weather signs, and move their camp down two or three thousand feet to the warmer flats. But here were evidences of a coming storm, and the old man was unable to pack up and move—he was a prisoner there on the bare mountainside, bound and helpless. And when he looked out on the morning of the fourth day of his partner's absence he beheld a world all white, except where black crags and angular peaks thrust themselves up above cañon and gorge.

"Gosh-a-mighty!" he whispered, his face contorted with the waves of awful pain that were pouring over him. "It's come! And it's still comin' too! Wonder how deep it is on the level. Wink'll be startin' in from the station to-morrow mornin', and it'll be just like the old fool to pull right on up here 'cause he'll think I ought to have that bottle of medicine, instead of campin' down below somewhere until the snow's started to melt off! And if he does try to come on up he's li'ble to get caught in ——"

A surge of pain caused him to sink back upon his blankets, gasping.

"It's blood p'ison, all right!" he told himself after a long rest. "It's got me—got me bad! Wink would've been here to look after me and take care of me if I hadn't sprung that damn owjay board subjeck! Owjay boards! Nobody but fools and children use 'em! I thought I'd play cute—thought I'd work the owjay board on Wink to show up that strike I made over at Black Ridge that time. I could've done it too—Wink's so easylike. Now then I'll be dead as a ham when he gets back, like as not—I sure can't stand much more of this!"

The snow continued to fall through the greater part of the day. Then the clouds blew away and a warm sun shone out. The great mantle of white that was covering the hills and choking the cañons would not last long—two days of clear weather and it would be gone.

"Hope Wink gets tied up in Reno for a day or two," was the old man's comment late that afternoon as he felt the warm rays of the sun beating down upon the side of his little tent. "Dangerous for him to try to get up this high now, with all this snow piled up in the trails. If he'll only hold off for a day or two it'll be all right, but he might have an accident of some kind if he tries to come up to-morrow."

In the night he became delirious, returning to consciousness to find himself sitting up on his pile of blankets, talking to his partner, telling him of the mine he had discovered and then hidden, over at Black Ridge so many years ago. But Wink was not there where he imagined him to be—sitting over yonder in the darkness in the farther corner of the tent.

"Why, ain't you over there, Wink?" he demanded, peering into the impenetrable gloom. "Didn't you hear me tellin' you how I found that mine, and how I hid it, and how rich it was? Sure, you heard me, Wink! You're foolin' with me, Wink, dog-gone you! Reckon you can locate it, can't you, from my description? It's a strike, Wink—it's a whale of a strike! It'll fix you up in grand shape! I know I didn't play fair, Wink, when I didn't tell you about findin' it, but I was afraid you'd go back to Illinoy and leave me out here alone—that's why I didn't tell you. Wink! Say, Wink! Ain't you there?"

There was no answer to his anguished call, and he dropped back upon his blankets and drew them about him and fell to sobbing. And many times that dismal, horrible night did he come to his senses out of the spells of delirium that attacked him, each time to find himself conversing with his partner, and each time to discover that his partner was not there.

"Got back safe and sound, eh, Wink? I knowed you would! Can't get old-timers like me and you in any kind of trouble out in this country, eh? Know how to take care of ourselves! Brought the owjay board, did you? I was goin' to tell you where the mine was, Wink, with the owjay board—thought I'd be able to save my face that way. Thought we'd get to workin' with it and then I'd ask it where we ought to go and prospect. Then I'd make it say that we ought to go over to Black Ridge, and we'd pack up and go over there and prognosticate a while, and then I'd run you onto the strike. I played crooked with you, Wink, I know; but I was afraid I'd lose you. Now you can go back to old Illinoy. I can't go—they'd get me for somethin' I done back there once—always somebody snoopin' round. Fine state, old Illinoy is. I been lyin' to you all the time about it, Wink. Illinoy's perduced more big men than old Indiana. Fact, Wink! I lied to you just because I was so dogged mean and low-down! I'm an ornery old skunk, Wink! Abe Lincoln, Ben Franklin, Patrick Henry, Tom Edison, U. S. Grant, Bill Shakspere, Tom Jefferson, Jenny Lind—they all come from old Illinoy; and I could name lots more too! You never knowed about 'em, but I did! But I'm goin' to square things, Wink. Hey, Wink! Oh, Wink! Ain't you over there in the corner, Wink?"

But there would be no answer come out of the darkness into which he peered.

The next day, moaning and shuddering with sickening pain, he slowly dragged himself from his blankets to the other side of the tent, and after fumbling for a long while with one of the packages he had concealed there, managed to get out a sheet of paper and a pencil. He began writing a letter. Every movement he would make caused him to gasp, and every minute or two he would sink down in collapse. All day he labored over the brief note he was composing and the crude map he was drawing, for his mind was hazy and confused, and the delirious attacks would come upon him, when he would know not what he did or said.

But at last, late in the day, the task was completed; and he laid the paper upon the little wooden box which he had been using for his writing table. From one of his pockets he drew a much-worn piece of stained quartz that sparkled and glittered with specks and flakes and tiny veins of pure gold, and laid it upon the paper. Then he dragged himself back to his blankets and pulled them up about him.

Burnes Skilling, in Virginia City, had read the reports of the early blizzard that had swept over the central part of the state, and of the havoc it had wrought. A splinter of the great storm had struck into Virginia City, and the mountains thereabouts were now white with snow. The day before the coming of the storm he had gone to Reno, and there he had come upon old Wink Rossiter, who had told him where he and Bunny Nash were then located. They would be in the very center of the storm's path, and Burnes Skilling was worrying about them.

The snow was rapidly leaving the hills, and the flats were drying up, when he brought out his big car and started for the Mount Grant country. His worrying over the possible fate of the two old men had increased to that degree that he could no longer rest easy—he must travel over there and hunt them up and see if all was well with them.

Skilling was familiar with every road and trail in that section of the state, and from Wink Rossiter's description of the location of the claim he and his partner were then working near Cold Cañon he knew he could drive his car to within a few hundred rods of the spot.

He found more snow as he climbed up into the higher altitudes, but not enough to stop his going. He came within sight of the angular hill at the cañon's mouth, on the slopes of which he should find the two prospectors' camp. His eyes began searching for signs of it over there—for a curl of smoke, for a glimpse of the two little, squat tents that ought to be standing there, for a sight of the two burros that should be wandering about in the sagebrush.

"Ah, there are the tents!" he exclaimed. "But—there's only one."

He ran his car a little farther, and then brought it to a stop—he was as close to the camp on the hillside as he could drive. As he stepped from the machine a low cry of dismay broke from his lips. He had caught sight of a crumpled black object lying in the snow a hundred feet up the slope. He ran to it and bent over it. Wink Rossiter lay there before him—dead.

The body was resting against a small canvas-wrapped pack. On the ground, to one side of the dead man, lay a ouija board and on the board a fragment of coarse paper, a written note, held down by a small piece of black lustrous rock. Skilling picked up the rock and the paper, glanced

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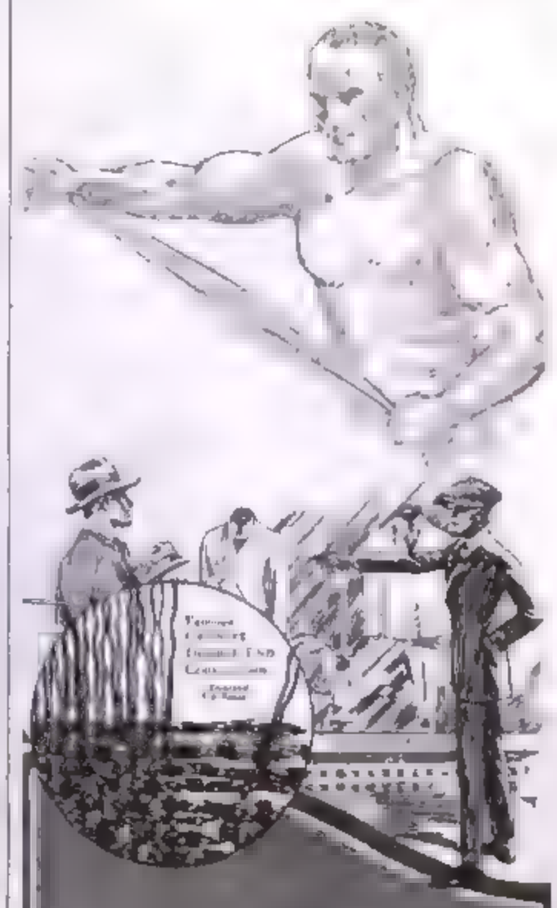
GRANITE
DOUBLE END
MEN'S
COAT LININGS



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Granite Double End is the standard of what a lining should be. Its performance is the criterion of what a lining should do. It has the looks of an alpaca, the weight of a serge, a special, exclusive construction which invites the sternest tests and outlives the strongest garment.

Clothiers gladly show Granite Double End in the garments they offer. The color range is wide, including fancy stripes and a brand new check effect; solid colors and handsome two-tones, in various weaves and designs.

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This garment is lined with Granite Double End (Reg U S Pat Off) made by Lesher, Whitman & Co., Inc., and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly whole during the life of the garment, we will furnish material for a new lining without charge.

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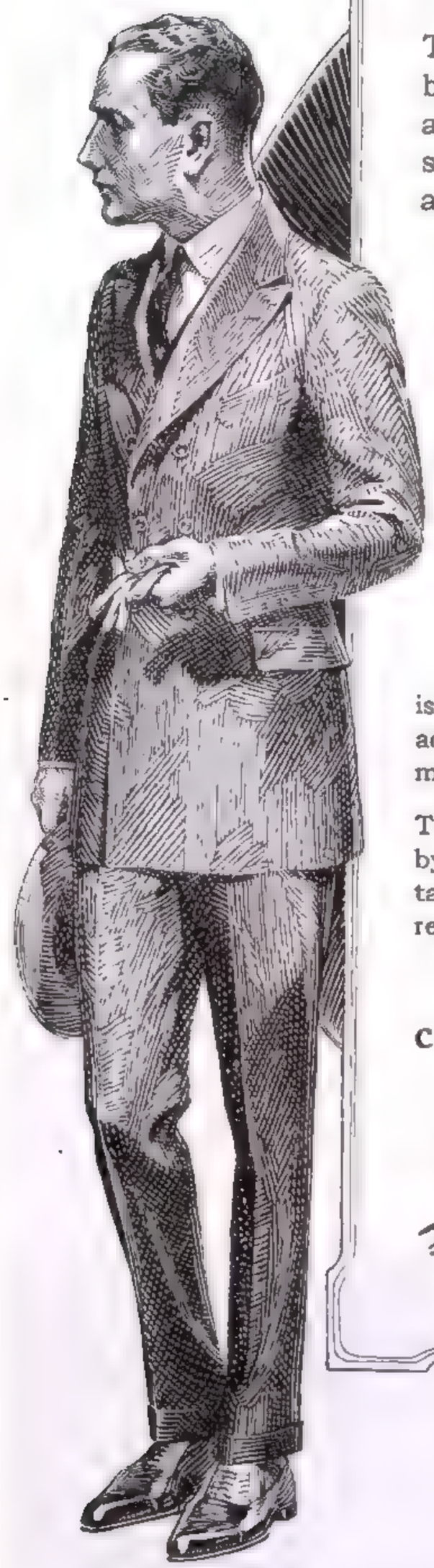
At the Sign of
Ye Jolly Little Tailor



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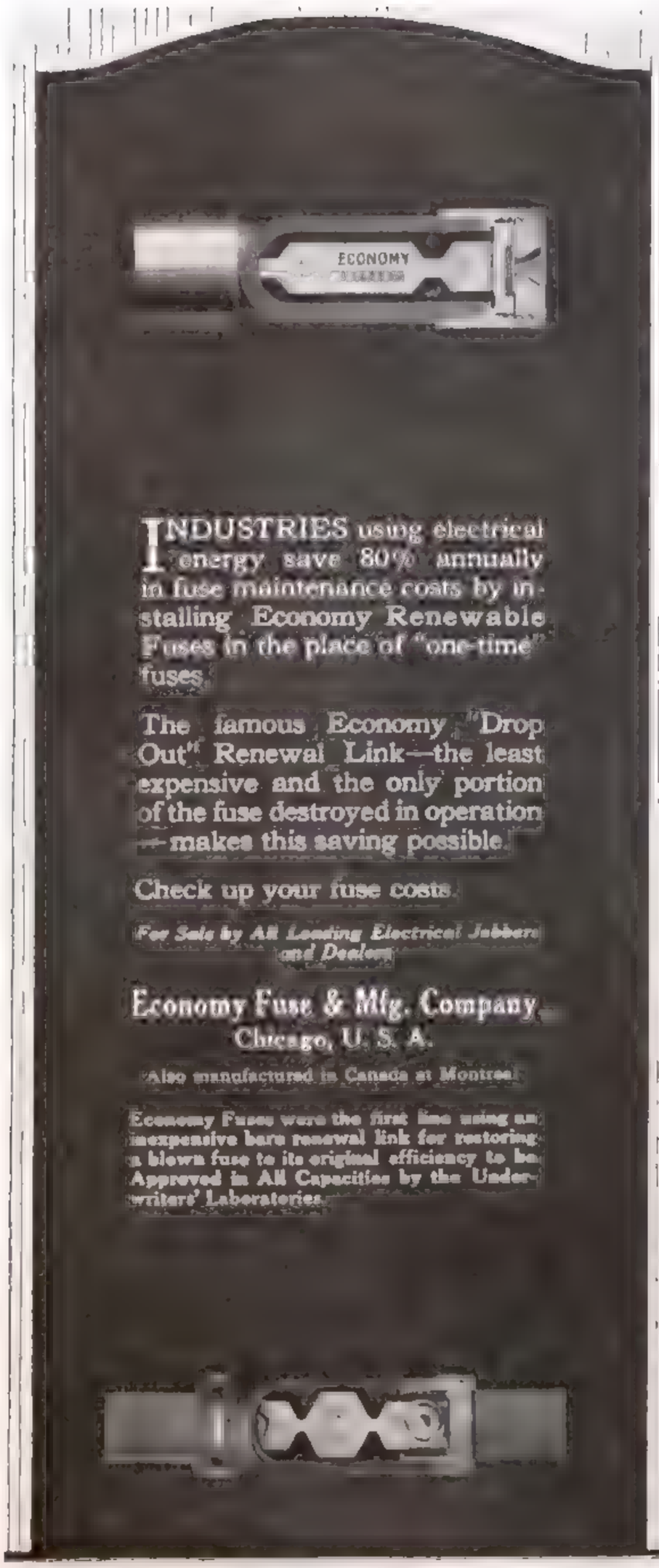
Tailoring

At the Sign of
Ye Jolly Little Tailor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600 AMPS. 600 VOLTS
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(Concluded from Page 83)

sharply at the stone and dropped it into his pocket. He then read the note:

"*Deer Bunny:* I've had a time trying to get back and i gess I can't make it. I'm all in now. I fel in a hol and brok my leg and then something else went wrong inside of me so i can't mak it up the hill. I ben yeling but you don't heer, Bunny. I ain't played fare with you. I found a big vane of silver ore ten yeers ago and I didn't tel you cause i was afrade wed brake up.

"it was a whale of a strike i made, Bunny, and i'm going to show you whare it is so you can open it up and make yor pile and buy that calsen place and fix it up and have a hot time. Heer is a peece of the ore. I ain't been a good pardner, Bunny, or I'd told you and weed both be rich now. If i don't get out of this alive, so long, Bunny.

"WINK."

Below the note was a crudely drawn map with explanatory words scrawled here and there among the wavering lines. Burnes Skilling read it at a glance and understood it. He took the piece of black, lustrous rock from his pocket, looked at it critically, muttered "Rich stuff!" and returned it to his pocket. He then straightened out the crumpled-up form of the dead man, threw a blanket over it and walked on up the hill to the little tent that stood up there.

Pushing aside the flap, he looked in. He saw a gray face among a pile of tumbled blankets, and an old and bony hand resting on the faded cloth of the coverings. In the center of the tiny plot of ground which the tent sheltered stood a little wooden box on which lay a sheet of paper that was held down by a small stained piece of quartz. He jerked the paper from beneath the rock and read it hurriedly:

"*Deer Wink:* Blood pizen got me. I'm dying I guess, so I'm writing to tell you what a mean lowdown trick I played you and to try to square myself as much as I can. I made a rich strike ten yeers ago over at black Ridge and hears a peace of the ore to proove it. I didn't tell you about the strik because I was afraid you'd go back to Illinois and leeve me out here by myself and I can't go back to that country, so I didn't tell you but hid it up. But hears a map that will locate the strike I made and you can cleen up big on it and go back to Illinois and show them stifs back ther a few things. Old Illinois is a grate state, Wink, and has pordused as many big men as old Indiana has. I reckon you can find the mine alright from this map hear. I been a lowdown skunk, Wink, and didn't play it fair and square with you and I'm dam sorry too. Good-by, Wink.

"BUNNY NASH."

Burnes Skilling picked up the piece of stained quartz, looked at it and dropped it into his pocket with the other piece of ore. For a moment he studied the map that was drawn on the sheet of paper below the letter. Then he went outside the little tent and sat down and gazed steadily at the cold, bleak, desolate stretch of country that lay before him. He sat there a long while, and once he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Poor old fellows!" he muttered. "All these years, and then—this!"

At last he rose. He laid the two letters carefully together and tore them into tiny bits, tossing the pieces high into the air and watching the wind whirl them away in a hundred directions. Then he took the two pieces of rock from his pocket and threw them as far as he could throw them, one to the south, one to the north.

"They found it—let the secret go with them!" he whispered.

Then he set about getting the two bodies into his car.

The cemetery at Virginia City, the ancient one, now no longer used, is a place sad and dreary and desolate. Once it was the burying ground for a city of thirty thousand people, who hurriedly placed their dead there, marked their sandy graves with wooden slabs or with little bits of rudely carved stones taken from the hills near by, and then, when the camp had failed, went away and forgot all they had left behind. To-day the wooden slabs are dry-rotting and falling down, and the bits of stone have disappeared; the little fences that were built about many of the graves are tumbling to pieces; the heaped-up mounds of sand that were have been leveled by the gnawing winds from the mountains that blow day and night over the wretched place; sagebrush has sprung up on every foot of the ground and flourishes apace, growing to greater size and showing a deeper hue here where dead men lie than it does on more barren soil.

By day the curious who go thither to poke about among the ruined graves may hear the ghostly tread of the jack rabbit on the velvety leaves of the sage, and all through the starlit, moonlit nights the coyotes gather in this spot deserted of living men to howl and whine and bark. On every side of this place of desolation rise up the great gray waste dumps of the worked-out mines—the mines that lured thither those who lie there now—over there the Chollar; over there the Monmouth; over there the President; over there the California; and down yonder, but a little distance, the Ophir, where Thomas Rossiter and Joseph Nash once worked—the gutted, dead Ophir, with the steam from the hot drifts and tunnels and stopes still pouring out of its abandoned shaft. A few trees planted more than half a century ago in the graveyard still strugglingly maintain their dwarfed and stunted existence, and beneath one of these, if the curious wanderer cares to look, he will find a slab of blue-veined marble marking a double grave—a slab placed there by Burnes Skilling, the kindly souled, soft-hearted superintendent of the Climax Mill. And cut deep in the white stone the curious may read the words:

BUNNY NASH AND WINK ROSSITER
GONE PROSPECTING
IN THE GREAT BEYOND

Gold Mining in the Cripple Creek District of Colorado

Good Workmen Know Plumb Hammers

THERE are differences in nail hammers. Differences that make it worth your while to consider carefully which hammer you will buy.

The superiority of Plumb Hammers is due to sixty-five years of constant improvement, of scientific methods, of an organization of skilled workmen . . . all these have developed the differences in design you can see, and the differences in greater efficiency and more durability you can learn when you buy a Plumb Hammer.

Plumb Hammers were submitted to carpenters, engineers, and other expert workmen... these chaps really designed the Plumb . . . they are responsible for the larger striking face ... the weight in a chunk right back of the face...the short split and extra curve of the claws that enable a leverage of eleven hundred pounds when you exert a pull of fifty pounds on the handle.

Workmen suggested the Hand Comfort Grip Handle that prevents hand cramp common with ordinary handles.

Each Plumb Hammer has a handsome, hand-forged, non-rust finish which preserves it from tarnishing. Handles are handsomely mahoganized.

Nail Hammer, $2. *Sold by all hardware dealers throughout the world*

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Factories, Philadelphia and St Louis — Established 1856

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PLUMB
House Axe

A most convenient household tool. A small Plumb Axe exactly like the big Plumb Axe made in the Plumb way from a single piece of special analysis steel. Hand-forged finish with mahoganized handle. Can be used by boys and women as well as men.. Useful for the home or in camp.

Price $2.

The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to Keep It Beautiful Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a turkish towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair; and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

JOSH AND THE LOFTY MOUNTAIN

(Continued from Page 9)

and left Paret an income, as well as his house in Washington Square. As for Paret's work, it has always seemed a sincere and capable copy of something good by someone else. Like his father and his grandfather, he imitates skillfully, and perhaps unconsciously. When the Dryad was new he still copied Rodin. Lately I notice something of the severe grace of Paul Manship in Paret's figures. In 1911 he did a bronze statue of Roger Marlett Smith in football clothes which even Roger thought was like something he'd seen in the Metropolitan Museum.

"He made me twist myself all over the shop, y'know, and wriggle my leg out like that, and it was a beastly bore standing still too. And it looks like something——"

"You dear idiot!" said Ursula cheerfully. "He's made you stand like the man who's kicking the other man in that perfectly huge group by Mr. Barnard. The Two Natures Struggling, isn't it, doctor?"

She was right. I nodded.

Roger jammed his hands into his pockets and said: "Of course I don't know a blooming thing about this sort of thing, but I'll bet Josh Howe could do quite as well—better."

Ursula drawled: "You've been talking about your Josh Howe for ages. I do wish you'd bring him down from Saint Andrew's and show him off. I don't think anyone can be as ugly as you say he is. Roger says he's so ugly he won't have his photograph taken, doctor. Oh, where are you going in Europe?"

"Vienna," I said.

"They've such nice coffee there," Ursula reflected, nibbling a tea cake.

Roger had brought her to call by way of thanks for my wife's Christmas gift. The big boy observed that the Viennese made good cakes and that he liked Vienna much better than Paris.

"But Josh Howe's simply crazy to get to Paris, and his people won't take him abroad, because his mother got what-d'you-call-it poisoning in England once. He didn't want to come back to school this year at all. Wants to go abroad and study sculpturing—if that's the right word."

"It probably isn't," said Ursula, "and he must be very silly. He's younger than you, isn't he? Then he can't go abroad alone. It wouldn't be respectable. And we've been here so long that Doctor Henry's bored to tears. Come on, darling. Good-by, doctor. I do hope the ocean'll keep still. You get seasick, I know."

The ocean began to sicken me promptly. I spent New Year's Day of 1912 in my berth, and three days more. Then the ocean behaved better. I rambled about the Wilhelm II with another doctor, and when we neared England the liner raced to make up time. The vibration interested my acquaintance, who understood engines. It was he who proposed that we explore the intestines of the ship. So a trim German steward guided us on a trip that proved wearisome to me while it fascinated my companion. When he asked to be taken down the ladder into the stokehold I declined and stood on a grating to watch his descent into the glow of the doors, where a line of men gleamed with sweat and shoveled coal steadily.

While I stood noting these figures of toil there was a shift. Other burly men came talking down the ladder past me and replaced the gang on duty. The stokers tossed away their shovels and began to climb wearily up toward rest. I moved aside from the head of the ladder and comfortably pitied them. Several spoke in French or English as they lurched by me, huddling on shirts over their hot chests. A few glanced at me absently or resentfully. The last stoker was too tired to look at anything. He tumbled to the grating and sat there, rubbing the sleeve of a filthy shirt on his dark face. Then he pulled the shirt over his sleek, tanned shoulders and began to roll a cigarette in his big, unsteady hands. The lower glow showed me his curious ears. I knew him directly.

"I'm goin' to Paris," Josh said simply. "It's time I got to work. Mamma can't see it. She thinks I'm clever, y'know, and ought to go to college. Waste of time. I'm nearly eighteen. And she doesn't like Paris. I keep telling her that the French know four times as much about marble as we do. And a fellow has to learn marble."

"What does your father say?"

"Whatever she says Oh, they'll come round all right when they know I'm there! They're good scouts, and you can't expect 'em to understand about my work, sir. Dad used to be a plumber, and mamma isn't interested in art." The cigarette lit up his jolly grin.

"All right, son," I said. "So far, so good. You'll be paid enough at Bremen to get you to Paris. Then what'll you live on or how'll you pay for lessons? And your dad may be sore for a while."

"I'm an only child," said the artist, "and, anyhow, I've got a build like the Michelangelo David. A good model gets paid something. Wash down studio floors if I have to—no, you won't give me a check either."

"I'll give you two five-hundred-franc notes," I snapped, "and you'll promise me to cable your dad. You've worked your passage over and that's enough idiocy. Do as I say! You're not the first artistic temperament on a rampage that I've had dealings with. You take these notes or I'll wire the American consul to have you held in Bremen and put on the first steamer back to New York!"

He waved me good-by through a porthole when I left the liner at Boulogne. Outside his specialty he was a guileless creature. Someone picked his pocket on the way to Paris, and until Howe cabled a deposit to a Paris bank Josh really did pose in an American sculptor's studio. He was posed as a faun or some other legendary brute. Mrs. Howe bought the statue when she reached Paris, and broke it up with a hammer borrowed from the commissionaire of the Hotel Meurice. She told me this when I dined with her and her son on my way back from Vienna.

"As if I was going to have folks over the whole world lookin' at Josh with no clothes but a towel on!"

"It was a rotten statue," said Josh. "That fellow's just about good enough to make monuments for dad."

Mrs. Howe scolded him for criticizing his father's factory, patting his hand all the time.

"An' that reminds me your papa's just got a new model made by a boy from Chicago named Grady. It's for babies' graves. A little child with a rose in its lap. Real cute, it is, and there's lots of orders for it come in already."

I shivered. Josh gave a horrible grunt, and emerald sparks shone in his eyes. I thought that he was about to howl his objection, but he only said: "All right, mamma. You know where you and dad'll go when you die."

I was allowed to take him to a theater after dinner, and the big fellow mourned aloud crossing the Place Vendôme.

"Dad's an old peach. He don't know a decent figure from an egg. I think the Howe Memorial Corporation has spilled more junk all over the United States than you could blow up with a million tons of dynamite. It's awful! I showed him Rodin's Age of Bronze in the Metropolitan, and told him it was a great statue, and all he said was that it wouldn't do for a cemetery unless you put some duds on it.

"Y'see, he made a lot of money bein' a plumber in Chicago, and came down to Crispville to hunt a farm, and then he found that old man Timberskilver that made gravestones wanted to sell his business, so dad bought it and—what's the use? He's all kinds of a good scout. And mother was a cook. Say, she's a damsite more of an artist than a lot of these pie-faced hyenas over here that hang round and gas about tendencies and realism and the rest of it. She can cook! I wonder if Roger Marlett Smith's mother could cook. Roger's a good scout, too. His father collects, don't he? What sort of stuff? Roger don't know any more about art than dad does." He stopped to light another cigarette, and reflected "I hate hearin' people that don't know about it, talkin' art. And that's what you have to listen to over here. It's all talk. I bet there's ten thousand Americans studyin' in Paris right now, and there ain't a thousand of 'em that are worth a tin tack· oh, say, remember that Apollo Belvedere fellow I jumped back at Watch Hill? Well, mother and I were havin' tea at Colombin's yesterday, and he was there with some women, and it seems his name's Rollin Paret. I hate his statues—stolen, mostly. But ain't he a looker?"

"Very handsome," I said. "Did he know you?"

"Think he did. He looked at me a while, and I looked at him. I'd like to do a bust of him. Say, the Marlett Smiths know him. He did a figure of Roger. I thought all the artists in New York lived in a hole in the wall, and weren't allowed in good hotels even."

I explained. "That's nonsense. But Paret's very popular. He has money and he seems to be a good sort. He goes about a great deal. The ladies like him."

"They would," said Josh, and sighed. "I guess I wouldn't like New York."

"You should come and see Roger Marlett Smith though. You'd like his father, and his sister's a nice kid. She's very pretty. She has orange hair and brown eyes, and she's cool as a cucumber."

"I've seen her picture. Come on, sir. We're late. It's after nine."

He stayed in Paris until March of 1913. Then I heard from Roger Marlett Smith that Josh had started around the world, being anxious to observe the arts of Egypt, India and China. He shipped his mother home. Roger duly called on her as she passed through New York, and said loyally that she seemed a nice sort of woman.

"He means that she's frightfully common," said Ursula, "and Rollin Paret saw her in Paris, and says she's exactly like a lady elephant. Rollin seems awfully upset about her. And then I told him that Josh is Roger's dearest friend, and he dropped his eyeglass. Dad, I think your friend Paret's a fearful snob."

Marlett Smith looked up from an etching, and murmured, "There isn't any snob as snobbish as a successful artist—especially if he's a second-rate artist, and Paret is second-rate."

I remembered this judgment in 1915 when Josh Howe's Javanese Dancer was shown at the Ravel Galleries. There was an exhibition of figures by several sculptors, and the stiff, grinning bronze of Josh's dancing girl seemed to draw people to its corner. Paret had four pages of comment on the show, but did not mention Josh or his work at all. Still, the banker, Frederic Farquhar, bought the Javanese Dancer. The other art reviews and papers spoke handsomely of it, and Roger Marlett Smith told me that Josh was plagued by letters inviting him to make more dancing girls. I hoped that Josh would appear in New York, but he stayed in Crispville, Illinois, working. I saw him for a moment in 1918, when his division was about to sail for France, where he got one of his ears nicked by a fragment of shell. It was in the summer of 1919 that he arrived in my consulting room, dressed as a civilian and full of trouble.

"I'm goin' down to this place on Long Island where the Marlett Smiths hang out, and I'm scared silly. What'll I do when I get there?"

"Go swimming with Roger and Ursula, and play bridge after dinner."

"Yes, but what'll I do? I can't talk to women. I'm scared of this girl, and I hate society!" His damaged ear almost waved as he said this.

I snapped: "Don't be silly! The Marlett Smiths are human beings. Ursula will talk about your ears probably, but that'll just be to see what will happen. And the old gentleman will talk art and Roger'll talk baseball. What are you afraid of?"

He twisted in his chair, rubbed his nose and babbled: "I'm afraid of fallin' in love with this dam Ursula. I've seen her pictures. She's the sort of woman I happen to like—the sort of looks. She's skinny and has light hair, and if I fall in love with her it'll be awful! I can't eat when I'm in love."

"You're going at it in the right spirit," I snorted. "You're afraid you'll fall in love. You probably will, and it'll serve you right. When are you going down there?"

"'Safternoon."

"I'm going down to-morrow. We live next door to the Marlett Smiths, so I'll see you."

"It's going to be awful," he mourned, and picked up his hat, a fine affair girt with the colors of the Saint Andrew's School football team.

His whole dress was smart. Seen from the rear, Josh was a most imposing male. I watched him retreat along Fifty-fifth Street, and speculated as to Ursula's calm

(Continued on Page 92)

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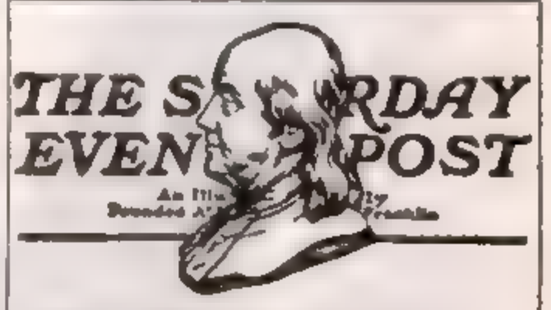

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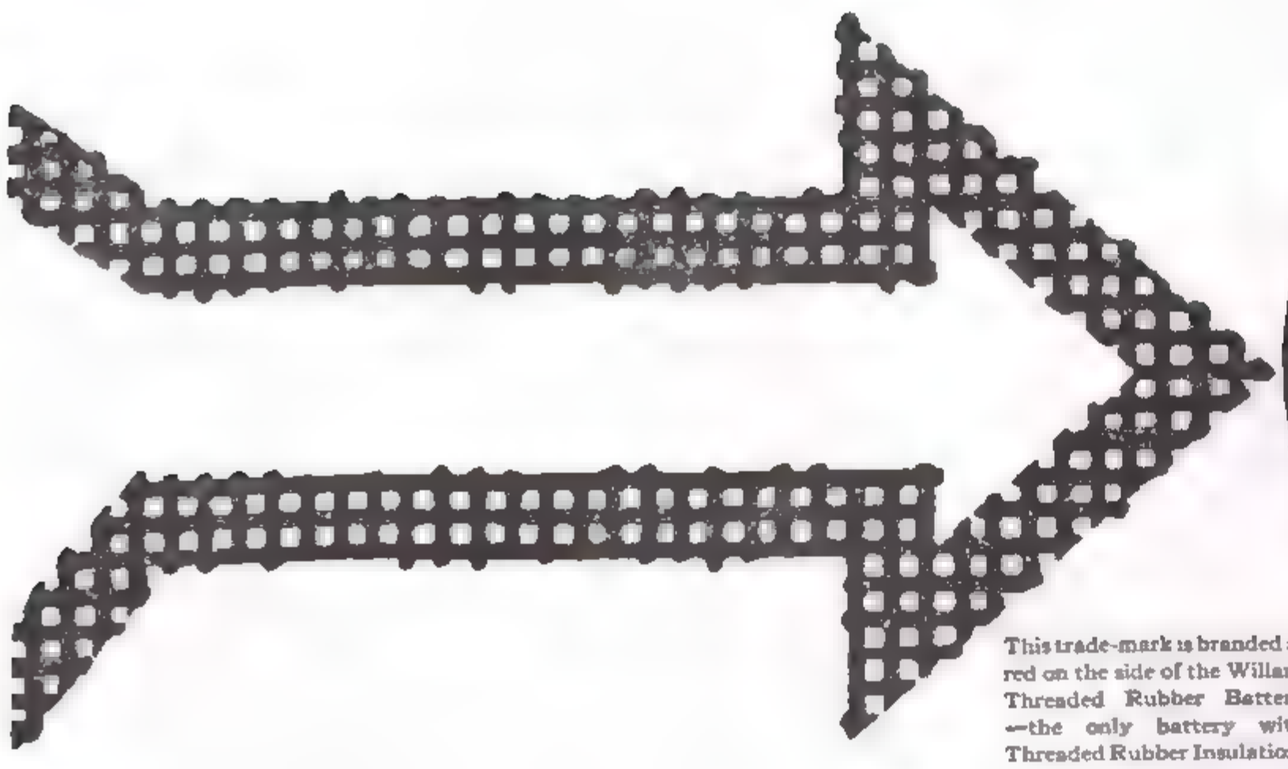

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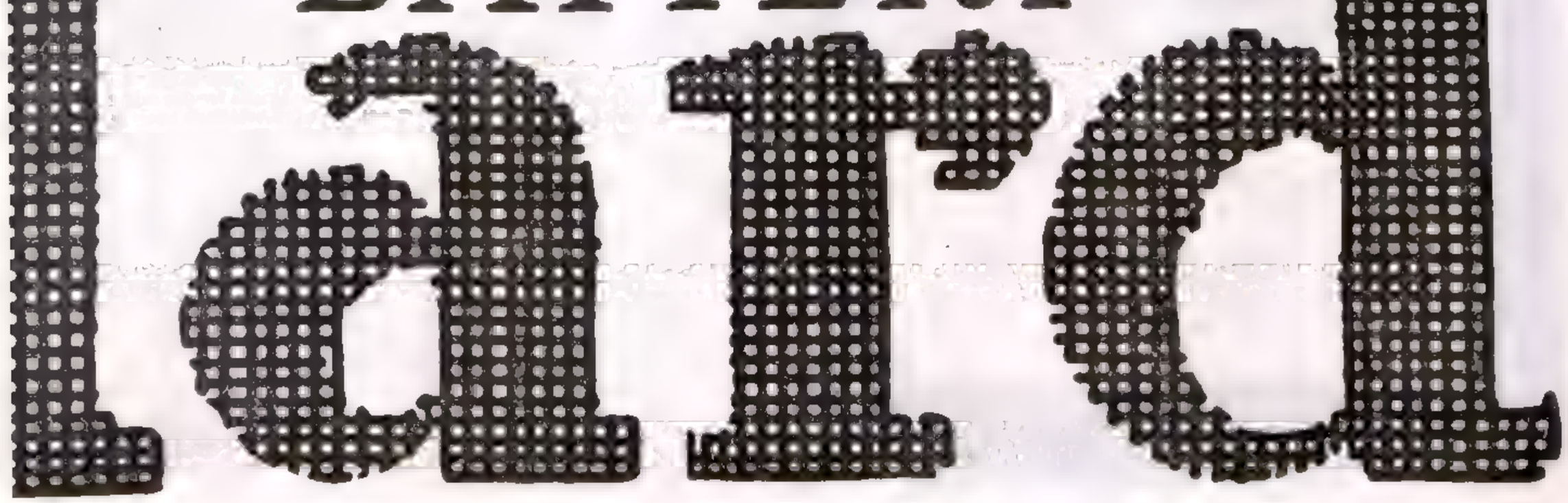

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(Continued from Page 89)

habit of talking personalities constantly. It was quite likely that she would discuss his face with Josh. She had often commiserated me on my nose.

My son Alan drove me up from the station on Saturday evening and reported Josh a great success with Marlett Smith; also that we were asked to dine with the Marlett Smiths. We did, and I saw Josh on good behavior for the first time. He sat solemnly talking to Marlett Smith about the statues of Bourdelle and Epstein. His hair was brushed smooth. His waistcoat fitted him suavely, and he somehow maintained a pale grin that kept his ears in order. Of this Ursula complained in the picture gallery after dinner.

"I was promised a person who wiggled his ears and made faces, and he doesn't, and I'm disgusted. I thought he was going to frighten me half to death, and he's as tame as a clam. And Roger assured me he used ghastly grammar, and he doesn't. I'm disappointed. Where's that satyr Roger said he looked like? There! Now that would be worth while!"

She drummed on the glass over the black-and-orange bowl. She was wearing a frock of orange gauze that matched her hair, and she looked queerly beautiful, sulking, as she stared off at Marlett Smith, who was showing Josh a new Goya at the end of the long, vaulted room.

"You're a spoiled baby," I said.

"Howe doesn't show any signs of spoiling me. He won't come near me. I've smiled at him until my mouth hurts, and he runs away. Watch him! Oh, Captain Howe!"

His ears vibrated, but he didn't turn from the green-and-tan oblong of the Spanish picture.

"You see? I'm going to shriek now. Captain Howe!"

Josh had to turn. He came strolling down the aisle between the cases of pottery and stopped near her. Ursula beamed at him. Then she took a breath, and said, "Roger's always insisted that you look like this satyr here on the bowl."

He bent and looked at the little ribald figure. Then his scowl came. Both ears twitched. He grunted, grinned, and said "Ain't that hell?" and immediately flushed so that the brown of his ears turned scarlet.

"Oh!" said Ursula. "Oh, do it again!"

"Huh?"

"Make them wiggle! Oh, Doctor Henry, how does he do it? Do it again, Josh! I never saw anything so lovely!"

Josh gulped. Then he stood solemnly wriggling his ears for the girl, who pressed her frail hands together, rapt and delighted. She sighed, "It's too perfect, Josh! It's an art! Mine simply won't move at all! Did you learn, or is it natural?"

"I take after dad," said Josh.

"Heredity's wonderful," Ursula pondered. "Father's so useless. He can't even blow smoke rings. He doesn't know anything but art. Let's go play pool."

"Don't know how," Josh growled.

"How absurd—a man twenty-six years old who can't play pool! Come and I'll teach you."

With entire deliberation, Ursula put her hand on his arm and led him off. As they went she chattered. She chattered at him next day, in swimming. On Monday she drove him to the train in her car, and I watched her chatter as we stood on the platform. Josh looked woeful and tired as he sank into my seat in the smoker.

"I couldn't eat any breakfast," he said.

"I thought you were going to stay there all week, Josh."

"Couldn't I'm goin' home."

"But you said you'd taken a studio and were going to work here all summer!"

"I ain't. If I stay here I'll come fooling after this girl."

I demanded: "Why shouldn't you? Roger's fond of you. His father likes you immensely, and ——"

Josh took the cigarette from his mouth and twisted it into pieces. He said: "You think I don't know who the Marlett Smiths are? I'm not goin' to have that girl stand me on my head and make a holy show of me! And I told her dad used to be a plumber and mother was a cook, last night. That's one thing I did learn in Paris! I knew that kid from Marseilles that the Duchesse de What's-Its-Name took up because they were talkin' about him. He thought she'd marry him, and then when people started talkin' about somebody else she dropped him. I'm a novelty. There isn't a woman living that wouldn't like to think she had an artist nutty over her. Even mamma was kind of flattered when a thug that makes gravestones for dad got foolish and told people she was good-lookin'."

"You're talking as though Ursula was a cheap flirt," I said.

"She don't have to flirt! She simply reached right out and got me. You saw her do it!"

"She's known all about you for years," I declared, "and she doesn't care a rap about your being an artist. She's been exposed to artists for ages. Rollin Paret danced after her for a year, and a lot more of them. She doesn't know any more about art than Roger does—or your mother. She can't remember which one of her father's paintings is which. You make me tired. You're a snob, Josh."

In spite of this lecture and some sequels, he fled to Crispville, Illinois, and stayed there. He was humble—outside his pride in work. New York didn't amuse him. I expected that he would return in September when Ravel, the art dealer, began to advertise a show of his sculptures. The second week of October would be given up to the art of Joshua Howe. One of Ravel's florid announcements appeared in the rear pages of the Dryad. I wondered whether Rollin Paret really remembered the small boy who had broken his nose. I wondered with more concern on the Monday when the Ravel Galleries opened Josh's show of some twenty figures and I saw Paret walking slowly down a side of the mauve room where the bronzes were displayed on pedestals painted gray. He walked with his wealthy wife and her daughter by her first husband. People noticed him. Later I asked the little French-Swiss dealer what Paret would say in his review.

"Oh, he will say it is all very bad, and an imitation of Bourdelle, per'aps. But that will not so much matter," said Ravel. "*Après tout*, it is the young people who have what you call the say-so now. Paret? He is all over! Some nize rich old ladies will ask what he thinks. Art does not stand still. And ten figures are sold already, and this is the first day. *Succès fou, docteur!* Ah, yes, madame ——"

He bounced off to explain that Josh's head of Roger Marlett Smith was not for sale. The lady in ocher velvet looked annoyed. I fancy that Roger's clean, stolid comeliness was the only bit of the show that pleased her, for Josh had neglected to supply sweet-faced girls and pretty naked babies. But I liked reality mixed with imagination better than lush sweetness. I heard the inevitable assertion that something Russian, Czech or German was much better. But the show was a success, as Ravel had told me. It was even mentioned on the editorial page of a morning paper on Tuesday, and on Wednesday I met Marlett Smith in a bad temper.

"I wanted that negro soldier of Josh's, and Freddy Farquhar got it. But this is nice, Henry. The boy's hit straight. But I wish he'd come East."

"He doesn't like New York."

Marlett Smith swung his stick and pulled me into a doorway.

"That's not the point. The point is, I can't do anything with Ursula. He hardly answers her notes—sends her a couple of lines on a post card or a sketch of one of his father's gravestones And girls are so beastly frank nowadays! She's told everyone except the cook that she's in love, and she won't go see his work because she says she thinks it's frightful. She's trying to make Roger take her out to Illinois. I wish the boy would come East."

I walked to his house with him, and talked to Ursula for one minute before she took the conversation away from me.

"I want you to write that imbecile to come back here! I never saw such a snob! I suppose he thinks I'll interfere with his rotten statues. That's what some women do to their husbands' work, of course, but I don't see why he should think I'm that sort. And he isn't ugly! He's just unusual."

By shouting I managed to get in, "You've only seen him once—for two days!"

"Of all—haven't I been hearing about him for ten years? I've read most of his letters to Roger. I'm twenty-four, and I've been in love at least ten times. I don't want to take him away from his work or trot him to the opera. I want to see that his clothes are pressed and watch his ears wiggle—and we both hate hot milk in coffee."

She sulked on, coiled in a chair, let me talk for a while, and then exploded with,

(Concluded on Page 94)

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(Concluded from Page 92)

"Oh, nonsense! I know he's in love with me or he wouldn't stay out there! All artists are conceited. He's frightfully conceited. He's not vain like Rollin Paret, but that's because he isn't that mushy sort of pretty poster that Paret is. If Josh wasn't afraid of me he'd be here lapping up all this talk about him. Tell him to come on here, or he'll wake up some morning and find me hammering on his front door. Yes, I know I'm being vulgar, father—and now I'm going to cry. Get out of here, both of you!"

Marlett Smith took me down to the hall and made his statement of position.

He said: "I can understand the boy's feeling perfectly, but it won't do. He might as well cave in. And he has money, so they won't have to live in Crispville, Illinois. They can go anywhere. It'll be very nice to have someone in the family who appreciates things when I'm gone, too. You'd better write him, doctor."

Josh did not answer my letter, or a second more vicious one. I worried considerably, and thought of writing to his mother. Then on the tenth of November he rang my doorbell in the middle of the afternoon. I heard him insulting my butler in the hall, dismissed the patient who was in the chair by my desk and let Josh throw himself into the cushions.

He scowled, cleaning his muddy shoes on an end of the rug, and began to rage in a rush of syllables:

"Of all dirty tricks I ever heard of this is the last limit! He ain't human! He might have left them out of it. If he don't like my things let him say so and be done with it, and if I was one of these tea cats round here the rest of it'd be all right. Well, I'll be in jail to-night! You can bail me out. I'm not goin' to kill him, but ——"

"Kill whom?"

"Ain't you seen Paret's article in the Dryad?"

Josh had it in his pocket. I smoothed the torn page on my desk and read while Josh destroyed two crystal paper weights knocking them together:

"We have a native variety of Hun, it seems, and one of them effected an entry into New York some days ago. Ordinarily Pierre Ravel is a sane and judicious exhibitor of sculptures. When he opened his doors to the travesties of Joshua Howe, of Crispville, Illinois, Ravel showed himself a candidate for mental treatment."

I groaned and read on, partly expecting the phrases "gross realism without a trace of informing art," "cheap imitations of the French school of Bourdelle," "abandonment of the grace to which ——"

It was printed raving. Paret's usual reviews were deliberate and orderly. This was frenzy. I chuckled, and Josh snarled: "Oh, read the end of it! There's where he gets it in! Read that last paragraph." He thrust a shivering finger across the page and pointed, "There—'Art is a lofty——'"

I read:

"Art is a lofty mountain, and he who would climb it safely needs stronger legs than those of this young Middle Western maker of grotesques. Perhaps a glance at Mr. Howe's ancestry would explain the cheap ugliness of his work. His father, formerly a plumber, is now a wealthy manufacturer of gravestones which horrify the stroller through any Western cemetery. The artist's mother, no doubt a good woman in her way, was a cook in the single hotel of Crispville. Figs seldom grow on thistles. The production of art implies and demands a certain social background. New York is full of these young seekers from the Middle Western wilderness. With many of them one can sympathize. With the arrogance of Mr. Howe it is not possible to be even patient. His work reflects only his own aspect and his possible ambition to jump a rung or two of the social scale is absurd. He ——"

"If rotten eggs didn't bust so easy," Josh choked, "I'd go down with a barrel and ——"

I gathered all the authority I could find in my soul and spoke evenly:

"This isn't ordinary spite, Josh. You hurt his face, and he's never forgotten it. He's very vain. He isn't much talked about any more. He's married a rich widow, and she won't let him run about to dances, and you younger men are passing him by. He knows you're a success and it's driven him crazy. He's as mad as you were that time you broke his nose. But he's only five feet seven or eight, and he's forty-two or three. You can't touch him. You can't do anything to put yourself on his level."

Josh grinned after a moment and said: "That's why I was thinkin' of the rotten eggs. But I can't thrash him, of course. But what right has the hog got to say that I'm after a social position, or whatever you call it? And what right's he got to speak about mother? She's crazy mad. She didn't cook in the hotel. A decent woman couldn't have cooked in the Crispville House. She cooked for old Mrs. Frost, where dad boarded. He's got to apologize to her, if I have to hold him out of a window by his coat tails. He ——"

"If I make him apologize to your mother in writing, will that satisfy you?"

"I'd rather ——"

"You shan't go to his office," I told Josh. "He's likely to say something, and you might lose your temper. I've an hour free. If I bring you back a written apology to your mother, will that satisfy you?"

He grunted, "Oh, it'll have to! I suppose I'm engaged to Ursula. She wired me yesterday that she'd come out to Crispville unless I came here, and I can't get her mixed up in an artists' row. Go ahead, doc. Where's Mrs. Henry? I've got to talk to someone or I'll get mad again."

I left him sprawled in my library on a couch, telling my wife his troubles, and set out in a taxicab for the Dryad office in Tenth Street. It was raining and the cab skidded rounding the corner from Fifth Avenue, drove wide to avoid another taxi and landed me, rather jostled, at the front of the small building that contains the Dryad offices. A policeman was standing on the curb, and as I got out he beckoned a slender woman whose dark suit showed in the arch below the carved gray stone where Paret's version of a dryad simpered. Ursula came toward the officer.

He held open the taxicab door and advised: "Now you go home, miss, and dawn't say nothin' to nobody but your folks, and I'll say nawthin' to the desk at —— Thank you, miss."

He picked up her black stick and the bill. I helped Ursula into the cab. The windows of the second floor were pressed by gaping faces. The white girl put her pocketbook away and dug at the mat under our feet, glancing at the Dryad's gaping office force. She seldom carries a stick. The motor took us away from the curb and she said: "He got into a corner. He got into a corner and put both hands up over his face!"

"Who did?"

"Paret! And they sent for a policeman after he'd run off, and the policeman said I was quite right. And I could only hit Paret once, because he got into a corner. But imagine a man getting into a corner behind a chair to get away from a woman!"

She didn't stop trembling until the taxicab passed across Fourteenth Street. Then she laughed and got back her drawl, saying: "I hit him on the ear, and he yelped. And as soon as they'd got me out of his office I could hear him telling somebody to phone Doctor Reeves—that skin specialist—that he was coming up there. And he went in that first taxicab that almost ran into you. Imagine it! And I expect this is the way tigresses and things feel when something hurts their pups, or whatever it is tigresses have—kittens? I feel as if I should cry, but I can't. Imagine that rotter suggesting that Josh was a climber! I suppose this has been frightfully silly. Take me to your house, doctor."

"Josh is there," I said.

"Then tell this idiot to hurry," Ursula ordered, and her hands slid up to her hair.

When she came into my library she swaggered to Josh and said: "I suppose you think that you've been awfully clever, hiding out in Crispville while everyone's talking about you. I don't! I think it's a silly affectation. And you might get up to shake hands decently instead of —— Oh, Josh, don't scowl like that! It does spoil your eyes so!"

His ears wriggled all through the wedding. The other day Ursula wrote me from Oregon, where Josh is making studies of lumbermen:

"I insist that children imitate, no matter how young they are. You must write Josh to stop scowling in front of Josh 2.

"2's hair is turning out yellow, as I thought it would; but his eyes are distinctly green, and he frowns horribly when he is bored. And this morning in his tub something amused him, and his right ear wiggled beautifully."

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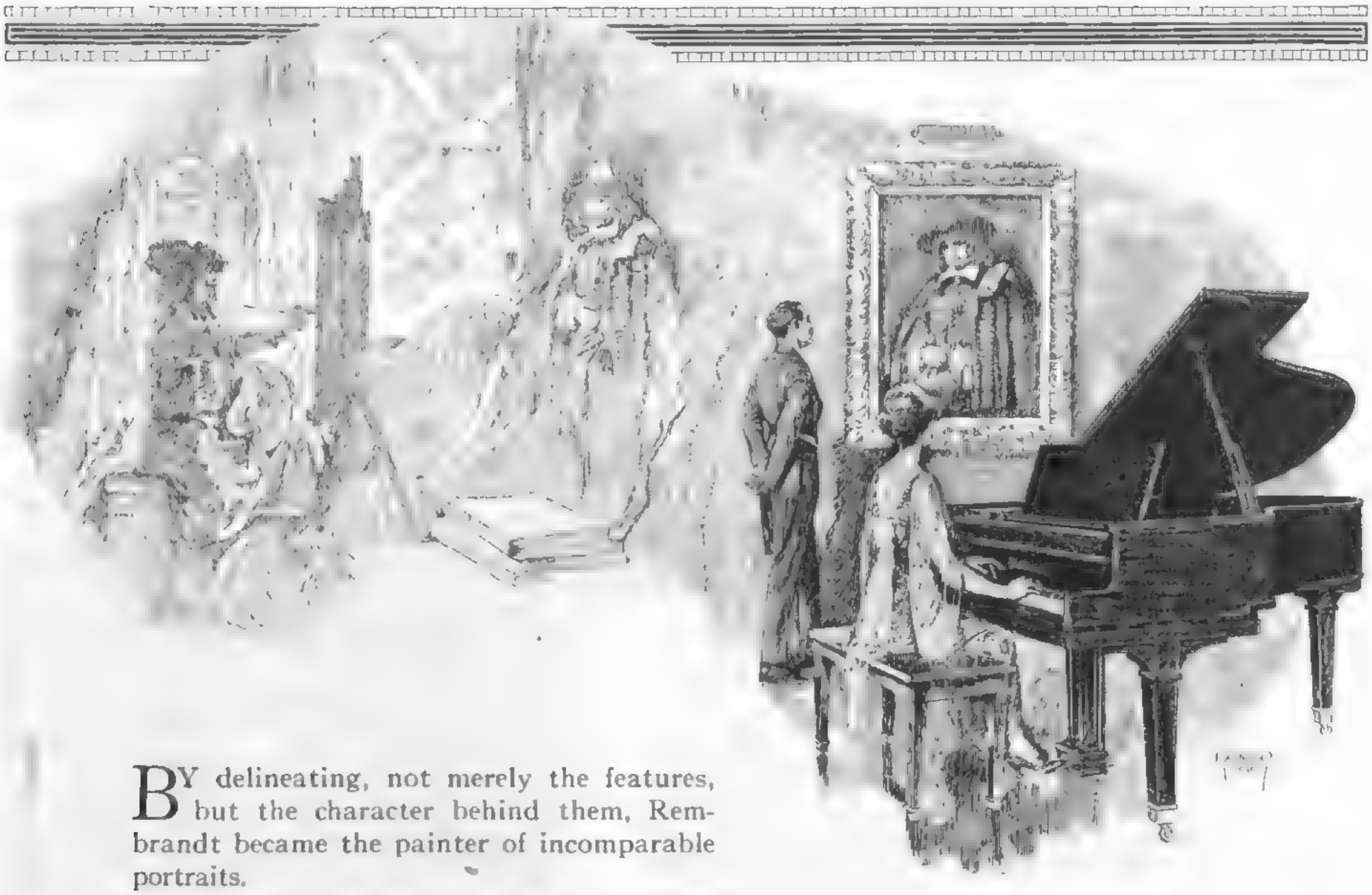

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THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL IN ASIA

(Continued from Page 26)

popular among the masses of the people in China; there has been a growing and widespread opposition to the Japanese. This opposition was counted upon by the soviet agents as a possible instrument for the overthrow of the pro-Japanese régime. They expected that if properly stimulated and directed this popular opposition would eventually transfer its resentment against the Japanese to the whole Anfu group and its régime, fastening upon it the blame for the Japanese domination. If such transferred resentment could result in an overthrow of the Anfu régime, it was reasonable to expect, according to the soviet diplomatic plan, that its successor in power, having broken with the Japanese orientations, would have to seek a *rapprochement* with the other of China's neighbors—that is, with soviet Russia.

The soviet diplomacy has been successful in carrying out practically the whole of this plan. Several months ago the Anfu régime fell, and its place was taken by a strongly anti-Japanese régime, in which the power behind the throne is General Wu-Pei-Fu. The soviet diplomats interpret this change as signifying unquestionably the imminence of a definite Chinese orientation in favor of and in the direction of soviet Russia. V. Vilensky, the former high commissary of the soviet government in Siberia and one of the most prominent soviet experts on the Far East, in an article in the official Moscow Izvestiya, October 9, 1920, characterized the change in the Chinese régime in the following terms:

"Wu-Pei-Fu has hung out his flag over the events which are transpiring in China, and it is clear that under this flag the new Chinese cabinet must take an orientation in favor of soviet Russia."

Recognized Frontiers

This means, first of all, a definite break with Japan. The soviet press reported recently that the new Chinese cabinet either contemplates or has already resolved to void the Japanese-Chinese agreement consummated by the Anfu régime. Moreover, it is reported on the same authority that the new Chinese cabinet has decided to recall the Japanese instructors from the Chinese Army. These actions on the part of the new Chinese Government are regarded as the natural and logical outcome of the change in the régime. But the Moscow diplomats are certain that in these efforts to break with Japan the new Chinese Government must necessarily pledge itself to an alliance with Moscow.

Vilensky, in arguing for the logical and objective necessity of such a step on the part of the Chinese Government, cites three definite actions already taken by the latter in the direction of establishing friendly relations with Moscow. The first step was initiated by Moscow, and has recently been sanctioned by Peking. It consisted of a commercial treaty signed by the representatives of the soviet authorities in Russian Turkestan and the group in power in Chinese Turkestan. The treaty provides for the establishment of diplomatic as well as commercial representation in both territories, and the total mutual abrogation of exterritorial rights. The contact thus established provides soviet Russia with an unmolested access into China. Officially the Turkestan treaty was not valid until approved by Moscow and Peking. The Moscow sanction was naturally not long in coming. The sanction from Peking, given last September, finally settled the matter, and now soviet Russia has a recognized frontier with China, regulated by treaty.

The second step of the Chinese Government in the direction of a *rapprochement* with soviet Russia indicated still further the correctness of the Moscow analysis of the diplomatic situation in the Far East. Under the Anfu régime China still continued to recognize officially the Russian ambassador remaining there after the overthrow of the provisional government. All diplomatic courtesy was extended to him, and his status was more or less formally acknowledged. The recent action of the Peking government in refusing to continue the recognition of this status of the Russian ambassador was logically a preliminary step to the negotiations which China was expected to inaugurate with Moscow. By discontinuing the official relations with the Russian embassy the Peking government opened definitely the way for an agreement with the soviet government.

This second step was almost immediately followed by the third, for which it obviously cleared the way. A Chinese military-diplomatic mission was sent to soviet Russia, reaching Moscow at the end of September. This mission, headed by General Chjan-Si-Lin, one of the younger followers of Wu-Pei-Fu, the real power in China to-day, is charged with the task of conducting negotiations with the Soviet Commissariat of Foreign Affairs. At the beginning of October the soviet government presented to the head of the Chinese mission a memorandum in which it stated the basic conditions of the treaty it is willing to sign with China. The memorandum was transmitted to Peking.

The anti-Japanese régime in China realizes clearly the possibility of a forcible encounter with Japan. It is apparently preparing for such an eventuality by attempting to enlist the aid of its other powerful neighbor.

Soviet Russia undoubtedly possesses to-day an armed force that gives her a real advantage in any negotiations she may conduct with China. She is in a position to give China some material assistance in case of an armed encounter with Japan, and it is more than probable that she would welcome such an eventuality. Though the soviet government insists upon its desire to avoid as far as possible an armed encounter with Japan, there is no doubt that its pacific professions are merely the result of its realization that soviet Russia has not the strength in the Far East available for such a conflict. It is quite a different story when the soviet government faces the possibility of fighting the battle against Japan with the resources of China back of it; or better still, when it can have China fight the battle with Japan under its guidance and with its assistance. It is quite apparent from the whole situation that China is being pushed into just such an eventuality.

Delegate Lai's Report

But it is not merely as a cat's-paw against Japan that the soviet government is ready to use China and her possibilities. We must always remember when dealing with any of the activities of the soviet government that it has no policies of its own, but that whatever step it undertakes is of necessity in furtherance of the larger plans of the Third International, that general staff of the world revolution. The International controls all the actions of the soviet government; the International therefore is behind the activities of the Moscow Commissariat of Foreign Affairs. Now what is the situation in China from the point of view of the Communist International?

According to the report presented to the Second Congress of the Third International by the Chinese delegate, Lai, the nationalist-revolutionary movement in China has been stimulated particularly by the fact that, as he expressed it, "China was refused everything at the peace conference." This movement of resentment, headed very largely by students and by the industrial elements of Shanghai, took the form of strikes and of similar manifestations of discontent and protest. The shifting in the political scenery of China, of which we have already spoken and which took place since the congress, indicates what forms the activities of these elements in China have assumed.

Delegate Lai's report discussed also the agrarian and the industrial situation from the point of view of communism. The two outstanding features of the agrarian situation in China are the absence of large landed estates and the general shortage of land. The overwhelming majority of the population in China is agricultural, and the problem of land shortage is a very real one there. An agrarian movement therefore is scarcely possible, because it would have nothing to strive for. The solution of the problem resulting from the agricultural and agrarian crisis is obviously in industrial development, which would divert large numbers of the surplus rural

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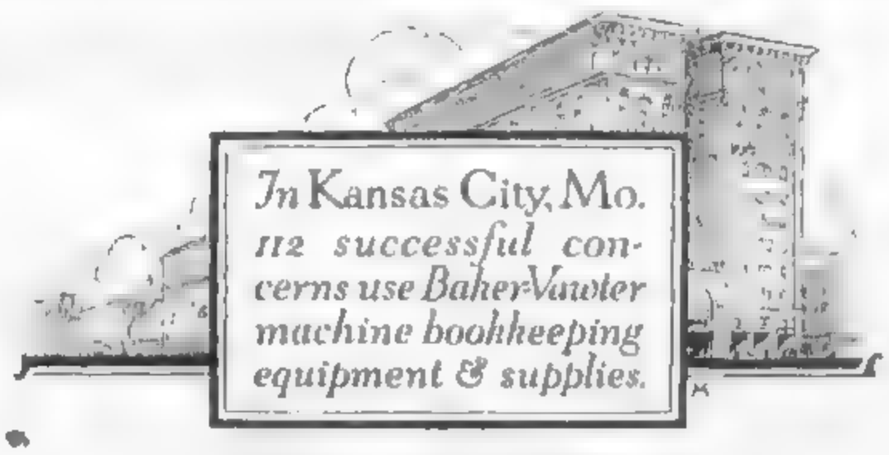

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population to the industrial centers and relieve the land shortage as far as possible. At the present time, however, China's industrial development is a thing that scarcely has any existence at all. According to Lai's statement, the industrial proletariat in China is just beginning to come into existence. But whatever there is of it, weak as it is in numbers, the industrial proletariat of China is violently revolutionary in its tendencies.

The intensity of the nationalist revolutionary movement and the revolutionary nature of the Chinese proletariat constitute the basis of the work which the leaders of the Third International consider possible in China. From the point of view of the methods and tactics of communism, the situation in China presents conditions that are almost ideal. China is a country of tremendous potential resources. The vast bulk of her population is agitated by various kinds of resentment, swept by different kinds of discontent. There is a small minority of the population, very active, very determined, very ambitious. If this minority could be won over to try an experiment in communism in an attempt to further its own aims the Third International would have just what it desires in China—a soviet government, organized and run by a determined minority, with the masses of the population induced to unprotesting acquiescence by the methods of demagoguery, of which the communist leaders are such past masters.

The political situation in China, resulting from the enmities aroused by the sympathies and antipathies towards the Japanese, is just the kind of opportunity that the Third International may wish for. The possible need for an anti-Japanese régime to turn to soviet Russia for assistance and support is counted upon to provide the latter, and consequently the Third International, with the foothold they need in China. Moreover, the conditions which they would undoubtedly attach to any agreement into which they may enter with China would give them an additional opportunity to secure a free hand in China.

China is a land that has passed through numerous revolutions and upheavals in the course of the past few years. There would be nothing extraordinary if she should in the near future have another upheaval, this time, however, different in its implications from any of the preceding revolutions. The stage is rapidly being set in China for the possible tragic farce of a revolution that may result in the establishment there of a soviet state. The scenery for this play is now being put in place, and the curtain may be expected to go up at any time; unless, of course, something unforeseen and unexpected may come about to interfere with the plans of the Moscow general staff of the world revolution, laid with such devilish cunning and craftiness.

The Situation in India

In other countries of the Far East preparations for a revolution are being made similar in kind to those in China, except that there the diplomatic activities of the soviet government are not available as an adjunct of the propaganda work of the Third International. But everywhere the scheme is the same. A determined minority is called into being, organized and prepared for the eventualities which the Third International foresees as possible. If the storm of a communist revolution, brewing so ominously in China at the present time, should break out, no better signal or stimulus could be desired for the other countries of the Far East.

Looking at the situation in these countries, again through the eyes of the reports presented to the congress of the Third International, we find that in Dutch Indies, for example, the socialist propaganda, which has been going on for the last five years, is now rapidly growing in intensity and gaining in the influence it exerts by being directed primarily against foreign capital. In Java, where of its thirty million population three millions are proletarians, the mass movement of the latter began as far back as 1912. But in the course of the past three years this movement has been rapidly gathering momentum as far as its revolutionary intensity is concerned. Special attention is being given to the organization of railroad workmen. Out of the forty thousand railroad workmen on the island, ten thousand have already been organized. Though the revolutionary socialist party numbers only sixteen hundred members, of whom fifteen hundred are natives, it is a very compact and very active body. In Korea a revolutionary movement of a purely political nature began in 1914, and included in its ranks at the beginning only the nobility and the richer elements. But now the revolutionary tendencies have begun to penetrate into the masses of the people. For the past year and a half this latter phase of the movement has been developing quite satisfactorily from the point of view of communism.

In India the situation appears to be almost least promising of all. Judging by the report of the Hindu delegate to the congress of the Third International, Roy, though a movement of a political and nationalist character began in India in the eighties of the past century, this movement has been centered almost exclusively among the students and the middle classes, finding very small response in the masses of the people. The latter are interested exclusively in problems of narrowly economic character. The agrarian question plays a very important rôle and is characterized by the existence of large landed estates, the shortage of land among the great masses of the population and the fact that the exports of foodstuffs from India are too great in proportion to the agricultural production of the country. Because of the last circumstance, very largely, there are frequent famines in India. The industrial proletariat is very small numerically, and is very poorly organized. There is as yet no communist party, although there exists a movement for the creation of one. However, this movement makes every effort to isolate itself from the movement for national independence, looking upon the latter as bourgeois in character. In this the communist leaders in India present a rather marked opposition to the general policies of the Third International in the East. Their attitude on this question constitutes a rather important problem for Moscow, since it weakens considerably the position of the Third International in India.

Enver Pasha's New Rôle

However, the situation in India, though it would be affected profoundly by any events that may transpire in China, is not expected to be directly affected by the conditions there. As far as the other countries of the Far East are concerned, China is the storm center of the preparations carried on there by the leaders of communism. But the situation in India is likely to be affected directly from the communist storm center in the Near East, which is rapidly being built up in Afghanistan.

In their work of organizing this storm center in the Near East the Third International and the Russian Soviet Government follow the same methods as those they pursue in the Far East. Propaganda is carried on actively, and wherever possible diplomatic alliances are attempted. A very important alliance of this kind has already been effected in Afghanistan. But to these two weapons of the communist movement a third one is added here, which is, at least outwardly, more immediately formidable than the other two. In the Near East the communists find an opportunity for actually creating armed forces that would be directly under Moscow's control and orders.

Next to Zinoviev, the most prominent figure at the Baku Congress was the former Turkish general, Enver Pasha, who in the course of the past two years has gone through a most amazing transformation. From a trusty agent of the German Imperial Government and the military genius of the Turkish armed forces at the time when they were controlled from Berlin, Enver has become converted into a no less trusty agent of the Russian Soviet Government, and is intrusted with a military mission of high importance. Driven out of Turkey by the eventualities of the war, Enver Pasha found refuge and warm welcome in Moscow. To-day he is again in the Near East, charged with the execution of plans which are much more vast than anything he had ever dreamed of under the Sultans and their protectors in Berlin.

Enver did not arrive in Baku in time to attend the congress. He reached Baku only a day or two before the congress ended, but he was received with all the pomp and enthusiasm accorded to the most prominent representatives there. He made

(Concluded on Page 101)

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(Concluded from Page 98)

his views known by addressing a large meeting held in his honor. Enver Pasha has now two ambitions in life. His first ambition is an old one—to fight Great Britain and the British to the last ditch. To this ambition he was devoted all through the war, stimulated in his perseverance in it by the German gold that flowed so freely into the Turkish coffers. His second ambition is new—he is now fighting for the overthrow of the Sultan and his power. And in both of these ambitions Enver is strongly supported by the masters of Moscow.

Enver Pasha left Moscow accompanied by a large group of military and civil specialists. His destination was Afghanistan, and his route lay through the Caucasus; hence his presence in Baku at the time of the congress. The task intrusted to him consists in organizing and coördinating the military efforts of the various movements in the Near East.

Ever since the soviet troops helped the natives of Afghanistan practically to free themselves from the British control the little country in Central Asia became a special object of attention for the leaders in Moscow. From dependence upon the British, Afghanistan has fallen into a still greater dependence upon soviet Russia. It is a sort of connecting link between the former Russian possessions in Central Asia which are still entirely controlled by soviet Russia on the one hand and India and Persia on the other. It constitutes, therefore, an excellent base for communist operations in these two important outposts of the British interests. It is an ideal center from which to direct the struggle against the European—particularly the British—supremacy in the Near East. Moreover, ever since its falling under the virtual protectorate of soviet Russia, Afghanistan has become a refuge for all kinds of malcontents in India, Persia, Turkey and other countries of the Orient. All these refugees constitute inflammable material for the revolution and an excellent foundation for a military force.

The immediate purpose of Enver's mission in Afghanistan is the recruiting of these refugees, particularly those from India, for the soviet armies. It is reported that he has been officially designated as chief of staff of the various revolutionary armies of the Orient, and that there are already under his command and direction at least two hundred thousand men, whose equipment and armament come from soviet Russia. Enver's armies, which are being increased by recruiting in the various countries of the Orient, are expected to be organized into a formidable force which will be used for the operations that the leaders of the communist movement contemplate in the Near East.

Working from these two storm centers, China and Afghanistan, the Third International is rapidly consolidating its forces in Asia. Against whom are these forces to be directed?

In the Far East the communist movement faces two enemies, Japan and the United States. To the extent to which these two powers have their special interests in the Far East, the integrity of which interests would be impaired by the success of communism there, they are bound to come to a clash with the forces which the Moscow directing center of the world communism is now bringing into being. The soviet government may talk all it wants about its readiness to place certain portions of Siberia at the economic disposal of the United States and Japan, it may offer the most advantageous concessions under the sun; it may even go to the extent of insisting, as it has been doing for the past six months or more, that the buffer state in Eastern Siberia should organize political forms of the kind that would make foreign capital, particularly American and Japanese, feel itself at home there. All this glowing talk is bound to become merely a bait for credulous foreigners, when such brilliant opportunities are opening before the soviet government and the whole communist movement in the events which are now transpiring in China.

And if the soviet government of Russia and the Third International once gain a firm footing in China, what will become of the principle of the open door and of all the rest of the policy in the Far East to which the United States is pledged in furtherance of its legitimate and logical national interests?

In the Near East the enemies of communism are France and Great Britain, particularly the latter. Its supremacy is challenged and threatened everywhere in Asia: in India, in Persia, in Mesopotamia, in Turkey. A holy war against Great Britain is preached fervently throughout the Orient by the agents of the Third International. It was not an empty boast that Zinoviev uttered when he declared in Baku that the communists are ready to support any movement in the East provided it is anti-British in character. Do they not support Kemal, who is fighting for the reëstablishment of the supreme authority of the Turkish Sultan, and Enver, who is fighting for the entire overthrow of that same Sultan? But both Kemal and Enver are fighting against Great Britain. Hence both of them deserve and obtain the good graces and the aid of the soviet government and of the Third International. The soviet representatives in London may sing songs of utmost sweetness to the British statesmen who are negotiating treaties with them; they may profess the most ardent desire on the part of the soviet government to enter into peaceful relations with the powers of Western Europe generally and with Great Britain in particular. The worth of all these protestations and the real value of the agreements into which the British Government may enter with the rulers of Moscow are less than nothing so long as Zinoviev, in his capacity of the executive head of the Third International, demands from the countries of the Orient that they declare a holy war against Great Britain, and so long as Enver Pasha, acting under orders from Moscow, recruits and mobilizes troops in Afghanistan.

The activities which the Third International and the soviet government are organizing and developing in Asia are much too extensive to be merely diversions for the purpose of frightening the great powers into dealing with soviet Russia. They represent undoubtedly very serious steps in the carrying out of the program of world revolution to which the Third International and the Russian Soviet Government stand committed.

Unless the Russian soviet régime and the Third International, which depends upon the continuation of this régime for its own existence, collapse, the fate of the world's civilization will indeed hang in the balance when Asia's vast millions, goaded and stung into fury by communism, will really rise—a veritable Hun at the gate of Western civilization.

THE FOX-HUNTING FAIRIES

(Continued from Page 17)

"Don't worry," sez the little man, "that's him. He's changed himself into a fox. An' if we had a pack o' hounds here I'd show you the sport of a lifetime."

"But we haven't any hounds, so there's no use talkin' about it," sez the saint. "I think I'll be goin' home."

The little man laughs. "I know a trick worth two o' that," sez he. And as he said it he unstrapped a horn from the pommel of his saddle. "Listen!" sez he.

With that he puts the horn to his lips and blew a long, rousing blast—one that bounced off the rocks and reverberated and echoed clean to the County Clare.

"Listen again," sez he to the saint, "an' you'll hear 'em in a minute."

He had hardly stopped talkin' when the noise of a pack in full cry was borne to them by the cool morning breeze. My, but the little man got excited!

"Here they come, here's my beauties!" sez he. "Look at 'em; ain't they a picture! The finest sight in the world," sez he.

And while he was talkin' the pack came over the brow of the hill—streamin' after each other with their heads up and their tails in the air.

"Tallyho!" yells the little man. "Hoick to 'em, me boys! Stole away! Stole away! Come on, Patrick," sez he, "an' I'll show you some of the real thing. Because we've only been playin' marbles so far. Be careful that you don't ride over any of the hounds," sez he, "an' keep back of the master! I have my hands full to-day because I have neither huntsman nor whipper-in. Tallyho! Tallyho!"

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Please send me a free book telling all about Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns
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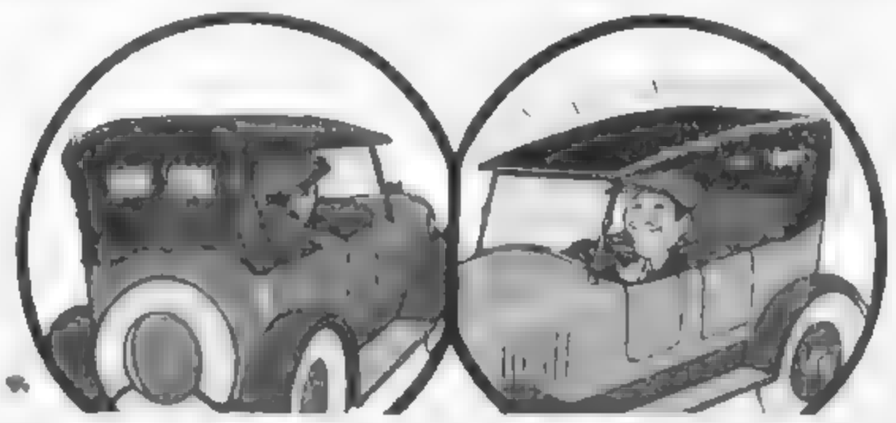


Any old time, at any garage — Two hours later — a fine, new Top

In - On - Gone !

JUST like that! When your top is worn and shabby and you need a new one—don't lay up your car for weeks while a new top is being cut and fitted—just step into any garage or accessory dealer and say, "Badger Slip Roof."

The Badger Slip Roof comes completely sewed and ready to put on—two hours is enough. You can have your choice of the world's finest toppings. Patterned from the car manufacturers' original models—perfect fit, style and quality are guaranteed. And the cost is surprisingly low.

WHAT IT IS

A fine re covering—complete new Roof and Back Curtains—for all makes and models. With or without plate glass windows. Thousands in use

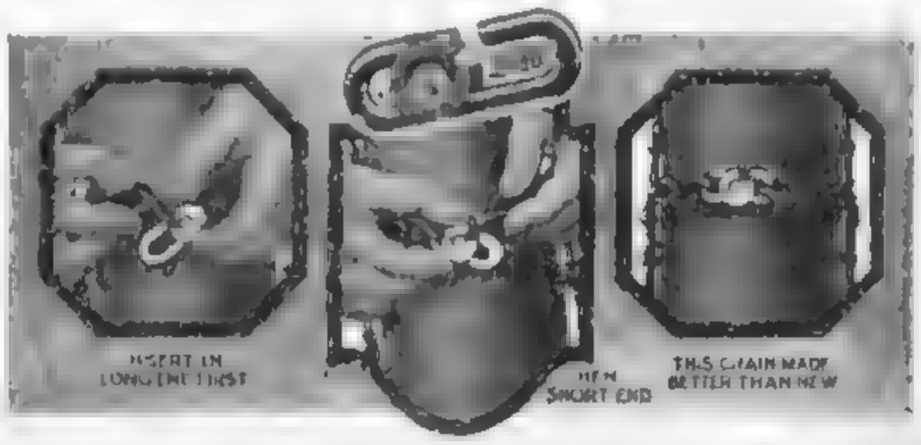
Badger SlipRoof

HOW IT'S MADE

Guaranteed toppings—"Neverleek," Dreadnaut" and the finest Mohairs and Rubber Cloth. You have your choice. Waterproof seams throughout.

WISCONSIN AUTO TOP COMPANY, Racine, Wis.

Also Makers of the Famous BADGER SEAT COVERS for Automobiles



Put On Instantly by Hand

BROKEN cross chains now mean simply the attaching of Clamert Chain Repair Couplers instantly by hand without tools on the road or in your garage. Clamert Chain Repair Couplers are double-case-hardened—larger and much more durable than regular cross chain links. More convenient and vastly cheaper than new chains and are guaranteed not to injure the tire. Buy Clamert Chain Repair Couplers by the dozen when you buy new chains and for your broken chains—you are bound to need them, as new cross chains endure only a short time and Clamert Couplers will give them a life much longer.

Ask Your Dealers: Or remit to us direct and we will send postpaid on receipt of price.

To the Trade: The Clamert Chain Repair Coupler is a big winter money-maker—indispensible to motorists and the best device of its kind. Every owner needs a supply. Write for discounts

Taxi Companies: Clamert Couplers cost much less than cross chains and enable your men to repair their own chains on the road instantly. Write for special proposition and quantity prices

CLAMERT MFG. CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Factories at Latrobe, Pa.

3 for 90¢ or 25¢ a doz.

CLAMERT Chain Repair Couplers

Make Chains Better Than New

Then, if history is to be believed and a truthful record be given full credence, the greatest fox hunt Ireland ever saw commenced.

The fox, which was really the divil, headed back toward Cork, going by way of Bruree and Kilmallock through Limerick and past Ballincolloo, and the hounds had a hot scent all the way except once when the divil waded through the Morningstar, but they picked up a whiff of him on the other side after a check of a few minutes, and went on again.

He never changed his course, but headed straight for Cork.

The hounds were almost steppin' on his brush and ready to break him up, when he jumped into the sea at Queenstown and took to the open water. And he swam like all possessed, because he had changed himself into a fish.

So that ended the hunt, and it was a run to be remembered. You may be sure Saint Patrick thanked the little man for his assistance and told him how much he had enjoyed the day's sport, not to mention the fact that they had driven the divil out of Ireland and given him a lesson, besides, that he wouldn't forget in a hurry. And the little man, like the really fine gintleman that he was, complimented the saint on his horsemanship for a green hand, invitin' him to hunt with them whenever he might feel like it. And the good saint accepted his invitation in the same spirit that it was given.

And you may also be sure that the lure of the chase got into the saint pretty strong, because he spoke to the little man about gettin' him a pair of hunters. "Because," sez he, "it's a poor man indade that can't find hay and oats for a couple of horses. And another thing," sez he, "if I should ride this horse that you're trainin' for the lady, somethin' might happen to him an' then," sez he, "I'd never look you in the face again!"

"All right," sez the little man, "I'll meet you outside Holy Cross Abbey to-morrow night when the moon is in the full. An' then I'll tell you all about it. But I think the both of us had better be on our way home now, seein' that the horses have done their share, and it'll be dark night before they are cooled out and done down; but good luck to you," sez he, "and if you have time before you go and it wouldn't be askin' too much, I'd like to have your good word," sez he.

So the little man took off his velvet hunting cap and knelt right down in the midst of the horses and hounds, and the good saint stretched out his hands over them and blessed them.

"To you and yours for all the years to come," sez he, "I give my blessing. To time's end you will wear the red coat when you hunt the fox and it will be the livery of a long life, a free hand, and the light heart that goes with a clear conscience. Those that come after you," sez he, "will inherit the legacy of affection for the blessed outdoors, and they will walk as straight before men as they will ride to hounds, thanking God for the magic common things given to those that love the land. And when the bleak winds blow," sez he, "they will always have winter fires and willing hands to help them.

"So if you keep the faith," sez he, "you won't be afoot when you want to ride, and the skeleton hand of gloom will never throw its shadow across your pathway. Seedtime and harvest will not fail you, neither will your springs run dry, and your horses will be up to their knees in clover and your hounds ready to run the fox any time of the day or night.

"If you have only a shilling left," sez he, "spend it like a gentleman, and give freely to them who are in need or worse off than you are yourself.

"So my blessing be upon you," sez he. "*Pax vobiscum!*"

The little man kept his head bowed for a few minutes after the saint had ceased speaking, and when he finally looked up the good man had disappeared.

II

WELL, the next night in the full of the moon, the little man with the red coat went over to Holy Cross Abbey. He was leadin' two horses and didn't have more than ten minutes to wait, when along comes the saint.

"Now," sez Saint Patrick after he had bid him the time of the night, "there was one thing that I wanted to caution you about yesterday, and it slipped my mind."

"What might that be?" sez the little man.

"Hunt in Tipperary," sez the saint. "Don't go near Limerick or Cork if you value my friendship," sez he.

"But they have good horses in Limerick," sez the little man; "as good as ever stepped on iron," sez he.

"That doesn't make a bit of difference," sez the saint. "I'm not a man to hold a grudge, but I can't forget that I hotfooted it from one end of the country to the other and the dickens the man I met asked me if I had a tongue in my mouth or if I was afoot or ahorseback. So if it is only to oblige a friend, I know you will respect my wishes," sez he. "Now," sez he, "sit down and tell me if you know where I can get a couple of horses up to my weight and that can hold their own behind any pack of hounds in Ireland."

"You want them sound and young, I suppose?" inquires the little man.

"I'm not looking for a cripple," sez the saint.

"Well," sez the other, "I have a couple of horses tied to a tree a little ways down the lane. They're out of my own stables," sez he, "and I'd hate to tell you how good they are."

"Hard to beat, I suppose?" sez the saint.

"You'll never see the likes of them again," sez the little man, "because if I do say it, there isn't a better horse in the world than the bay one with the white hind foot, and he's got to be as sound as the day he was foaled. If you can find a pimple on him," sez he, "I'll give him to you," sez he. "The chestnut horse standin' beside him," sez he, "is fit for a king. If I said he wasn't," sez he, "I'd be the biggest liar in the world," sez he. "He might be a little rough round the ankles," sez he, "but it doesn't belong to him, and all you've got to do is to show him a jump an' he'll do the rest. He's a regular curiosity," sez he. "Half the hunt have broken their horses down tryin' to follow him. There isn't a man this side of Killarney," sez he, "except yourself, that I'd let throw a leg across him. I'm tellin' you the truth when I say he can do everythin' but talk."

"Well," sez the saint after a few minutes' thought, "I'm thinkin' you can do enough for the both of you! If he could talk, what more could he say about himself?"

"Whisper," sez the little man. "I didn't tell you the half of it. They always used to say I'd be a wonderful hand at sellin' a horse if I wasn't so modest. I take it from my mother's people," sez he.

"Oh, I'm not sayin' anything against the horse," sez Saint Patrick, "but I'm beginnin' to think it will take a nice penny to buy him. I'll have to leave it to you to do the right thing, as you've forgotten more about horses than I'll ever know."

"Ah, now you flatter me!" sez the little man.

"Indade I do not," sez the saint; "but name your price and let's get down to business," sez he. "Don't be afraid, because the doctor tells me there isn't anything wrong with my heart," sez he.

"These horses," sez the little man, not payin' any attention to the last remark, "were followin' their mother over the leps before they were a month old, an' the beauty of my way is that the colt is goin' to school and he doesn't know it."

"That sounds interesting," sez the saint.

"You may well say that," sez the little man, "an' I'll tell you how I do it. Over at my place I have a great big paddock cut up into a number of smaller fields and divided by fences. Only there's a gap panel in each that is but a foot or a foot and a half high. Well, when the old mare gets tired of grazin' in one place she moves over to another and she just naturally finds the lowest place in the fence. After she crosses, the colt, of course, follows her. As he grows older I keep buildin' the fences higher, and by the time he is weaned he hops over a three-foot fence so aisy that he doesn't know he's jumpin' at all, at all. And then after that the rest is aisy."

"It sounds reasonable," sez the saint, "and I'll take your word for it; but I didn't come out in the middle of the night to buy conversation. I came to get a horse. Now how much will you take for them, cash down on the nail?"

The little man threw back his head and laughed. "If I was talkin' for money you would be listenin' to somethin' real in the way of language," sez he, "but you couldn't buy any of these horses for a roomful of golden guineas. If you but promise

(Concluded on Page 105)

When Are You Going to Double YOUR Salary?

You've said to yourself:

"I work hard — — "

— — and you've added:

"I have ability — —"

Then you've asked yourself THE question:

"Why don't I succeed -why do other men with no more ability and no more application pass me in position and earning power?"

And why don't ability and hard work insure success?

When you seriously begin to look for the answer to that question and stand ready to act when you get it, you've made a long stride ahead—you're well on the road to really getting somewhere.

Niagara Falls has enough "energy" to give it the "ability" to furnish power almost without limit—

—but it takes specialized brains to harness this energy and transform it into commercially valuable electric current.

Your energy and ability will multiply many times in market value when they are directed and enhanced by the proper "transformer"—

—and the one great "transformer" that turns men's working hours into a real reward is—specialized training.

Why does this young man sit at the executive's desk —WHEN— *this* man, hard working and able, can't seem to progress?

One *has* specialized training—the other *needs* it.

Nearly two hundred and fifty thousand men have found in the specialized training that LaSalle offers the one thing that quickly made hard work and ability mean greater power and more rapid progress.

Everywhere, employers demand ***trained*** men. The demand always exceeds the supply and salaries are in keeping. J. Ogden Armour says: "I want men to come to me ***with*** a decision, not for a decision."

That is the universal requirement for men who sit in the big seats of business.

And LaSalle men are capable of making their own decisions—making them quickly, soundly and correctly.

This, because the Problem Method, exclusive with LaSalle, does away with the old "book-learning" and to all intents and purposes places you in the position you are training to fill. Then—furnishes bed-rock fundamentals and lets you apply them in actual business practice under the guidance of leaders in your chosen profession.

As a result of this method, LaSalle men are experienced—practical—simply because they are thoroly trained in the mill of actual first-hand experience. In their work with this institution they have been up and down, over, under and across every spot, nook, corner and ramification, question and problem in their chosen field.

A LaSalle graduate steps into a new position just as a seasoned executive steps from one business to another. He feels no fear or uncertainty, simply because he has already faced, met and handled every situation and every detail that can possibly arise.

A few people still regard correspondence training as impractical—theoretical. Just read the next three paragraphs if that question is in your mind.

"Salary raised 600 per cent."

"My investment in LaSalle training pays me 2500 per cent a year."

Our mail daily brings many letters like these—letters reporting progress, promotions, salary raises, new and better positions attributable to work with LaSalle. Armour & Company employs hundreds of LaSalle trained men—The Standard Oil Co.—American Telephone and Telegraph—*all* the great railroads—all of the big public utility companies—every great corporation in America has LaSalle men in enviable positions.

Now you can't put more hours in your day—but you can multiply their value many times by turning your ability into the profitable channel of specialized training.

A man who can only move a few hundred pounds of weight unassisted can lift a thousand pounds if he gets the proper leverage.

If you want a leverage on success, plus your work and your ability with what LaSalle offers you for the sake of really getting out of life the things you are entitled to.

There's something at the bottom of this page that doesn't look like a stone, but is one—it's a ***stepping*** stone—USE IT.

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

If ships drifted, they'd never arrive. So they sail by chart. Architects don't build by guesswork. They draw plans. What are your plans for future progress? The first step to a definite route to more money—ultimate independence and the substitution of a certainty for a question mark, lies in studying, checking and sending the coupon below. If you're in no hurry to act, just remember that waiting is as fatal as hesitating—they lead nowhere. The one thing you can be certain of is the action of today—so—send the coupon now.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 171-RA CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

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Northern White Pine
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HOW THE TAXPAYER BENEFITS BY THIS EXPERT LUMBER ADVICE

ALL along the Atlantic Coast there are summer resorts with miles and miles of boardwalk, trodden by millions of feet and drenched with surf and sea fog.

Some of these boardwalks have been in service for 25 years, and are still sound and whole. The right wood in its proper place.

Others have been replaced every few years. The wrong wood for the purpose; or the right wood wrongly specified.

A good example of the need for an expert lumber service.

America uses more wood per capita than any other country in the world.

As in the past, so in the future, much of the development of the Nation depends on its lumber supply.

The typical citizen is accustomed to lumber. He naturally takes it for granted he knows all about it.

It will pay him, both in his private interests and as a taxpayer, to check over what he really *does* know about choosing the most practical wood for a specific service!

It is something of a shock to the man who thinks of lumber vaguely in terms of "a nice clear board" to come face to face with questions about the specific quality of the various kinds of wood.

Which is best for strength? Which for exposure to weather? Which for interior trim?

Far-reaching questions—make no mistake about that!

Detailed, scientific knowledge of the species of lumber, their characteristics and availabilities, means *durable* and *economical* building today.

More than that, it means ample supply of lumber, present and future, for all essential needs—*conservation* and *economy* through the use of the *right* wood in its proper place.

This knowledge can be had by any lumber purchaser who wants to make use of it.

As substantial factors in the lumber business, the Weyerhaeuser people want to put at your service the results of their experience and investigations covering many years.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the quality of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.

(Concluded from Page 102)

to do a certain thing for me they're yours without the payment of a picayune."

"I'll have to know what it is before I promise," sez the saint kind of cautious-like.

"Will you tie the knot for me when I get married?" blurts out the little man.

"With all the pleasure in the world," sez the saint.

"You've bought a pair of as good horses as ever topped a bank," sez the other, "and now I'll rest aisy in my mind."

"But as I understand it," sez the saint, "you haven't spoken to the lady yet!"

"What difference does that make?" returns the little man. "I've been goin' to speak to her every day for a month, anyway."

"Well, what's preventin' you?" sez the saint. "A faint heart never won anything in the way of frills and furbelows."

"Ah," sez the little man, "that shows me that you were never in love yourself. This is the way of it," sez he. "I get up in the mornin' and I sing myself a song, and I sez to myself, sez I, 'This is the day,' sez I. And I polish my boots until you could see your face in them, and shine up my spurs and saddle my horse, and start out as bould as a lion. I do have a thousand tender speeches on the tip of my tongue, and I ride along tellin' myself that I'm goin' to win in a walk. But," sez he, "somehow or another, I'm lookin' for a hole in the fence before I've gone a quarter of a mile, and I leave my heart hangin' on the first gooseberry bush that I come across. I don't know how it is," sez he, "but it's always the same."

"You needn't tell me any more," sez the saint: "it'll take somethin' more than medicine to cure your malady. But sometimes," sez he, "the longest way round is the shortest way home. Did you ever think of takin' her out hunting some day," sez he, "and lettin' her ride that good horse of yours? Why don't you take a chance?" sez the saint. "Perhaps nature will do the rest."

"Now you're talkin' sense," sez the little man, "and a wonder it is that I didn't think of it before, myself. The hounds meet to-morrow night at the Tower of Old Cloone Castle. Will you be there?" sez he. "Because," sez he, "I might need you in a hurry."

"I'll be on hand," sez the saint, "if I have to swim half the way and walk the rest."

III

THE next night and true to his promise, Saint Patrick set out for the old castle before the shank of the evenin'. He was the first to arrive at the meetin' place, but he wasn't there very long when he heard the hounds and could see the huntsman and whip bringing them between the trees which lined the long avenue up to the great house.

Pretty soon the whole cavalcade came into view and Saint Patrick laughed when he noticed that the little man was ridin' in front, beside the queen herself! And she was mounted on the horse that he had ridden on the memorable day when he chased the divil out of Ireland.

The fairy queen herself was a vision to behold. She was dressed in an emerald-green velvet habit, slashed with pearls and diamonds; and on the top of her golden curls was perched a tiny fur cap fashioned from the ear of a chipmunk. Her little boots were made of beautiful silky bat wings, and her wee spurs were of pure gold, chased in an intricate design and incrusted with rare jewels. A magnificent star ruby was set right over the peak of her huntin' cap. It twinkled and lit up the way before her as she rode along.

Of course I need not tell you that the little man was as proud as Punch, but he was kept pretty busy for all that, because every once in a while some courtier would spur his horse forward and endeavor to talk to the queen.

But the little man would not tolerate that at all, and kept ridin' them off and threatenin' to lambaste them with the long lash of his huntin' whip.

Saint Patrick could not help noticin' that the little man wore a brand-new red coat, and a white stock so tight that it almost choked him to death. It was quite certain that he wasn't tongue-tied, because now and then he leaned over toward the queen and whispered somethin'. Of course the saint could not hear what he was sayin'—still, for all that, he could make a pretty fair guess.

Well, the hounds were put in cover and they found a fox the very first cast they made. He took them straight across country to Loughmoe, and from there went round by the Rock of Cashel and back to Castel Iney and across the Priory Grounds and over by Oldtown. And then back by Drumard he led them, and went to earth in the woods behind the old graveyard of Kilavenogue.

It was a great run and the saint found, to his satisfaction, that the bay horse was just as good as the little man said he was. You may be sure, too, that the horse the queen was mounted on did himself proud and she rode side by side with the little man all through the hunt, and when they finally pulled up he was as fresh as when he started an' wasn't breathin' hard enough to blow out a candle.

"My! But he's a beautiful horse!" sez the queen to the little man. "I'd love to own him at whatever price you choose to put upon him," sez she, "because I never had a better ride in all my life," sez she.

"Fair enough!" sez the little man. "It's as aisy as autumn shakes leaves from the trees. He's yours this minute for the askin'. I'm only hoping that you'll take somethin' along with him."

"But I have a saddle and bridle of my own," sez the queen, lookin' down and blushin'. "It's so generous of you to give me the horse," sez she; "it would be a shame to ask you to add anythin' to it," sez she.

"Who's talkin' about saddles and bridles?" sez the little man, as bould as Boneparte and ridin' his horse so close to her that he almost touched her stirrup. "What the dickens do we care about saddles and bridles?" sez he. "It's me that you should want to be takin' along with the horse."

"Oh!" sez the queen, who was now quite flustered. "I why—I never thought of that," sez she.

"Well, it isn't too late," sez the little man, "and I'm here to remind you. If you don't marry me right now," sez he, "I'll come mornin', noon an' night, and keep right on remindin' you. You won't have any peace or quiet until you say 'Yes,'" sez he. "Give me your answer this minute!" sez the little man, slippin' his arm about her waist.

And would you believe it, the fairy queen laid her golden head right over on the little man's shoulder.

"I'd hate to put you to all that trouble," she whispered.

Just at this minute, up rides Saint Patrick, and when the little man claps eyes on him he yells: "Now," sez he, "if you're an honest man you'll pay for them horses I let you have."

"So soon?" sez the saint, makin' out that he was terribly surprised.

"It isn't half soon enough," sez the little man. "But under the circumstances," sez he, givin' the queen another big hug, "I suppose we'll have to be satisfied."

Oh, he was a captain, was that little man!

Well, of course there wasn't anythin' left for Saint Patrick to do but to make good his word as he had passed it to the little man when he bought the horses.

So the whole hunt gathered round and took their caps off while the little man and the queen rode to the center of the circle, and there the good saint said the word that made them man and wife to the end of their days.

After that they all rode back to the queen's castle and had a regular hunt breakfast, with a ball in the evenin'. And the last I saw of the little man he was dancin' a jig on the table and pretendin' to throw kisses at one of the court ladies, while the little queen sat over by the big fireplace, laughing at his antics until the tears ran down her cheeks.

So that is the story of the fox-hunting fairies, with the adventures and love-making of their master of hounds, as related to the little boy by old Nellie Nolan. And of course you may not believe it, because whenever people hear anything new they are liable to discredit it, the same as they did when a clever man first told them that the earth was round or that men would turn themselves into birds some day and be able to fly.

Or, for that matter, where could you find a man fifty years ago who could be persuaded it was possible for one man at the end of a little thin wire in New York to talk to a man cooling his heels in the Pacific Ocean?

LION HATS

The Right Hat for Real Men

LANGENBERG HAT CO., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, U. S. A.

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FOR nearly a quarter of a century The Keratol Company under one continuous management, has striven for one ideal—the production of the finest material that science and infinite care can create.

To the attainment of this ideal is due the public acceptance of Genuine Keratol as superior to most animal leather.

Genuine Keratol wears longer than most animal leather, looks better and costs less.

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One feature of the Buell is that it is entirely subject to the will of the driver. From a barely audible "tooting" to an action-compelling blast it has a range that makes it the ideal warning signal. Its reliability and efficiency have secured for it the Underwriters' Laboratories' approval as a safety device.

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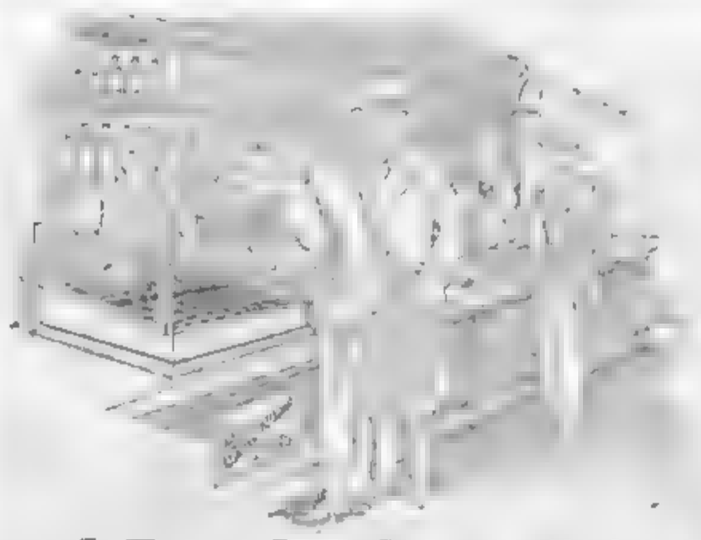

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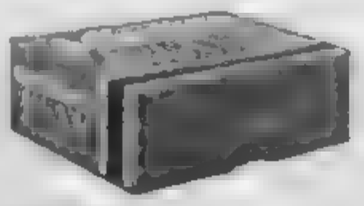

Esterbrook PENS

FIRST NIGHTS—AND EVERYTHING

(Continued from Page 11)

In brief, the entire entrance scene of the tenor lieutenant—the crossed sword tips, the glad shoutings and the altogether extravagantly enthusiastic reception and acclaim which the lieutenant receives from his men—is an exact, carefully staged representation of the loud, long and lovingly hysterical reception which, as any former member of our A. E. F. will tell you, our doughboys always let loose whenever a shavetail, especially a tenor shavetail, was good enough to mingle with them in training camp or in France.

And now the precise moment is actually here when the theatergoer who aspires to become an acknowledged first-nighter is socially to make or unmake himself. The shavetail tenor on the stage has finished, we'll say, his entrance song and the half dozen or more encores which are always demanded—on first nights. Finally, even the song publisher and Cyril Ironhand have cracked under the strain. Comes a moment of comparative silence following exhaustion. And the callow Broadway climber, lacking a social mentor to guide him, will turn to his companion in the next seat and make some casual, absolutely harmless and impersonal little comment on the tenor's art, such as, "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ear muffs! Slap me down dead, Jim, if that tenor guy isn't the rottenest singer in the entire world!"

Never do that! The simple little critical sentences I have just quoted are the exact words I used the night several of the foremost figures of Broadway's first-night younger set fastened roughly to my person the two-quart can and chased me clattering into outer darkness. Later I learned that the large person with the gold-plated hair directly in front of me was the tenor's current wife, and that she was still proud of him. It was too late. That lone comment of mine, which was overheard by at least ten first-nighters directly interested in the production or in one or more of the players in the cast, closed the doors of Broadway society forever, so far as my ambitions were concerned—left me socially in a position where even Lucas, the waiter at Shanley's who is said to know thousands of Broadway society men by name, never pays the slightest attention to me beyond a perfunctory: "Our corned beef and cabbage special for to-day are very tasty to-night—er—mister."

The Prince and the Poser

Never, I realized when too late, would I experience that deliciously stifling emotion which grips the Broadway climber when he sees himself described in the metropolitan newspapers as the well-known first-nighter and man about town. There is a story going the rounds to the effect that at a semipublic function in honor of the Prince of Wales in a New York armory last year a Broadway social leader, upon being presented to the prince, remarked with evidently sincere and long and honestly nourished inquisitiveness: "Prince, I've often wondered whether your parents ever caught that Irvin Cobb wheeze about them, and whether they took it good-natured—that one about George the Fifth and Mary the other four-fifths." But the social consequences of this sort of harmless little inquiry are as nothing when compared to what happens at a Broadway first night when one speaks out of one's turn.

Consider for a moment the personnel of a first-night function. If the first-nighter sitting next to you isn't the husband of the star, she is almost certain to be the wife of the star or perhaps the leading juvenile's daughter. If the man just beyond your theater companion, and therefore within earshot, didn't paint the scenery, he probably either designed the costumes or wrote the musical riot of the show—the interpolated waltz song which was called Let Me Learn You to Love Me in the original manuscript, but has been more or less rhetorically jacked up during rehearsals. At the very least, there is bound to be someone within hearing of your comments who is sure to be a close friend of a certain little party on the stage who has the part that runs, "O-o-o, lulla luh! Tho thith ith Parith!" And if the function happens to be the first night of a musical comedy, or even of a farce, it's a safe bet that almost every other man in sight has been called in by the producer at some stage of the rehearsals to fix it up in the weak spots. I know that in the case of a farce I once wrote, which ultimately was turned into a—in a manner of speaking—musical comedy, the instant the head usher began to yell "Author! Author!" between acts every man in the first four rows of orchestra seats stood up on the instant and smilingly bowed his grateful appreciation of this spontaneous tribute to his literary craftsmanship.

Premières Made Safe for Stars

Particularly must you be careful not to speak out of your turn at any first-night performance of a play in which any one of three or four gifted ladies is the star. Count yourself fortunate, in fact, if you are so much as permitted to occupy an orchestra chair at a first-night performance in which any of these notables of the stage is directly concerned. These stars always take over the tickets for the first-night performances of their particular efforts themselves and distribute the seats among their friends. Virtually the entire assemblage at one producer's première on Broadway or environs also is invited. Consequently we of the middle classes have no hope of getting into one of these particular first-night functions unless we are willing to sit far up in one of the ear-trumpet seats, or unless we are lucky enough to know a dramatic critic who has owed us five or ten dollars for a considerable spell. Dramatic critics always have an extra Annie-Oakley in their full-dress working clothes, and there are circumstances in which even a dramatic critic can be kindly. In view of the hand-picked quality of the first-night audience at such productions as I have indicated it is obvious that if one is even too sparing in applause at one of these especially scintillating first nights the offender is fortunate if he gets off with nothing worse than a compound fracture of his social underpinnings.

Roughly speaking, the basic phenomena that combine to make a Broadway first night resplendently different from the succeeding performances of the piece number six in all. In the order of their importance they are the audience's interest in the audience; the increasingly bitter rivalry, particularly in recent years, between the magnates at the head of Manhattan's great cloak-and-suit-making industry on the one hand and the dazzling army of lady movie stars on the other in the race to capture the stage box seats; the audience's rapturous interest in the appearance of friends and acquaintances among the players on the stage; the players' interest in the audience; the curtain speech by the producer or by the sad, pale playwright; and, finally, the fact that the initial performance of a play on Broadway usually lasts until close to midnight. Sometimes the quality of the play itself also arouses interest, but this reaction at a first night is rare.

I have yet to hear a satisfactory explanation of the fact that the patrons of art attending the premières of the modern brand of dimple-knee, bareback drama should number so large a proportion of the refulgent captains of industry who direct New York's garment trade. One glance over a first-night audience, however, offers proof positive that the master minds of the cloak-and-suit industry of Manhattan seem to see no business peril at all in the modern tendency of stage costuming toward the simplicity of costume so noticeable in and round the swimming pool of a Turkish bath establishment on ladies' day. Doubtless the leading representatives of the city's garment-making industry would grab off all the box seats on first nights if it were not for the weight and age handicaps which crimp their stride in their constant races with the younger and more lithe movie queens from limousine to box-office window.

A movie star of the female gender, despite her own handicap weights in the form of pounds of platinum, pecks of pearls and pools of Russian sables, can make a three-hundred-pound manufacturer of women's cloaks, suits or unmentionables look as if

(Continued on Page 109)

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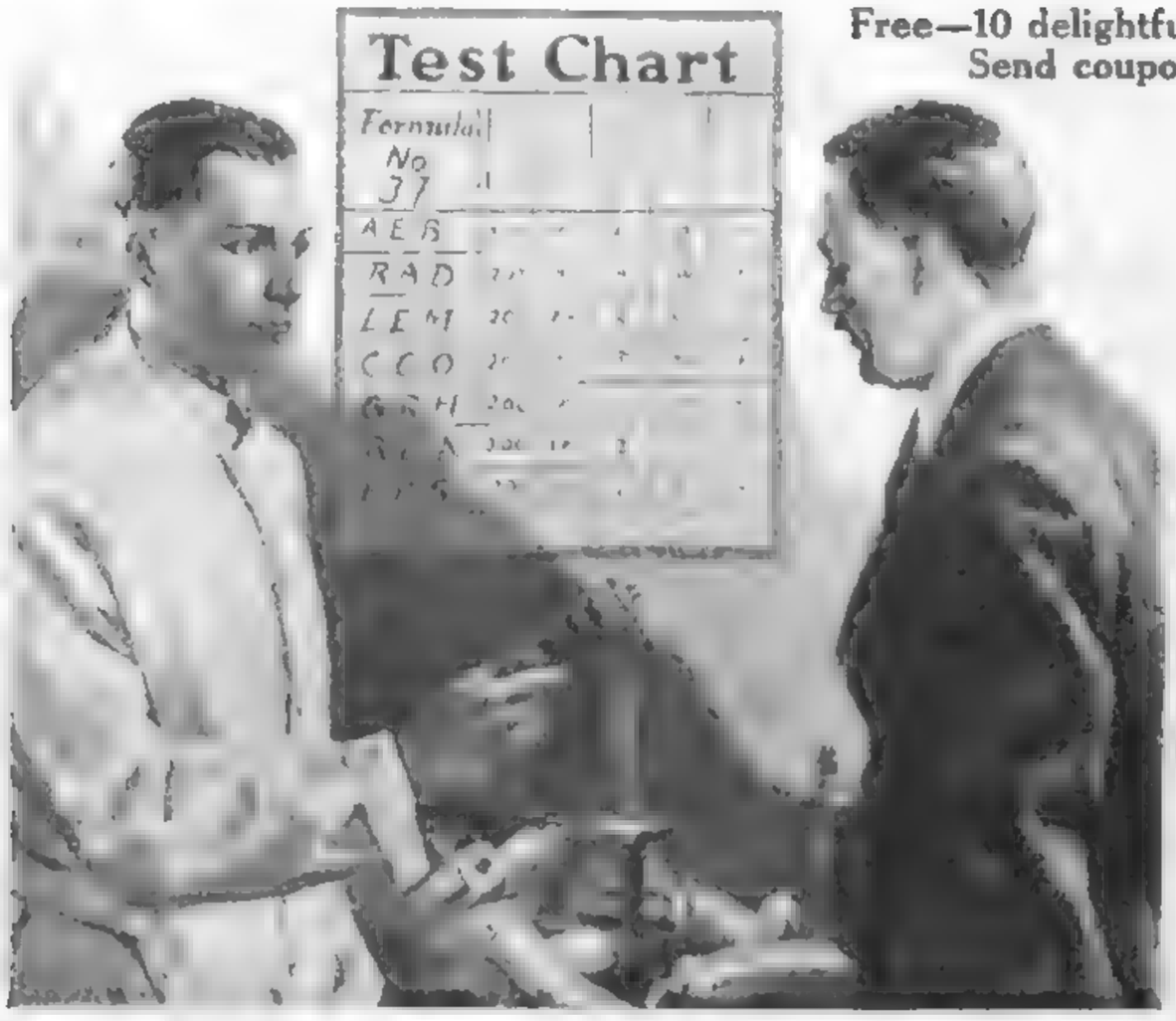

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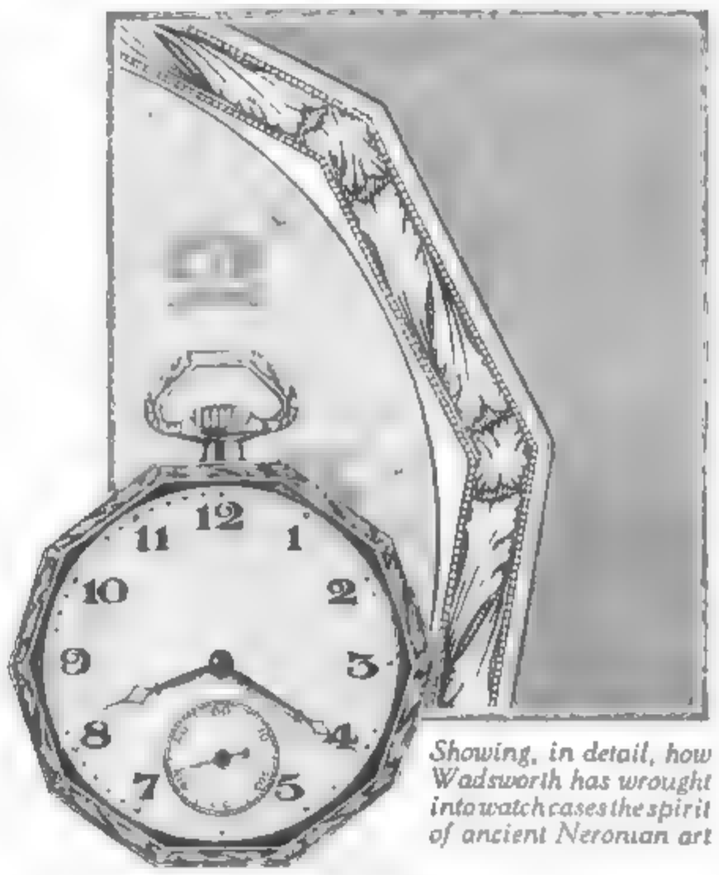

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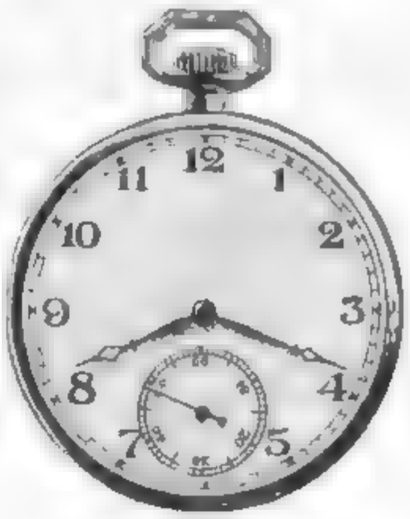

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Wadsworth Cases for Fine Watches

(Continued from Page 106)

he were stumbling backward. Which is one reason that many of the cloak-and-suit notables who form so large a part of first-night assemblages frequently must accept a second choice of seats separated from the footlights by the entire width of the bull fiddle or bass drum.

Even the cloak-and-suit man who finds himself compelled to sit in seat AA1, or just back of the orchestra leader, almost always sees more of the stage and its occupants than his successful rival, the movie queen who has beaten him in the race to secure the stage box. Movie queens seated in stage boxes at New York first nights never have seen a production, and never will, until architects and builders install in all theaters a rear wall, just back of the last row of seats, composed of one expensive plate-glass mirror.

Manager and playwright, the movie queen in the box realizes, have gone to the trouble and expense of producing the play so that at least a fraction of the legions of kindly but plain, humble Americans whom the celluloid staress always speaks of in gracious manner as "my public" may have a legitimate excuse to assemble at a point where they can get a close-up of her in the flesh. With that unbounded generosity which, as disinterested press agents innumerable have stressed so often, is a characteristic of all player folk, the movie queen at first nights sits with her back to the stage from eight-thirty o'clock until the evening and morning are one day, so that as much of her public as can jam its way into the theater can feast its eyes uninterruptedly upon as much of her façade as should be shown above the box railing. Nay, more.

She and her public probably would not get out of the theater so early as midnight if it were not for the managerial practice of smoothing out kinks in the play in the course of the dog-town performances that precede the Broadway first night. Once upon a time the dog to whom a new play was first fed in order to see whether he could swallow it and live had his habitat as far away as Washington, never nearer to Broadway than New Haven. Recently Stamford, just over the Connecticut line, came into its own as a dog town. To-day the theatrical dog, steadily creeping closer to Longacre Square, has actually come inside the limits of the greater city—is as close to Broadway as Far Rockaway.

I Know Her When ——

With the exception of Arthur Hopkins, however, the producers with new plays to offer as a rule refuse to open cold on Broadway—as the process of giving a first performance on Broadway without preliminary tryouts on the dog is known in first-night social circles. It was when Arthur Hopkins opened cold a few months ago when sending John Barrymore to bat in Richard III without a preliminary warming up that a Broadway first-night endurance test really approached the heroic length of one of Bob LaFollette's after-dinner efforts. Up to that time George Tyler's production of The High Road of Life, with its first-night performance lasting until half past twelve the next morning, held the record for all distances; but the night Mr. Hopkins turned young Mr. Barrymore loose on Richard III the Tyler record had been smashed long before Richard had begun so much as to suggest that he was willing to swap his kingdom in a horse trade. The last curtain and the house fireman dropped simultaneously a minute or so before the stroke of one o'clock in the morning.

And I'll wager that not then did a Broadway social leader present forget the first-night code, even to the extent of glancing impatiently at his watch.

There may have been grumblings in some of the rows of seats back under the balcony overhang, I'll admit—even open-face yawns; but you may depend upon it that the crass comments, if any, came from crude persons who either did not know the don't rules of correct Broadway doings or whose petty souls were dead to all the finer instincts of swell Tenderloin social procedure.

That sort of person does, of course, get into first-night functions. In fact, since my own social fall and the resultant delicacy about going far down a theater aisle with my two-quart tin can clanking behind me, I find myself almost always now at first nights back in the last rows that are largely favored by members of the theatrical branch of the flourishing international organization known as the I Knew Her When Club.

The last first night I slunk into, the other social outcast who accompanied me whispered that the four ladies seated in the W row directly in front of us were none other than the founder members of the Broadway branch of the organization. My friend identified them as the Misses Foxy Belasco and Caprice Boucicault, show girls, and their respective mothers, Mrs. Herman Schultz and the ample Mrs. Mounted Traffic Cop Timothy McInerney. My friend may or may not have had their names correctly. Mrs. Schultz persisted in addressing the girl my friend called Foxy Belasco as "Tillie, dear," and Mrs. McInerney seemed as certain that her daughter Caprice's name was Mame. No matter; the point is that by quoting here but the briefest extract from the monologue which Foxy Belasco delivered, with slight interruptions, from rise to fall of curtain, I can best give the reader a concrete idea of how not to do it if one aspires to first-night social success.

"There's the one I was sayin' about now, mom—the lumpy sketch camin' on stage with Jack Hazzard, Rooney, her real name is. I betcha, Caprice, was we to yell right now 'A cup of coffee, waitress, please,' that smear would blow right up in the middle of her lines and holler 'Draw one in the dark!' from force of habit."

Foxy Belasco's Monologue

"I leave it to Caprice, mom, if it wasn't I and Caprice and another artist named Yvonne Quinn, the year us three was in Frank Tinney's support, didn't we give that mistake her first boost into the profession, us bein' sorry for her and everything, by givin' her a big boost and a personal knockdown to Ned Wayburn out of kindness of heart and all. And she never met a swell Wall Street fella or anything, being she was all but engaged to a taxi chauffoor or something when I and Caprice and Yvonne took her up, until a swell Wall Street fella we know gives us a swell farewell party at the Old Rector's on account he is being married the following week, and we invite this Rooney mess—Loretta Rooney her real name is—along to this swell Wall Street fella's party, and that's the first time she was ever in a restaurant where they are handles on the cups in her livin' life.

"But now! My Lord! You'd think she boarded at Vanderbilt's or something. One day when they was pickin' the artists for this very show, and Ziegfeld sent for me, I am sittin' in Flo's outer office waitin' there, and this Rooney affair waddles in and in spite of all I've done for her and all she treats me like I was the dirt under her feet. But she don't get by with it! 'Miss Rooney,' I says, speakin' very, very pointed so as all the girls sittin' along the wall would make me, 'Miss Rooney,' I repeat very politely, 'as one old friend to another who got you your first job in the profession when you was a waitress,' I says, 'at the time,' I says to her, 'when the closest you ever come to the dramatic profession was when us artists from the Winter Garden around the corner from the Quick and Dirty where you worked at drop in on matinée days and let you tie the nose bag on us,' I says, speakin' very loud, 'how,' I says, 'do you do?' I says to her.

"Whether she had bean enough to make what I am hintin' at, mom, Lord only knows; but all the rest the girls sittin' in the office liked to died!

"And a knocker! Honest, I never know that truck horse to hand out anything but a slam for everybody in the profession, unless it's she is stringin' them along, like she must of string Flo to land this part in this here show, the same which she don't get no more grasp the tempo it had ought to be played in than my aunt's cat's kittens. If she's an artist, my name is Sorra Bunhadt!

"I would of accepted the part from Flo myself that day, and built it up into a riot for him, only he gets her on account of her workin' for half my salary, or she has something on somebody or something. And besides, I tell Flo flat I will not go out on the road with this or no show if Abe Erlanger himself was to ask me on his knees on a gold platter.

"Her own husband, Willie Mack, who was the whole brains of the Cohen Brothers Comedy Five and one the grandest fellas

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I know until the hootch gets him on account the dog's life she drives him to—she gives it out it was pneumonia or something, but I get it straight from a certain party at the funeral on account of her he drunk himself to death—Willie Mack himself says to me with almost his dyin' breath the last day that grand fella come up for air one day I am strollin' over to the Shubert office on account Lee has sent for me, Willie says when I says to him to be polite, 'How's the rest of the family, Willie?' and he says kind of sad—and honest, mom, knowin' what a grand fella Willie was when he was right and to see what a rummy she had made of him, standin' there all wore thin and everything in front of the cigar store, I couldda bust right out cryin' right there in Times Square—Willie says to me in a voice I'll remember to my dyin' day, 'Dearie,' he says in a voice like his poor broken heart would break, 'I'll say this for Loretta,' he sort of sobs, 'the son of a gun can throw a plate as straight as ever,' he says. And it weren't only the night on the very day which he said that that it took four Bellevue doctors and two cops to ease him into——

"But I guess we gotta can our chatter, mom, seein' that certain parties sittin' no hundred miles in front of us—and if they don't like the cracks I am makin' out loud about the way they was brought up, they can lump it—seem to think they can turn around and give us the frozen eye, girls, like as if these seats we paid our good cash money for was bought by them in their own front parlor or something! Hush, everybody, or they'll turn around again and catch us breathin' their air!"

All of which may or may not be the chief reason that the producer makes sure that the newspaper critics' seats are far enough in front of our I-Knew-Her-When-Club rows to permit the critics to concentrate on art.

When, at midnight or later, the first rows of first-nighters have crowded into back-stage dressing rooms to whisper cautiously into the ear of an actor friend that the play was a bloomer, but that friend actor's personal contribution to the function was another Mansfield success; and the back rows, scorning whispers, have departed with the emphatic announcement that the whole mess was another lemon, and all the rival producers of plays—who, for a lot of reasons that include jealousy, are the least reliable of all first-night prophets—have sought some dark, secluded spot where they can shake their heads unseen; and the satiated newspaper critics wearily have typed the last "alas" in their reviews—well, then it is that along come none other than Horace and Lizzie, together with all the other Horaces and Lizzies who daily land in legions on Broadway and tell the worthless Broadway verdict to go away back and drop dead.

It is they, the early risers in from the old home town, who say whether the new play—once the fluff and feathers and flounces of the first-night function have been removed from the theater—will or will not have a Broadway run. Back in the days when Stanford White, Tom Clark and Freddy Gebhard were known as the first-night Three Musketeers of Broadway, New York was certain at the end of the first performance of Florodora, and said so emphatically—after getting far enough away from the Casino—that the musical comedy was doomed to early failure. Before the Horaces and Lizzies of those days heard the sorrowful news, however, they were on their way back to tell the other home folks that Florodora was some show; and almost two years later the then youthful Tom Ryley, producer of the piece, would still grow exceedingly wrathful if, upon wandering into the Casino box office of a night, he found a pair of unsold tickets in the rack. Twenty or more years later the musical play achieved the glory of a scintillating revival. In recent years Peg o' My Heart likewise saw Broadway's thumbs turned down, but, as so often happens, the United States—London, too, for that matter—dared to disagree with Broadway, and Peg lived long and waxed wealthy. A few months ago the first-night social lights, critics included, really felt sorry for George M. Cohan when he put on The Tavern, but scarcely a week had passed before thousands of hopelessly crude persons who can never hope to be acknowledged first-nighters again were insisting that the New York verdict was all wrong. Fortunately for producers, playwrights and players, the opinion of Broadway's first-night swagger set makes a dent only in Broadway's first-night swagger set.

What the rabble likes, it may be argued by the elect, has no bearing on art. But neither have Broadway first nights. The sufficiency unto itself so characteristic of New York is one reason that Broadway still is firmly convinced that its first-night verdict is final; but if you leave the matter to Solly, the dapper box-office youth, Solly will tell you that he and the boss are more concerned about the verdict of the folks who carry just a hint of moth-ball odor on the evening clothes they've brought along when visiting the city, and are shamelessly ready to admit that they don't know nothing about art but they know what they like.

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